













THE  
NEW ENGLISH DRAMA.

WITH  
*PREFATORY REMARKS,*  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,  
*Critical and Explanatory ;*

BEING THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED  
WITH THE

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

*As Performed*

*At the Theatres Royal.*

By W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

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*VOLUME THIRTEENTH.*

CONTAINING  
IOBACCONIST.—MIDNIGHT HOUR.  
FORTUNE'S FROLIC.—LOVE AUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.  
REVIVAL OF A DAY.

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London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND  
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT LUDGATE-STREET,  
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1822

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8, White-Hart Yard.

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# THE TOBACCONIST :

*A FARCE ;*

ALTERED FROM BEN JONSON,

By Francis Gentleman.

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*WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.*

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

*Theatres Royal*

*St. James's and Covent Garden, Comedians.*

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*...DOLL.*

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMKIN, AND  
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE, LONDON,  
AND C. CHAPMAN, 59, Pall-Mall.

1821



## Remarks.

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### THE TOBACCONIST.

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This farce is an alteration of Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*; but it bears about as close a resemblance to that beautiful play as a dry and withered stick does to the oak from which it was originally cut. The relationship in either case cannot be denied, though all the exterior signs of it have been utterly annihilated.—“*Quantum mutatus ab illo.*”

The alterations have been made with very little regard either to the language or character of the original. There may be some excuse for translating Ben Jonson's ancient verse into the prose of modern times, inasmuch as prose is the peculiar language of farce, and if a fine comedy must of necessity be cut down into an after-piece, such a change was requisite—but what apology is there for the additions not being in the style of the old play. The patch-work is incongruous and monstrous, and is moreover as little in keeping with the characters as with the phraseology of the original. The injury that has been done to Ben Jonson's masterpiece can only be understood by a comparison of the two works: all the nicer traits of character, the admirable gradations of the plot, have utterly evaporated in the alembic of the modern, and left only a dull residuum—coarse, tasteless, and valueless.

The character of the *Tobacconist* is a farce, which is here made the vehicle for a satire on the manners of the age, and ends with childhood. The object of the old poet was to mock the prejudices of his age, while the purpose of the modern author is only to raise laughter by any means.

extravagance, however foreign to the purpose. This is the reason why many of our inferior actors, find it much more easy to fill up the light sketches of modern ingenuity, than to embody the more perfect creations of the older times.

However fanciful the three principal characters may appear, Ben Jonson evidently drew them from real life. *Subtle* was most probably intended for *Dee*, the friend of the celebrated *Kelly*, the most impudent of all impostors. This latter was born at Worcester, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and he accompanied *Dee* in his travels abroad, to Germany; where, for a time, they deceived the Emperor *Rodolph*. *Dee* fled in time to escape punishment, while *Kelly*, more impudent, or less cunning, remained behind till the bubble burst, and the Emperor found out the fraud; the Alchymist was thrown into prison, whence he endeavoured to escape, but broke his leg in the attempt, and died a wretched death in consequence. *Doll* has some traits in common with a young Pole named *Laski*, who was the friend and partner of their exploits, and who, indeed, played a conspicuous part in all their mummeries.

*Abel Druggier* is a character of a more general cast; with a few variations, and those chiefly of outward costume, his prototype might be found in the present day. The object of pursuit would perhaps be different, but the mind would be essentially the same. It would have been better for the general fame of Jonson if he had many such portraits from real life, but he was at all times, more the painter of habits than of men, of follies than of passions.

*Francis Gentleman* was born in York-street, Dublin, the 23d of October, 1728, and received his education in that city, where he was schoolfellow with the late Mr. Mossop, the tragedian. At the age of fifteen, he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the same regiment wherein his father was major; but making an exchange to a new-raised company, he was dismissed the service by his regiment being reduced at the conclusion of the war in 1746. On this event he indulged his inclination for the stage, and accordingly appeared at Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, in the character of *Aboan*, in the play of *Oroonoko*. Notwithstanding an un-consequential figure and uncommon timidity, he says, he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; but having some property, and hearing that a legacy had been left





## **Time of Representation.**

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The time this piece takes in representation, is nearly one hour and a quarter

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## ***Stage Directions.***

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By R H . . . . . is meant . . . . . Right Hand  
L.H. . . . . Left Hand  
S E . . . . . Second Entrance  
U.E. . . . . Upper Entrance  
M D . . . . . Middle Door  
D.F. . . . . Door in flat  
R.H.D. . . . . Right Hand Door.  
L H.D. . . . . Left Hand Door.

## PROLOGUE ;

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GENTLEMAN.

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*Ben Jonson's name, in ev'ry ear of taste,  
Must with respect and countenance be grac'd ;  
No pen the lines of nature better drew,  
No wit or satire ever higher flew ;  
An early pillar of the English stage,  
His pieces were true pictures of the age ;  
Time-worn they feel impair—yet still must please,  
Nervous and just, though void of modern ease.*

*Fashions, in characters as well as clothes,  
Change, though less oft, as wav'ring fancy flows ;  
Witches and fairies with their midnight train,  
No longer revel on the blasted plain ;  
Now ev'ry simpleton of Britain's isle,  
At such a fraud as alchymy would smile ;  
Yet being only chang'd in name and shapes,  
Scarce one in ten the gilded bait escapes.*

*Haste to the hall where law is sold like ware,  
How many long-rob'd alchymists ply there ;  
What hopes to gudgeon clients they unfold,  
While empty quibbles turn to solid gold ;  
See swarming quacks ! (see 'em 'ly wills)  
Convert to alchymy, and sell pills ;  
Charmers, and fortune-tellers, and soothsayers,  
Thieves, and rogues, and knaves, and scoundrels,  
Scoundrels, and rogues, and thieves, and knaves,  
And all the rest of the same kind,*

*Are all the same, and all the same ev'ry part,  
Each man an alchymist at heart.  
In ev'ry clime we find, if truth be told,  
The universal deity is gold.*

*Whate'er of merit you perceive this night,  
Grant your old bard as his undoubted right ·  
My brain has labour'd—feebly, I confess,  
Only to furnish a more modern dress.  
My weak endeavours let your candour raise,  
They hope indulgence, though they reach not praise.*

## **Costume.**

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### **ABEL DRUGGLER**

A brown jacket and diab breeches, brown stockings, and green apron.

### **SUBTLE**

Black gown, velvet cap, belt, beard, &c.

### **FACE.**

First dress — Grey jacket, breeches and stockings — Second dress. — Captain's uniform.

### **SIR E. MAMMON.**

Rich old man's dress.

### **KNOWLIE.**

Fashionable riding dress.

### **HEADLONG**

Fashionable riding dress

### **DOLL TRICKSEY.**

Coloured linen Opera gown, red stuff petticoat, white m, and mob cap with red ribbon.

### **M' ANTIPOLE**

Forming dress

## Persons Represented.

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	<i>Hay market</i>	<i>Dury Lane</i>
<i>Abel Drugger</i> .....	Mr Weston	Mr Keen
<i>Subtle</i> .....	Mr Gardner	Mr Gattu
<i>Lace</i> .....	Mr Robson	Mr Wallack
<i>Sn Epicure Mammon</i>	Mr. Gentleman	Mr Hughes
<i>Knowlfe</i> .....	Mr Fearon	Mr Barnard
<i>Headlong</i> .....	Mr Vandermere	Mr Oxberry
<i>Miss Rantipole</i> .....	Mrs Didier	Miss Boyce
<i>Doll Trucksey</i> ....	Mrs Gardner	Mrs Harlowe

Just Published, for the Editor, by Messrs. SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, Stationers' Court, Ludgate Street; to whom all communications, post-paid, are requested to be addressed, and C. CHAPPEL, 59, Pall-Mall.

No. XIV.—PRICE ONE SHILLING,

Of a Work, to appear in numbers Monthly, called  
FLOWERS OF LITERATURE;

OR, THE

# ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE.

EDITED

By WILLIAM OXBERRY, Comedian.

—“ An Olio,

“ Compiled from quarto and from folio ;

“ From pamphlet, newspaper, and book.

THE object of this Work is to collect, in a narrow compass, and at a moderate expense, the lighter and more entertaining parts of literature. Every reader, who has the experience of a few years only, must recollect how much of his time has been wasted in unprofitable toil when he only sought amusement, in wading through volumes to be at last rewarded by a solitary gem, the value of which has been diminished to nothing by the labour of the acquisition. The essence of most volumes might be contained in a nut shell, while the huge cap that covers them might make an helmet for Goliath. To a hard-headed phlegmatic reader all this is nothing; he travels you through a quarto, much as a hack horse goes over his beaten road! but to the light-hearted, volatile reader, with whom literature is a luxury, who sips up a volume as he sips up his coffee, and is obliged carefully to double down the resting leaf, that he may be sure not to read the same page twice over, all this is a most serious grievance; to him, we venture to say, that the *Flowers of* prove a pleasant companion, and a com- itation will be as welcome to him as well along with it. He will find amusement without toil, and will find literature, as the reader of Cooke's *Cardle* round the globe while sitting in a chair. That our little volume is neither over wise nor tedious, is precisely its greatest merit. There are hours in which even gravity is glad to relax, and our book pretends only to fill up such hours, when the brain is weary, the temper is clouded, and the head would ache at the bare idea of encountering a solid quarto. Who, however gifted

he may be, has not his hours of trifling, when a grave didactic companion, with his folios of sense and learning, is an intolerable nuisance? Who at such times, would not give the world to exchange his grave friend for some light-hearted coxcomb, who is all whim and gaiety, and who if he talks nonsense, at least talks agreeable nonsense? Just such a friend is, or would be, our purposed work; a companion that may be taken up or laid down at any time without the necessity of doubling down the corners; a friend that one would wish to have when whirling along in a chaise upon a road, when nothing is new from the mile-stone to the sign-post.

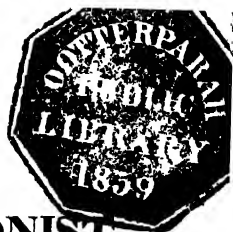
If moreover, the reader should chance to be a saving man, and these are saving times,—he will have reason to rejoice at the cheapness of this publication, which makes as moderate a demand on his purse as it does upon his patience. The work will appear in monthly numbers, at the moderate price of *One Shilling* each, and six of such numbers will form a volume, to be ornamented with an elegant Engraving, illustrative of its most interesting subject. A new type is cast expressly for this work, which in form will be a fac-simile of *Orberry's New English Drama*; it is calculated that each Number will contain nearly *Seventy Pages*, closely printed upon fine paper, hot pressed. The Original articles will be written by gentlemen of acknowledged literary talent; the Anecdotes will be collected from the wide circle of English, French, and Italian literature; and the Editor presumes to hope that the work will in no instance belie the promises held out to the public in the prospectus.

The Sixth Number, which completes the First Volume, contains a beautiful engraving of Mr. Kean, and the first part of his Memoirs, which are concluded in the Second Volume. In this biography will be found the only authentic account of the *Wolfe Club* and the dispute with *Mr. Bucke*.

The Second Volume is embellished with a Portrait of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

*In the Press, and speedily will be published, by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-court, 11 Gate-street; and may be had of all Booksellers, a New edition, being the Fifth, embellished with a Portrait of the Author, of*

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE OF COLLETT CIBBER, COMEDIAN; containing an Historical View of the Stage in his own time, Biographical Sketches, and many curious Anecdotes, of the great Actors with whom he was connected *Written by Himself*, and now enlarged with more than Two Hundred Explanatory Notes, a Preface, and an Index,  
By EDMUND BELLCHAMBERS.



# THE TOBACCONIST.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—A Room.

*Enter* SUBTLE, *followed by* FACE, L.H.

*Sub.* Nay, nay, though thy name be Face, and thou hadst a face of brass, thou shalt not out-face me.

*Face.* Then must I be unable to handle a most excellent subject; though shame and thee have long since parted, I will so anatomize that calf's head of thine.

*Sub.* Calf's head! Blood of my life, I have a mind to mark my resentment in such legible characters upon that Tyburn visage of thine, as will put thy features in mourning.

*Face.* Come on then, see whose stomach will bear bruising best; I'll tickle those pampered sides.

*Sub.* A poor, ignorant, impertinent, ungrateful wretch; whose life, to my disgrace be it spoken, I have saved—vile emblem of an empty cask, much sound, no contents—canst thou forget the mouldy crusts, Suffolk cheese, and dead small beer, on which thou wert starving, in common with bare-ribbed rats and 'ring mice?

*Face.* Mighty 'pes mighty well, master Subtle.

*Sub.* Have I up made thee an occasional captain? am I not filling thy pockets as well as thy belly? have I not taught thee, dull as thou art, to converse with and impose on various degrees of mankind? have I not, from the stupidest slave that ever marred common sense, sharpened thy wit,



smoothed thy tongue, polished thy manners, regulated thy features, to make thee capable of thriving in life, and this treatment my hopeful recompense?

*Face.* Not so fast, not so fast, master Glib-tongue; give echo fair play, or I can bring a powerful balance on my side, to silence your modest worship.

*Sub.* With contempt I defy thee.

*Face.* My tongue shall so buffet thee, that thou shalt think half Billingsgate, the seat of thy education, let loose about thy ears, and shrink back that knave's face of thine like a snail into its shell.

*Sub.* Mighty fine!

*Face.* Remember St. Giles's, scape-grace, where I found thee a complete emblem of poverty, resembling the fruit of a gibbet seven years exposed to wind and weather, not a coat to thy back, a stocking to thy legs, nor a shoe to thy feet.

*Sub.* Very well; go on, sir.

*Face.* Did I not find thee, tatterdemalion, with a beard two inches long, not having wherewithal to pay a penny barber; furrowed brows, sunk eyes, and chattering teeth, crawling by the doors of cook-shops, to feed upon the steam of baked ox-heads and shins of beef?

*Sub.* Tremble, audacious villain, at thy insolence—fear my rage.

*Face.* Did I not put thee into some liking, snatch thee from Jane Shore's fate, and when thou hadst not as much linen about thee as would furnish a tinder-box, did I not, like a guardian genius, bring thee to this house?

*Sub.* Yes, thy master's house; which, like a hungry mastiff, thou was left to guard, and for a single bone would have let in any thief.

*Face.* Did I not enable thee to carry on the deceptions of alchymy, fortune-telling, and algebra; your minerals, your vegetals, and animals, to fleece the credulous vulgar? have not I provided you with conjurer's robes, stills, glasses, furnaces, coals, and all other materials to carry on thy profitable farce? Answer me, knave, have I not done all this?

*Sub.* And answer me, miscreant, hast thou not thy share of the plunder? Sirrah, thou art as craving and unthankful as a burnbailiff.

*Face.* And thou, poltroon, as tricking as a Jewish stockbroker, or an Old Bailey solicitor.

*Enter TRICKSY, L.H.*

*Trick.* How now, my masters? (*In centre.*) What tantarumsare these, I trow? Why ye look as black at each other as a dark Christmas.

*Sub.* The dog is more hateful to me than cheese.

*Face.* And thou to me more detestable than the fulsome steam of a tallow-chandler's workshop.

*Trick.* For shame, talk not so loud, you will discover yourselves.

*Face.* I care not; welcome pillory or cart, so that varlet has his share.

*Sub.* Content, so thou art cropped or hanged first.

*Trick.* Hey-day, hey-day, if you are for that sport, have among ye; I must raise my voice too, then look to it; why, you couple of paltry, petulant knaves, can't we comfortably share gains, and be quiet?

*Face.* Why it is all his fault, Doll.

*Sub.* I deny it.

*Trick.* 'Tis both your faults, you tinder-tempered knaves; you sputter at one another, and yet have as little courage as honesty; I know your high words and big looks; you spend your lungs to bawl, and strain your limbs to stride, without any meaning.

*Sub.* Take breath, Doll—take breath.

*Trick.* Take breath! Ads my life, shake hands, live peaceably, and cheat industriously, or tremble at my vengeance; I'll expose ye—get a genteel reward for apprehending such notorious rogues.

*Sub.* Nay but, dear Doll—Doll, the soft—Doll, the gentle.

*Trick.* No wheedling, Mr. Morose, but swear.

*Sub.* What wouldst thou have me to swear?

*Trick.* To leave idle disputation and high words for industry in promoting our common cause; this will best become you.

*Sub.* By my hopes, I meant no other; what I said was only to spur him up a little

*Trick.* Come, come, no more; we want no whipping nor spurring; take hands—no frowns, but cordiality; I proclaim a peace.

*Sub.* Which for thy sake, fair mediatrix, I will keep religiously.

*Face.* And I.

*Trick.* I'll have no Frenchified professions, fair faces, with designing hearts—for my sake! keep the compact for your own.

*Face.* Wench of spirit, we will; and, as a reward for thy pains, thou shalt be lady Face, or lady Subtle.

*Trick.* Marry, come up, I trow—a wonderful catch—suppose I should be neither, but of that hereafter—is it not near the hour when that prince of simplicity, my sweet swain, the tobacconist, is to be here?

*Sub.* It is. Face, be thou in the way, to meet and conduct him to an audience.

*Face.* Fear not; I'll play the gudgeon with an angler's skill. [Exit, R.H.]

*Sub.* Why, Doll, thou hast almost as many admirers as Helen.

*Trick.* Admirers! if the frames were not gilded, the pictures would be intolerable; as for instance—Abel Drugger, whose formality of phiz, and shallowness of scull, might for a few visits make even melancholy smile; then that cumbersome repository of ill thoughts, Sir Epicure, who batters my ears with such pomposity of phrase, that I should always have a dictionary at hand to understand him; he is, for nothing, the puff'd up crier of Cupid's court.

*Sub.* He is indeed a rich subject for imposition.—Good wench; thou art to us as a conjurer's show-cloth, to draw in the gaping crowd; most of the sheep are penned by thee, and we fleece them.

*Trick.* Yes, that you do pretty handsomely—but of all my numerous gallants, I am most troubled with Headlong, the betting, boxing blade; and often fancy I stand in danger of feeling personally, by way of joke, the dexterity of his fists.

*Sub.* Hush! I hear somebody coming—retire till occasion demands thy presence; and above all, remember the feigned madness I have taught thee for thy next interview with Sir Epicure—much depends on that.

*Trick.* Fear not—he shall think me fresh-squeezed from the region of Moorfields. [Exit, L.H.]

*Sub.* Now for suitable importance of look, and essential obscurity of phrase; by which the prudent are sometimes, and the foolish are always taken in.

*Re-enter FACE, with ABEL DRUGGER, R.H.*

*Face.* There he is—the wonder of the world—past, present, and to come, are as familiar to him as thou art with thy own face; there's not a fixed planet, nor even a wandering star, beyond his knowledge. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Drug.* Mayhap so—then he must have a power of acquaintances—I should not remember half of them.

(*Apart, to Face.*)

*Face.* You!—comparisons are—but mum—he turns upon us. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Sub.* So, friend, thy name is Abel Drugger.

*Drug.* Yes, sir.

*Sub.* And thou art a vender of tobacco.

*Drug.* True, sir.

*Sub.* Free of the grocers.

*Drug.* Ay, an it please you.

*Sub.* Thou art lucky—a good star reigned at thy birth.

*Face.* Mind that, little Nab. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Drug.* I hope it was a north star—they say that's luckiest now.

*Sub.* Thou hast an illustrious set of features.

*Drug.* Yes, very lustrous—mother used to call me her bright baby Abel.

*Sub.* Well—now for business—what wouldst thou have with me?

*Drug.* This, an please your wise worship—I am a young beginner, and am building a new shop, if it likes your reverence—it is just at the corner of a street—here's the plot on't; and I would know, by art, sir, of your venerableship, which way I should make my door by necromancy, and where to place my boxes, where my shelves, and where my pots—I should be glad to thrive—I was wished (1) to you by Captain Face here, my very good friend, who says that you know men's planets, and their good angels, (2) and their ha-

*Sub.* He tells you a most solemn truth: I do know them.

*Drug.* I pray you, captain, speak for me to master Doctor; his wisdom hath taken both my courage and breath away. (*Apart, to Face.*)

(1) Recommended.

(2) Subtle plays upon the word *angel*, which he takes for a coin, and for Abel for an attendant spirit.

*Face.* Well, well, I'll be thy spokesman. (*Apart, to Drug.*) Doctor, this is my friend ; his name is Abel—a very honest fellow.

*Drug.* Yes, very honest.

*Face.* And no goldsmith.(1)

*Drug.* No, no goldsmith.

*Sub.* And, as I have already hinted, very fortunate—at which allow me to rejoice—soft—metaposcopy informs me that your chesnut, or olive-coloured hair, does never fail ; besides, your long ears promise extremely well—you were born on a Wednesday.

*Drug.* Good now—by my truly, and so I was.

*Face.* Is not this astonishing ? (*Apart, to Abel.*)

*Sub.* The thumb in chiromancy we give to Venus, the fore finger to Jove, the midst to Saturn, the ring to Sol, the least to Mercury.

(*While Subtle is examining Drugger's fingers, he steals off a ring.*)

*Drug.* Nay, an you give them all away, I shall have none for myself.

*Face.* Is not this strange ? (*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Drug.* Yes, truly, very strange. (*Missing his ring.*)

*Sub.* Now for attention—this is thy house.

*Drug.* Yes, sir.

*Sub.* And these are your two sides.

*Drug.* So they are indeed, sir.

*Sub.* Mark me ~~here~~—make your door here in the south, your broad-side west, and to the east side of your shop write in fair golden letters these words, Mathlai, tarmael, baraborat.

*Drug.* Matlay, turnmill, boreabrat—what may that be in English, an it like your wise worship ?

*Face.* Mum there ; plain English would ruin all.

(*Aside to Sub.*)

*Sub.* Upon the north side inscribe Thael, velil, thiel.

*Drug.* Rael, velil, thiel.

*Sub.* Those are the names of such mercurial spirits as fright flies from boxes, cobwebs from shelves, and vermin from thy cupboards.

(1) Goldsmiths formerly were not only bankers, but brokers and money lenders. Abel was a good "honest fellow," but no usurer.

*Drug.* I pray you, sir, write down these charms, for I have but a sieve-like memory—all runs through.

*Sub.* Fear not; I'll strengthen thy recollection, and give thee, for I like thy countenance, such other assistance as will make thee stand a fair chance to possess that source of boundless riches, the philosopher's stone.

*Face.* Hearest thou that, little Nab? (*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Drug.* Ay, I do, good captain—what must I give the doctor? (*Apart, to Face.*)

*Face.* Give him—consider thou art a made man—thou canst not possibly give less than—but hold, that you may try his wisdom a little closer, ask him about any particular circumstance that happened some timesince—see if he can tell. (*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Drug.* I'll do't. (*Apart, to Face.*) With your worship's good favour, I would ask what happened to me, last Martin-mass-day was twelvemonth; at night?

*Sub.* I see thou doubt'st my skill—but I'll indulge thee. Aries, Taurus, Virgo, Sagittarius, Capricornus, whisper in my ear the event I am questioned upon.

*Drug.* Are all these brother conjurers he's talking to?

(*Apart, to Face.*)

*Sub.* Thou never wast at a tavern in thy life but on the evening thou hast mentioned.

*Drug.* Truth, and no more I was not.

*Sub.* There you were so sick—

*Drug.* What, can you tell that?—Ay, we had been out shooting water-wagtails, and I had gotten a rare stomach—so eating a piece of fat ram mutton for supper, it lay heavy on my stomach, and my head did so ache,—

*Face.* And Nab having no head——

*Drug.* No, no head.

*Sub.* You were obliged to be carried home, where a good old woman——

*Drug.* Yes, faith, she cured me with sodden ale and pel-litory o'th' wall—it cost me but two-pence.

*Face.* Wonderful cheap.

*Drug.* But I had another sickness, worse than the ram mutton.

*Sub.* That too I know; it was grief at being sessed eighteen pence for the water-works.

*Drug.* As I am a true man, and so it was—ay, it had like to have cost me my life—'twas done in perfect spite.

*Sub.* Nay, thy very hair fell off.

*Drug.* Ay, and it has never curl'd since.—Every syllable true, as I stand here, captain Face—I'll give him a crown.

(*Apart, to Face.*)

*Face.* What?

(*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Drug.* Yes, I'll give him a crown

(*Apart, to Face.*)

*Face.* A crown! I blush to think of it: what, after consulting so many stars, and obtaining such marks of good fortune, put the doctor off with a less fee than you must give for a pettyfogging lawyer's letter—oh! shame, shame! what gold hast thou about thee?

(*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Drug.* A two guinea piece, which was left me by my grandmother; and I would fain leave it to my grandchild.

(*Apart, to Face.*)

*Face.* Pshaw, pshaw—give it to the doctor—nay, pause not, man—and the next visit make it ten—is it not a cheap purchase of ten times ten millions?—Mind that, Nab.

(*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Drug.* Well, friend captain, since you desire it—but sha'n't I ask him for any change?

(*Apart, to Face.*)

*Face.* Not for the world.

(*Apart, to Drug.*)

*Drug.* (*Crosses to Sub.*) There then—so I thank your worship—I am your conjurership's humble servant—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—I had almost forgot—I would desire another favour of his worship.

*Sub.* What is that, my knight of the steady phiz?

*Drug.* That your doctorship will be so kind as to be so civil, to look over my almanack,<sup>(1)</sup> and cross out my ill days; that I may neither buy, nor sell, nor trust upon them.

*Face.* I promise this shall be done against the afternoon.

*Sub.* It shall—moreover, I will mark out a disposition of thy shelves, devise a sign, with other matters that may serve thee.

*Face.* Rejoice, Nab, thou art in high favour with the doctor.

*Drug.* I humbly thank your grace, and if your reverence

(1) In the ancient almanacks, the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation.

comes near Pyc-corner, you shall be welcome to some of my best Oroonoko, Virginia, long-cut, short-cut, saffron, shag, or—your conjurership's most humble servant. [*Exit, R.H.*]

*Face.* Ha, ha, ha! thus grist flows into our mill—what think you of this tame pigeon?

*Sub.* An excellent subject for imposition, and quite ripe for plucking; the stock is indebted to thee for bringing him to hand—at his next visit Doll, shall ply him on another side, in the character of a rich widow—I must in and prepare myself for Sir Epicure Mammon; do thou slip on the laboratory disguise, and watch his coming to the door.

[*Exeunt, Sub. L.H. Face, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Room.*

*Enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON, R.H. meeting FACE, L.H. dressed as a servant.*

*Sir E.* Well, my Zephyrus, do we succeed? Is <sup>our</sup> day come? Blushes the bolt's head?(1)

*Face.* Even with a virgin glow.

*Sir E.* Excellent; Now then, Lungs,(2) all my care must be where to get stuff enough for transmutation.

*Face.* Your worship must buy the metal covering from the roofs of churches.

*Sir E.* Thou say'st well; and instead thereof place thatch; thatch will sit lighter on their rafters. Well, after this day, all that art can frame, or luxury can desire, is mine; I'll have a seraglio, to put the grand signior's out of

(1) A long, strait-necked glass vessel or receiver, gradually rising to a conical figure.

(2) Lungs was a term of art, for the under operators in chemistry, whose business principally was to take care of the fire.



countenance; for where's that beauty can withstand a knight of gold?—my very slaves shall live on such viands as monarchs now call rarities; thy cares, too, my Lungs, are near an end; this night I'll manumit thee from the furnace, and repair thy brain, hurt with fume o'th' metals.

*Face.* I thank you, sir; I have indeed blown hard for your worship.

*Sir E.* And thou shalt have reward; a ton of gold shall pay thee; the largest bell our island can afford I'll change into that glorious metal, so may'st thou ring thy noble fortune.—Where's thy master?

*Face.* Within, sir, at his prayers for the success of our great projection.

*Sir E.* Good soul, to pray so much, and toil so hard for my emolument. Thou, Lungs, when I have got thee into flesh a little, shalt be my kisser aga, the keeper of my wanton nymphs, more fair than those who tripped the Cyprian grove.

*Face.* Hold, sir, not a profane word—for see the pious doctor comes. [Exit, L.H.]

*Enter* SUBTLE, L.H.

*Sir E.* Good morrow, father.

*Sub.* Gentle son, good morrow—but wherefore here so soon? I fear me you are covetous, and wish possession of the stone for carnal appetite; take heed you do not throw the near hand blessing from you with ungoverned haste; I should be sorry to see my labours, now on the point of perfection, not prosper where my honest love has placed them: as they have been meant for public good, for pious uses, and mere charity—shouldst thou pursue aught else, a curse will follow thy deceitful ways.

*Sir E.* I know it, venerable sir—you shall not need to fear me—I will be charity itself; there shall not be an empty stomach or a thread-bare coat in the nation; I will build churches, endow hospitals, and make lean curates plump as fat metropolitans; I will give such premiums for virtue, that vice shall be ashamed to show its face; all arts, all sciences, shall thrive beneath my smile, and every comfort of life

lie open to every hand ; while temperance and doing good, to me, shall be the highest luxury.

*Sub.* Fairly spoken, if sincerity gives value to thy words.—Ulen, (1) took well to the register, (2) and let your heat lessen by degrees to the aludels. (3).

(*Calls off to Face, within, L.H.*)

*Face.* I shall, sir.

*Sub.* Look on, and bring word of what complexion is glass B. (*To Face.*)—Son of my care, thy happiness approaches. (*To Sir Epicure.*) How now, what colour says it?

(*To Face.*)

*Re-enter FACE, L.H.*

*Face.* The ground black, sir.

*Sir E.* That's your crow's head.

*Sub.* Be not too forward, son—the process then was right.

*Face.* Yes, by the token, sir ; the retort broke, and what was saved was put into the pellicane, and sealed with Hermes' seal. (4)

*Sub.* I think 'twas so ; we should now have fresh amalgama ; but I care not ; let him e'en die.

*Face.* Our knight must have the other squeeze. (*Aside, to Sub.*) I would not you should let any die now, if I might counsel, sir, for luck's sake to the rest.

*Sir E.* Lungs, thou art right ; now our harvest is at hand, why should it want the ripening ?

*Face.* Nay, I know it, sir ; I have seen the ill fortune ;—what are some six ounces of fresh materials ?

*Sir E.* What no more ? a very trifle—good sir, what shall I give him ?

(*Apart to Subtle.*)

(1) The allusion is to Ulen Spiegel, the hero of a German jest book, which was very popular, and translated into French and English, at a very early period. His name, however, elegantly translated by our ancestors, into Howleyglass, was familiarly used by them for a witty knave, a trickster.

(2) So they call the iron plate or slider, which on being pushed forward increases the heat of the fire in small chimnies, by accelerating the current of air.

(3) Subliming pots, without bottoms, fitted into each other without luting.

(4) A vessel is said to be hermetically sealed, when it is closed in such a manner, that the most subtle spirit cannot transpire. This is effected by heating the neck in the fire and then twisting it.

*Sub.* Some twenty pounds, or you may make it five-and twenty.

*Sir E.* There is my purse with thirty; I shall have as many tons e're night.

*Sub.* Well snapped, gudgeon. (*Aside.*) This needed not, but you will have it so—now must I set the oil of luna, and the philosopher's vinegar in kemia—Ulen, go thou for the amalgama—son, your leave awhile. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Sir E.* Lungs, where's my lovely dame, my Cyprian queen; might I not, by thy good help, bask for a moment in the sunshine of her eye?—here's money for the pains thou tak'st to serve me. (*Gives Face money.*)

*Face.* I am your slave—I'll send her to your wish.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

*Sir E.* Sure every smiling planet reigned at thy birth, Sir Epicure, to mark thee out the eldest favourite of fortune :—but she comes.

*Enter TRICKSY, L.H.*

Allow me, madam, to offer up my vows with rapture at the shrine of your charms.

*Trick.* The vows of men, Sir Epicure, are false.

*Sir E.* Mine fair dame, as true as alchymy, and rich as the philosopher's stone, which I am shortly to possess : suffer this ring to sparkle with added lustre upon that finger, whose delicate proportion not Phidias nor Praxiteles, were they alive again, with art sculptorian could describe.

*Trick.* Your praise and favour, sir, speak warmly to my heart.

*Sir E.* Soon shall they glow upon thee with the fervour of an Æthiopian sun; to-morrow will purchase the monarchy of this nether globe, and make thee, my second Venus, queen on't. Now let a touch of those soft lips confirm our contract.

*Trick.* Avaunt, ambassador of sin, and touch me not—emblem of vice, I've found thee.

*Sir E.* Found me; I didn't know that I was lost.

*Trick.* Thy eyes are blind, thy tongue licentious, thy limbs disordered.

*Sir E.* How she stares!

(*Aside.*)

*Trick.* Thou walking volcano, thou embodied (fever, go,

lay thee in the winter's frozen lap, and let him weep snow on thee to allay thy raging heat.

*Sir E.* Mad as a March hare—would I were out of the house? *(Aside.)*

*Trick.* Thy cousins, Etna and Vesuvius, vomit not combustibles more destructive than are winged on thy infectious breath—come, if thou hast courage, I'll lead the way from off this sky-crowned rock, and headlong plunge into yon roaring deep—thou tremblest—guilt makes a coward of thee, and thou must remain a prey to self-consuming flames; while white-winged doves wait to bear me to the fields of bliss, where such as thou can never, never, never come.

*Re-enter FACE, L.H.*

*Face.* What's the matter? How did you work her to this?

*Sir E.* Nay, I know not, Lungs, unless by asking a civil salute.

*Face.* Ah, there it is—knew you not her tender brain? once hurt by love and matchless modesty, dear good lady.

*Sir E.* Right Lungs; coax her, Lungs.

*Trick.* Nay, shepherds, cease your melting strains, they are all in vain—I have no heart to give—'twas stolen long since—what, do you alter notes and looks so soon?—worse than the raven's discord—black as the brow of night; oh; you can quickly change—but I defy you all—for at my beck ten thousand spirits wait, to whom this nether globe, with all its load of sins, would be but a sportive toy, to bandy through unbounded regions of the trackless air.

*Face.* It is all over, we shall never lay her now: and, if the old man should hear her, we should be all undone—hark, was not that his footstep?—Move off, Doll.

*(Aside, to Trick.)*

*Trick.* The shade of Yarico has sent a card, and would attend my rout this night—will ye join this insubstantial meeting of visitants from the other world? Man of flesh, thou art too gross; throw off mortality, and take a frisk amongst us. *[Exit, L.H.]*

*Sub. (Within, L.H.)* What profane noise is here?

*Face.* He comes.

*[Exeunt, L.H.U.E.]*

*Re-enter* SUBTLE, L.H.

*Sub.* How! what sight doth wound my eyes? clouds and darkness, else why shun the light? Who's here, my son? (*Goes out and brings on Sir Epicure, L.H.U.E.*) I have lived too long.

*Sir E.* Nay, good dear father, there was no dishonest purpose.

*Sub.* Nay, tell not me, I knew it ere I saw; our great work hath stood still these ten minutes, and all our lesser works gone back—this will retard our happy views a month at least, if not— (*A loud crack and noise from L.H.*)

*Sir E.* Mercy on us! what dreadful noise is that?

*Re-enter* FACE, L.H.S.E.

*Face.* Oh, sir, we are all defeated, all the works are flown in fumo. [*Exit Subtle, L.H.U.E.*]

*Sir E.* Oh, Lungs! what nothing saved?

*Face.* I fear nothing worth mention; yet the doctor, good soul, is gone to see—charity—charity, he says, may work a wonderful effect.

*Sir E.* I will do any thing—I will do all.

*Face.* Well, sir, for the present, suppose you bring one hundred to Bethlem, for those who have lost their wits; one hundred for the Magdalen, as sin of that kind has been your fault, and leave the sums to the disposal of our doctor: such marks of your contrition, and his prayers, may give a fresh process desirable effect.

*Sir E.* Thanks, Lungs, for thy advice; I doubt not it will speed, therefore the cash I will prepare—and henceforth be cautious of crack-brained beauty. [*Exit, R.H.*]

*Sub.* (*Peeps in.*) What, is the lump of knightly flesh departed, Face?

*Face.* Yes, and with a heavy heart, but not quite hopeless.

*Re-enter* SUBTLE, L.H.S.E.

*Sub.* Right, thou play'st him to a hair—hark! I hear approaching steps. [*Exit Face, R.H.*] How often do the worldly

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wise, happy in their imagined policy, fool away substantial possessions pursuing shadows!

*Re-enter FACE, with MISS RANTIPOLE, R.H.*

*Face.* There, madam, is the gentleman I presume you want.

*Miss R.* Well, Mr. Conjuror, as I am told you are very intimate with the stars, I am inclined for a little conversation with you; and that we may better understand one another—there are a few guineas.

*Sub.* Give me leave, madam, as I see the charms of your person, though with the dim eyes of age, to inquire into the beauties of your pocket; as thence perhaps we may properly estimate the violent attachment of your numerous admirers.

*Miss R.* What, fortune you mean? that, sir, I am not ashamed to explain, having had these twelvemonths past, by the will of my good old grandfather, twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal.

*Face.* Nay, madam, it is not at all wonderful that you should have an admirer for every thousand—besides being at your own disposal, the fatigue and danger of a trip to Scotland are rendered unnecessary.

*Miss R.* True, sir—at the age of sixteen I was a fond, foolish, credulous creature, and thought of nothing but flames, darts, constancy, and dying—if a young fellow looked but grave—heigho! I pitied him; but now, as Lady Fanny Flirtem says, if an army of lovers was before me, with pistols at their ears, daggers at their breasts, running nooses round their necks, or poison at their mouths, I could look on with the most immoveable composure, the true unfeeling, fashionable indifference.

*Face.* This is rather philosophical than humane.

*Miss R.* Humane, ha, ha, ha! and pray what have fine ladies to do with humanity?—though there is a young baronet in my train, who could occasion some flutter here, if he was a little more polished; but the teasing creature is so pettish, and so jealous, and so grave, and so wise—pray, Mr. Conjuror, could not you put him under the influence of some fashionable star?—I'll send him to see you—a little

more taste, and lessen his gravity;—after I have had my fling, seen all the world, heard all the pretty things that can be said, fretted a score of lovers to death, and am on the brink of becoming an old maid, perhaps<sup>2</sup> I may sink into a domestic animal.—But you must excuse my abrupt departure; I have a dozen friendly pop visits to make in less than an hour, and would not miss one for the universe.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

*Sub.* Truly, a volatile sprig of flirtation—but me thinks I hear Abel's voice.—[*Exit Face*, L.H.]—Now gravity and absence, wrap me round in thy deceptive robe.

*Enter ABEL DRUGGER*, R.H.

Well, master Tobacconist.

*Drug.* I have brought your worship a taste of right Oroonoko—or, if that's too mild—

*Sub.* This, as a mark of thy honest regard, will do.

*Drug.* I wish his honour, Captain Face, had been here; I have not half the dacity to speak as when he is by.

*Sub.* Why not, my honest friend? a just case may always speak openly; but excuse me, reflection calls, and I must leave this world awhile.

*Drug.* Leave this world awhile—and yet he stands just where he did; but he's amongst the stars, and taking a thousand miles at a jump; why, these conjurers are—

*Re-enter FACE*, L.H. *who slaps DRUGGER on the shoulder.*

Oh, you frightened me.

*Face.* So, honest Nab, I see thou art alone—for the doctor is with his spirits, but we'll upon him. (*Apart to Drug.*)

*Sub.* How now! what mates, what baiards<sup>(1)</sup> have we here?

*Face.* I thought he would be furious—a piece of gold to soften him. (*Apart to Drug.*)

(1) Alluding to the proverb—"As bold as blind Baiard."—Thus Chancer:

"Ye bee as bold as is *Bayarde the blind*  
That blondereth forth, and peril casteth none."

Baiardo is the horse of Rinaldo, in Ariosto.

*Drug.* What, another? (*Apart to Face.*)

*Face.* Ay, ay, what mar the sheep for a halfpenny worth of tar?—come, I'll give it the doctor.—(*Apart to Drug.*)—Now thy business.

*Drug.* About a sign, sir.

*Face.* Aye, a good, lucky, thriving sign, doctor.

*Sub.* I have been thinking for his service—I will have none that's stale or common. A townsman born in Taurus gives the bull, or the bull's head—in Aries, the ram—both poor devices; no, let me form his name into some mystic character, whose radii, striking the senses of each passer by, shall with a virtual influence breed affections which may result upon the party that owns it.

*Face.* Mark that, Nab.

*Sub.* He shall have a bell, that's Abel.

*Drug.* Abel.

*Sub.* And by it standing one, whose name is Dee, in a rug gown.

*Drug.* A rug gown.

*Sub.* D and rug, you know, make Drug.

*Face.* Excellent.

*Sub.* And right against him, a dog snarling err.

*Drug.* Err, Abel Drugger—he, he, he! why, that's my name.

*Sub.* These emblems, thus conjoined, form a lucky sign with mystery and hieroglyphic.

*Face.* Why, Abel, thou art made.

*Drug.* I do humbly thank his worship.

*Face.* Six more such legs will not do it; thy word is passed to bring a piece of damask.

*Drug.* Yes, sir—but I have another thing I would impart.

*Sub.* Out with it, friend.

*Drug.* There visits near me a rich young widow.

*Face.* A bona roba.

*Drug.* Ay, rona boba, but nineteen at the most.

*Sub.* She whom thou mentionest is now in my study, casting a figure—I know her to be the same—tall.

*Drug.* Yes, an like your worship, she makes a parfit mushroom of me.

*Sub.* Chesnut hair—leering eye.

*Drug.* Very leering eye—your worship has her to a T.



*Sub.* I tell thee she is within ; I'll work in thy favour, and thou shalt have immediate conference—this tobacco is good thou gavest me ; how much is there of it ?

*Drug.* A very honest pound.

*Face.* Doctor, Nab will present thee w<sup>th</sup> a hogshead of it.

*Drug.* Won't half a one do ?—it costs me—

(*Apart to Face.*)

*Face.* Pshaw, hang costs, when a rich widow's in the case.—(*Apart to Drug.*)—And he will furnish you also, grave sir, with one of the richest suits of damask he can procure.

*Sub.* Such men are worthy fortune's smiles—I'll send the widow. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Face.* I'll follow, and keep the doctor warm in thy interest, little Nab. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Drug.* Let me see what these conjurations will cost me—a two guinea piece, my ring, a pound of tobacco, then a hogshead ; besides a suit of damask, and wedding charges into the bargain—why, altogether can't come to less than—oh, here she is—what a charming figure to stand behind a counter—I'll warrant she'll sell twice as much as me ; my shop will be the meeting-place of gallants.

*Re-enter TRICKSY, L.H.*

*Trick.* Oh, Mr. Tobacconist, your servant.

*Drug.* How softly her mouth opens, as if her lips were afraid to part ; and then it shuts, as if they were glad to meet. (*Aside.*)

*Trick.* The charming creature is wrapped up in meditation ; what can that wise set of features be engaged upon !

(*Aside.*)

*Drug.* How softly spoken ! one to my mind exactly—my head won't bear much noise.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, who would have thought to have seen you here ? but they say mountains will meet.

*Trick.* Yes, sir, things little expected will happen—I never thought of losing my dear husband so soon, he was the be—be—best creature—

*Drug.* D—d—don't cry ; for I am so tender hearted, I can't see any body cry but I must cry too.

*Trick.* I shall esteem you the more.

*Drug.* Esteem—now you talk that way, have you thought any more about our wedding?

*Trick.* Good sir, 'tis not for me to think in such a case; I must obey my fate, what the stars say—

*Drug.* Why I never knew the stars said any thing.

*Trick.* Oh, but they denote most certainly—if we come together, 'tis they must do it.

*Drug.* Say you so? then I'll go in and ask the doctor how and about it—he'll tell me any thing in the stars, or in the sun, or moon, or any where else.

*Trick.* He is indeed a wonderful man, and a most valuable friend.

*Drug.* Well, I'll go—now have I a good mind to ask a kiss—but I can't reach, and mayhap she may be ashamed to stoop before marriage—so I'll s'ay a bit.

[*Aside, and exit, L.H.*]

*Trick.* So there he goes—ha, ha, ha! a few minutes more, and my face would have betrayed me; gravity must soon have given way.

*Head:* (*Within, R.H.*) Hollo, doctor—master alchymist!

*Trick.* My fighting swain, as I live; a little mal-apropos, but we must make the best on't.

*Enter HEADLONG, R.H.*

*Head.* How now, my buxom widow here? that's more than I thought for—tip us thy hand—I came to tell this here doctor what a rare scholar I am; I can almost quarrel with any body now—when he has made me perfect in the cross-buttock and brain blow, I shall not fear the best he that stands in shoe of leather.

*Trick.* Excellent; I love a man of spirit.

*Head.* Spirit to the back-bone; I never die dunghill—always game—I had a damned fine tussle in the Park just now.

*Trick.* Was it high fun?

*Head.* Rare rig! It would have made you burst your sides with laughing; you shall hear the whole affair.

*Trick.* Pray do; I love a bit of mischief vastly.

*Head.* Why, you must know, my girl of fire, as I was coming at a good spanking rate, from St. James's cockpit, what should I meet, in the flagged passage of Spring-gar-

den, but a queer sort of a half gentleman, arm under arm, with a damned, rum, waddling wife, as I afterwards found she was.

*Trick.* Going, I suppose, to take a matrimonial walk in the Park—vulgar creatures, antediluvian wretches!

*Head.* You have hit it—as I brushed by with my arms a kimbo, this elbow went plump into madam's bread-basket; she staggered; the husband put on a fighting face, and cries "What's that for?"—"What's that to you?" said I.—"It is to me," says he.—"You lie," says I.—"You are an impudent blockhead," says he.—"You are a ragamuffin," says I, "and take that,"—giving him a tip across the cheek—into the Park we went—a ring was made, and as pretty a set-to we had, for about five minutes, as any one would wish to see; till giving him a plump of the jaw, which broke two of his grinders, he sickened, so gave up: then we shook hands and made friends.

*Trick.* Droll and pleasant to the last degree; ha, ha, ha!

*Head.* Oh! but I should have told you a merry affair that happened yesterday. After knocking off six bottles of Madeira, hand to fist—Lord Graceless—a damned honest fellow, and myself, matched our nags from Windsor to London, the peer laying sixty guineas to forty:—well, off we set, and maintained a devilish deep rate till we came to Turnham-green, where the sport began; as we were tugging for the lead, whip and spur, I bolted a blind beggar into the ditch; in less than ten seconds his lordship flew over an old woman, riding upon an ass between two milk-pails; such a scene, ha, ha, ha! would have made Mr. What-d'ye-callum, the crying philosopher, himself laugh; here lay the peer's horse with his neck broke, there the old woman groaning, yonder the ass kicking, and his lordship sprawling through the milky-way, like a wounded frog in a duck-pond.

*Trick.* Inimitable, ha, ha, ha! why this is higher life than your battle—besides, you won the wager.

*Head.* Yes, yes, widow, I touched the spankers, the yellow boys, and intend to lay 'em out in a present for you. When we are married, if any man does but squint at you, I'll plump and rib him.

*Re-enter* SUBTLE, FACE, and ABEL DRUGGER, L.H.

Mr. Doctor, I have been telling my widow here of the prettiest bruising-match—

*Face.* Mind that, Nab—speak to him—I'll second you.

(*Apart to Drugger.*)

*Drug.* Will you? then I'll do't.—(*Apart to Face.*)—Your widow?—mayhap not.

*Head.* Mayhap ay—and if I hear any more of your haps, lookye, d'ye see, I'll give you a dounce o'th' chaps, mind that.

*Drug.* And if you do, you may get as good as you bring, for all your fighting face.

*Trick.* Nay, good gentlemen, don't fight on my account;—I'll please you both, if I can.

*Head.* You—no, no, little buxom, only a few knocks for love, to see who's the best man, that's all—will you strip?

*Drug.* As soon as yourself.

*Head.* Now then come on, little tickle-pitcher.

*Drug.* I am at thee, bully bluff. [*Fights him off, R.H.*]

*Face.* Bravely done, my Hector of Troy, thou art victorious as Alexander, and shalt be crowned with tobacco instead of laurel; take thy fair widow, retire and compose thyself.

*Drug.* Master captain, I can seeze(1) tightly, when I see occasion. [*Exit with Tricksy, and Face, L.H.*]

*Enter* KNOWLIFE, R.H. with Constables.

*Know.* Come, walk in gentlemen, we'll clear this nest of hornets.

*Re-enter* FACE, L.H.

*Face.* How, my master returned! cursed chance! then we are all under—~~ze~~—not a loophole to escape. (*Aside.*)

*Know.* Hey-day! what, my faithful Jeremy metamorphosed into an officercial appearance?

(1) *Feise*, means to beat, to chastise, to humble.

*Face.* Only an innocent frolic—if I had known your honour—

*Know.* Ay, ay, if you had known I was coming, you would have been better prepared, I doubt it not—why, hang-dog, what villainous work have you been making of this house during my absence?—no prevarication—I have heard of your converting it into an impostor-shop, where gulls have been decoyed to barter real property for empty hopes.—What, reverend cheat, art thou the leader of this gang? *(Brings Subtle forward.)*

*Sub.* What a glorious harvest is here blasted!

*Re-enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON, R.H.*

*Sir E.* A feather-headed puppy had like to run me over, and was within a hair's breadth of tumbling me neck and heels down the whole flight of stairs—but here it is, my alchymist, here are the means of reparation; one hundred pounds for Bethlem, as much for the Magdalen, besides fifty to purchase fresh amalgama.

*Know.* What puffed-up bladder of folly have we here?

*Sir E.* I am a knight, and my alchymist there is to make me a knight of gold.

*Know.* Leave my house.

*Sir E.* Your house?

*Know.* Yes, mine, sir—no big looks, or I shall convince you of the property in a very disagreeable manner.

*Sir E.* Oons, if this be the case, I'll never trust the stars again, and every man that speaks a hard word, in my mind shall be a cheat—where's Mexico?—where's Peru?

*[Exit, R.H.]*

*Know.* Now, culprits, what defence can you make?

*Face.* To be short, sir, having a mind above servitude, and talents to try a push in life, I was resolved to make the most of your absence; the prospect was very fair, but the fabric of my hopes, like a house of cards, is levelled by a single puff: however, having little to risk, I have only lost expectation; and having been guilty of no breach of trust respecting you, imagine myself tolerably safe from prosecution.

*Know.* Mighty well, evasive sir.

*Sub.* As for me, sir, at whom you look with an inquisitive eye, being as low as the blind goddess could lay me, I was ready to snatch at any means of amending painful circumstances—you will say, why turn impostor?—Look through the various classes of life, and you will see how many who hold high heads, with fair outsides, pursue worse practices;—you may style me a knave, but since I have taken care not to be a poor one, I shall draw that respect and safety from well-lined pockets, which pennyless, shame-faced honesty could never have obtained.

*Re-enter ABEL DRUGGER and TRICKSY, L.H.*

*Drug.* Master captain, and master doctor, I have settled the whole affair—the widow here loves me like any thing.

*Know.* What unfeather'd cuckoo art thou?

*Drug.* Cuckoo in your teeth; I gave one a trimming just now; and if you jaw much, mayhap you may come in for your share—nay, you need not squint so at this lady; she is a rich widow, and is to be my wife.

*Know.* A rich widow! ha, ha, ha! thou art too contemptible for serious resentment, therefore I vouchsafe to tell thee this lady is my chambermaid, that captain my butler, and your grave alchemist there, a cheat, picked up I know not where. As to these three, I'll secure them for justice sake, and leave you to find the same way out that you came in.

*[Exeunt all but Drugger, R.H.]*

*Drug.* The widow his chambermaid, the captain his butler, and our wise alchemist a cheat—a pretty kettle of fish I have made of it—but escaping the marriage noose is some comfort however.

*Well, left thus alone, I'll return to my shop,  
And all future hopes from extrology drop;  
Henceforth I shall think it a pitiful trade;  
My head surely for conjuring never was made;  
But if I could conjure—a very good cause  
Should work my first spell—it should catch—your ap-  
plause.*

**Finis.**









WILLIAM WILSON

AS JOHN WILSON

*Engraved from an original drawing by W. R. Cooke.*

Orberry's Edition.

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# THE MIDNIGHT HOUR ;

*A PETITE COMEDY;*

By Mrs. Inchbald.

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*WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.*

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

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## Remarks.

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### THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

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THIS Farce is a free translation from the French. Its chief merit is the plot, which is full of incidents, not very probable indeed, but extremely ingenious, and calculated to excite the liveliest interest. The mind is kept in a continual state of suspense by difficulties apparently impracticable, but which are eventually surmounted by contrivances sufficiently simple not to shock the imagination. It is in fact the comic romance of the stage, and if the only end of farce be to amuse, I know not any after-piece of the day that is more meritorious than the *Midnight Hour*.

Pieces of this description are almost always sure of success upon the stage from their facility of representation: an actor who has not talent enough to embody character, may yet have sufficient animal spirits to bustle or laugh his way through parts where the general success depends on incidents; the farce may in some measure be said to act itself, for the bustle of the scene completely hides the demerits of the actor.

To give point to humour by a happy delivery, is a task no less difficult than to give its due effect to the sublime loftiness of poetry; in these cases the actor must have some portion of the talent which inspired the wit of the poet; but in pieces of incident only, the praise of ingenuity is the utmost that can be conceded either to the author or the actor.

Critics have generally supposed that the French have more claims to this praise than any other nation; it may, however, be doubted whether they have not borrowed almost every thing from the Spanish romance and drama, a rich field, in which the most complex and original plots are to be found in abundance—so complex, indeed, as often to be more puzzling than interesting.

The most that can justly be conceded to the French is the art of arrangement; give them materials, and they know

how to use them with infinite dexterity : a French cook will make a dinner from a dock leaf, and a French author would manufacture a *vaudeville* on a butterfly.

Our German neighbours have more invention, but that invention applies rather to ideas than fable ; or if they do give new incidents, it is by reversing the whole system of society. Kotzebue, for instance, seems to have diligently studied the picture of the world turned upside down, and to have dramatized its most interesting features. His farce—and he has written more farces than the rest of the German writers collectively—is for the most part of the same description as the *Midnight Hour* ; that is, it depends on incident for its effect ; humour of dialogue, or truth of character, are entirely out of the question. G. Soane.

It is very rarely that the lives of individuals who devote themselves to literature, present that variety of incident which gives interest to biography ; to those who wish to trace the progress of the human mind, they, indeed, furnish abundant scope for reflection. It is not, however, merely so with the subject of the present memoir ; for although, as a female and an author, she stood in the very first rank, yet her history is not only highly interesting, but in no small degree romantic.

Elizabeth Inchbald was the daughter of Mr. Simpson, a respectable farmer at Staningsfield, an obscure village about five miles from Bury St. Edmund's. She was born in the year 1756, and at an early age was remarkable for the beauty of her person and her fondness for reading ; to this she was the more inclined, as she unfortunately had such an impediment in her speech, that she was scarcely intelligible to those who were not acquainted with her, and, therefore, she went very little into company.

Having lost her father in her infancy, she was left under the care of her mother, who continued to occupy the farm, and brought up the children with strict attention to their morals. During her many solitary hours, Miss Simpson applied herself sedulously to books, and, anxious to become acquainted with the world of which she read so much, she formed the romantic resolution of visiting the metropolis ; but finding her intention did not meet with the approbation of her friends, she seized an opportunity, early one morn-

ing, in February, 1772, of eloping from her family. She had previously packed up a few necessary articles in a band-box, and with these she ran about two miles across some fields, and there waited with impatience for the stage that was to convey her to London.

This first important step in her life, will doubtless by many be reckoned a rash and imprudent one. But the common rules of custom and prudence are not the ordinary standard, by which minds bent on adventure and experiment, are regulated. The difficulties to be encountered form an apology in the breast of the adventurer, and if success attend the experiment, it is followed with admiration.

Miss Simpson was at this time about sixteen years of age, and remarkable for the beauty of her features and the elegance of her figure. On her arrival in London, she sought a distant relation, who had lived in the Strand; but on reaching the place, she was, to her great mortification, told that he had retired from business, and was settled in Wales. It was near ten o'clock at night, and her distress at this disappointment moved the compassion of the people of the house where she inquired, who, at her request, generously accommodated her with a lodging. This civility, however, awakened suspicion; she had read of various modes of seduction practised in London, and apprehended that she was in a dangerous house. While the poor people were whispering their pity for her youth, and praising her beauty, she, alarmed at her situation, seized her band-box, and without uttering a single word, rushed out of the house, leaving them to stare at each other, and think their compassion had been misplaced.

Miss Simpson now ran she knew not whither, but being much fatigued and alarmed, she knocked at a house where she saw lodgings to let, and was just on the point of being admitted, as a milliner's apprentice, when, to her great surprise and confusion, she saw at her elbow the tradesman from whose house she had just escaped, and who, impelled by curiosity, had followed her. Confounded by this detection, she attempted another escape, but the door was locked, and she was detained as an impostor. Sincerity was all that she had now left, and with a flood of tears she candidly confessed her real situation; but even now her truth was doubted, and,

after a threat of being sent to the watch-house, the fair adventurer was dismissed, and left again to wander through the streets of London.

She now walked where chance directed, exposed to all those insults which unprotected females must encounter. At two o'clock in the morning, she found herself at Holborn Bridge, and seeing the stage set off for York, which she understood was full, she entered the inn, pretended that she was a disappointed passenger, and solicited a lodging. Here she remained for the night, and next day was told that the York stage would set off again in the evening. This intelligence having been delivered with an air of suspicion, which was extremely mortifying, she immediately took out all the money she had, to the last half-crown, and absolutely paid for a journey she did not intend to take. The landlady, now satisfied, invited her to breakfast, but this was declined, saying she was in haste to visit a relation. Thus she escaped the expense of a breakfast, and on returning to the inn, said her relation wished her to remain in town a few days longer. By this means she secured her apartment, and while she daily took a walk to purchase what she could afford, it was supposed by the people of the inn that she was feasting with her relation; but, alas! at this time she feasted not, but was in the utmost distress; so much so, that during the last two days of her residence at the inn, she subsisted on two halfpenny rolls, and the water which the bottle in her bed-room contained!

During one of her daily rambles in the metropolis, Miss Simpson attracted the notice of a performer at Drury Lane, who, with some difficulty learning her situation, recommended to her the stage as the most probable means of support, and offered to instruct her. A few meetings having convinced her that his designs were not honourable, she prudently declined his company, but determined to follow his advice. Accordingly, she applied to Mr. King, of Drury Lane, the manager of the Bristol theatre, and having communicated her intention with much stammering, which was increased by her anxiety, the comedian listened to the fair candidate with natural astonishment. She rehearsed a part before him, and many whimsical jests have been related respecting this interview. It seems, however, that Mr. King

did not discourage the lady, though he declined to give her an engagement. She next applied to Mr. Inchbald for advice. This gentleman, with whom she had hitherto been unacquainted, but whom she had frequently seen at Bury St. Edmunds, introduced her to another performer, who had purchased a share of a country theatre, and who, struck with her beauty, gave her an immediate engagement without trial. He became also her instructor, and in him she imagined she had found a friend, but she soon discovered the nature of his friendship. Indignant at the dishonourable proposals which he dared to make to her, she hastened to Mr. Inchbald, whose kindness had inspired her with confidence, and informed him of every circumstance. Afflicted by her sorrow, this gentleman endeavoured to soothe it, and recommended marriage as her only protection. "But who would marry me?" cried she. "I would," replied Mr. Inchbald with warmth, "if you would have me." "Yes sir, and would for ever be grateful." "And for ever love me," rejoined he. The lady hesitated—but not doubting her love, in a few days they were married, and thus unexpectedly she became both a wife and an actress.

Mr. Inchbald first introduced his wife on the stage at Edinburgh, where she continued four years, and performed the principal characters, when she was but eighteen years of age; from which it may be inferred that her previous unsuccessful attempts had proceeded principally from natural impediments and private prejudices. For one who could with tolerable acceptance appear at so early a period as a principal actress, must have possessed a considerable degree of intellect and no common insight into the human character.

At length Mrs. Yates, who had been long in possession of the public favour in London, visited Edinburgh, and became the formidable rival of Mrs. Inchbald, whom she is said to have treated with great incivility: in consequence of which, she and her husband quitted Edinburgh, and passed two years at York.

Mrs. Inchbald's health being now much impaired, a tour to the south of France was recommended, and, after staying abroad about a year, she returned with her husband, with whom she lived in the most perfect harmony. Two years after their return, Mr. Inchbald died. She now returned to



London, and continued to act for four years at Covent Garden Theatre. She next visited Dublin, and performed under Mr. Daly's management for some time.

On quitting the Dublin theatre, Mrs. Inchbald returned once more to Covent Garden, where she continued to act for some years, but suddenly relinquished it, and remained in London in great poverty and obscurity. It was now that she began to devote her attention to dramatic writing. Having written a comedy, she read part of it to Mr. Harris, who disapproved of the piece, and sent it anonymously to Mr. Colman, the manager of the Haymarket, with whom it remained nearly three years unnoticed. Notwithstanding this neglect and discouragement in the outset, she persevered, and, availing herself of the rage for balloons, which existed in the year 1784, she sent him her farce of "*A Mogul Tale; or, the Descent of the Balloon.*" The subject, probably, induced Mr. Colman to pay this piece more attention. He read, approved, and accepted it. Its success induced Mrs. Inchbald to remind him of her dormant comedy; on which he immediately replied, "I'll go home this moment and read it." He did so, and having approved of it, he gave it the name of "*I'll tell you What.*" wrote a prologue for it himself, and brought it out in 1785.

Much has been said relative to Mr. Colman's not having read the comedy when first sent to him; the truth is, that according to that gentleman's own words, he admired modest merit, and seldom attended to the five-act productions of anonymous writers, which generally proved the vain attempts of ambitious authors; but he delighted in encouraging young beginners, who, like himself, began with pieces of one and two acts.

The tide of Mrs. Inchbald's fortune now began to turn; no longer perplexed as an actress by precarious engagements—no longer mortified by the neglect of her literary talents, she now saw her projects brighten. Accordingly, she began to enlarge her rules of economy, and changed her humble lodgings for others more suitable to her circumstances; for it was one great excellence in the conduct of this amiable woman, that she always studied economy, and, accommodating her mode of living to her circumstances, she preserved, even in her humble fortunes, a high sense of moral dignity and independence.

The comedy of "*I'll tell you What*," was soon followed by others of a similar character; that of genteel comedy, which was the forte of Mrs. Inchbald, and she seems never to have attempted tragedy, or even tragi-comedy. Her province was humour and satire, occasionally interspersed with the serious, agreeably to the custom of modern comedy. Mrs. Inchbald also wrote several farces, but free from the caricature, buffoonery, and extravagance of farce in general; and they might more properly be termed comedies in one, two, or three acts. We shall now enumerate the dramatic productions of this lady, which will show the fertility of her genius. To those already mentioned, she has added, — *Appearance is against them*, a farce, acted at Covent Garden, in 1785. — *The Widow's Vow*, a farce, acted at the Haymarket, 1786. — *Such things are*, a play, acted at Covent Garden, 1787. — *The Midnight Hour*, a petite comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1789. — *All on a Summer's Day*, a comedy, acted at Covent Garden without success, 1787. — *Animal Magnetism*, a farce, acted at Covent Garden, 1788. — *The Child of Nature*, a comedy, ditto, 1788. — *The Married Man*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket, 1789. — *The Hue-and-Cry*, a farce, acted without success, at Drury Lane, 1791. — *Next-door Neighbours*, a comedy, acted at the Haymarket, 1791. — *Young Men and Old Women*, a farce, ditto, 1782. — *Every One has his fault*, a comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1793. — *The Wedding Day*, a farce, acted at Drury Lane, 1795. — *Wives as they were and Maids as they are*, a comedy, acted at Covent Garden, 1797. — *Lovers' Vows*, a comedy, altered from Kotzebue's "*Child of Love*," acted at Covent Garden, 1798. — *The Wise Man of the East*, ditto, 1799; — and *To Marry or not to Marry*, 1805.

Of all these productions, the very pleasing comedy intitled "*The Child of Nature*," seems to have been the favourite of the fair author, as she appears to have had her eye on it, in one of her later works, of a different character, as well as in her alteration of "*Lovers' Vows*;" for the character of *Amanthis*, in the former, may be fairly supposed to have given a turn to the character of *Amelia*, in the latter.

Mrs. Inchbald retired from the stage in 1789, and from

that period until the year 1805, it will be seen she was very actively employed in dramatic writing.

There is another department of literature in which Mrs. Inchbald has been no less successful than in her dramatic compositions. We mean novel writing; for, although she has not thought proper to call the pleasing story intitled "*Nature and Art*," a novel, yet it certainly belongs to that class; the story is interesting—the characters are accurately drawn, and the morality sound—its satire is just, the language sprightly, but not fantastic, and the reflections serious without affectation. The "*Simple Story*," and the novel by our author, is characterised by the same simplicity and spirit, both as to style and manner, as the former, but the characters are more various, the passions more interesting, and the plot is more intricate and surprising. The story is said to have been a favourite with Mrs. Inchbald, and we are not surprised at it, since we are much mistaken if some of the leading incidents in her own life have not furnished the basis of some part of the story, though diversified by numerous peculiarities, and concealed with much ingenuity.

We have hitherto only spoken of Mrs. Inchbald's literary character, but of her conduct as a woman of honour, even amidst all the gaiety of youth and the powerful influence of a most fascinating person, there is but one opinion. During the whole period of her theatrical engagements, she maintained an unblemished character; and, although the incidents of her life have been the subject of much conversation in the gay world, they never could expose her to the censure of even the most rigid and severe moralist. The worthy part of both sexes, who were honoured with her acquaintance, highly esteemed her worth; her connexion with Mrs. Siddons and Lady Derby strengthened into friendship; and Mrs. Inchbald has left behind her a character that may stand in opposition to the prejudices of such as think that an actress cannot be a virtuous woman. Nothing argues greater illiberality than this common assertion, for it is but justice to observe, that among those who have devoted themselves to a theatrical life, are to be found many persons of the most exemplary conduct.

This distinguished lady, whose talents were of the highest order, and who was an ornament to her sex and country,

died at Kensington, on Wednesday, the 1st of August, 1821, after a few days' illness. It is matter of sincere regret, that memoirs of her eventful life, written by herself, were destroyed by her own positive direction, at her death. Her remains were deposited in Kensington Church Yard, agreeably to her request in her will, which is written with her own hand, and dated the 30th of April, 1821.

This will was registered in the Prerogative Court on the 17th inst. Probate being granted to Frances Phillips (wife of John Phillips,) and George Huggins (her nephew,) the executors; her personal property was sworn to be under 6000*l.* in value. Amongst the legacies are—50*l.* to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund; 50*l.* to Mrs. Isabella Matlocks, late of that theatre; 100*l.* to the testatrix's god-daughter, Miss Cummins, of the Theatre Royal, York; and 20*l.* per annum to a person calling himself Robert Inchbald, the illegitimate son of her late husband; 50*l.* to the Catholic Society, for the relief of the aged poor; 20*l.* each to her late laundress and hairdresser, provided they should inquire of her executors concerning her decease; 100*l.* to Mr. Taylor, oculist, of the Sun Office, in the Strand, &c. &c. The residue is bequeathed to her nephew and niece, George Huggins and Ann Jarrett. The testatrix desired to be buried in Kensington Church Yard, between the hours of eight and eleven in the morning; that three mourning coaches may attend her hearse; and that mass and other sacred ceremonies may be performed, usual upon the decease of a Roman Catholic Christian.

## **Time of Representation.**

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The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and three quarters.

## ***Stage Directions.***

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By R.H . . . . . is meant . . . . . Right Hand.

L.H. . . . . Left Hand.

S.E. . . . . Second Entrance.

U.E. . . . . Upper Entrance.

M.D . . . . . Middle Door.

D.F. . . . . Door in flat.

R.H.D. . . . . Right Hand Door.

L.H.D. . . . . Left Hand Door.

## **Costume.**

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### **MARQUIS.**

Black velvet Spanish dress, richly trimmed with black bugles, buttons, and satin, ditto ruffs.

### **GENERAL.**

Scarlet dress, richly trimmed with gold embroidery, slashed and lined with purple satin.

### **SEBASTIAN.**

First dress.—Grey and scarlet Spanish livery. Second dress.—Ditto, embroidered.

### **NICHOLAS.**

Green and orange Spanish livery.

### **MATTHIAS.**

Ibid.

### **AMBROSE.**

Ibid.

### **SERVANTS.**

Ibid.

### **JULIA.**

White satin dress, spangled point, and hanging sleeves. Disguise.—Gentleman's black Spanish dress.

### **CECILY.**

Brocade petticoat, with blue points; black velvet body, and hanging sleeves trimmed with blue, and black veil.

### **FLORA.**

Pink petticoat with black points, black and pink body and hanging sleeves, black silk apron trimmed with pink.

# Persons Represented.

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## Drury-Lane.

*Marquis* ..... Mr. De Camp.  
*General* ..... Mr. Gattie.  
*Sebastian* ..... Mr. Oxberry.  
*Nicholas* ..... Mr. Harley.  
*Mathias* ..... Mr. Hughes.  
*Ambrose* ..... Mr. Wewitzer.

*Julia* ..... Mrs. Orger.  
*Cecily* ..... Mrs. Harlowe.  
*Flora* ..... Mrs. Edwin.

## Covent-Garden.

Mr. Lewis.  
 Mr. Quick.  
 Mr. Ryder.  
 Mr. Edwin.  
 Mr. Fearon.  
 Mr. Thompson.

Mrs. Wells.  
 Mrs. Webb.  
 Mrs. Mattocks.

## Hay-Market.

Mr. De Camp.  
 Mr. Terry.  
 Mr. Lacy.  
 Mr. Tayleure.  
 Mr. Williams.  
 Mr. Coates.

Mrs. Young.  
 Mrs. Pearce.  
 Mrs. Tayleure.

# THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter the MARQUIS and SEBASTIAN, R.H.*

*Mar.* This is my native place—the town that gave me birth—and in spite of my attachment to the capital, dear Madrid, I must prefer this to every other spot in the world.

*Seb.* Ay, my lord, you come hither to take possession of the estate of a rich uncle just deceased; and it is that which renders the place so very agreeable—you would, but for that circumstance, forget your gratitude for your birth; and, while you remained here, lament you were ever born.

*Mar.* You are mistaken, Sebastian.

*Seb.* Why, my lord, although I am nothing more than an humble domestic of your lordship's, if I was not in love, and the object of my passion living in this very identical town, I could not be happy in it, but perpetually pining after the capital.

*Mar.* Give me your hand, Sebastian—for once my equal.

*Seb.* How so, pray, my lord?

*Mar.* By being in love—for love is a general leveller—it makes the king a slave, and inspires the slave with every joy a prince can taste.

*Seb.* Ay, sir, but we are not all equals in love for all that—for instance, you will always be above my match; for I never did, nor ever could, love more than one—now your lordship I have known to love sixteen—and all at the same time—and all so well, it was impossible to tell which you loved the best.



*Mar.* Do not mention any of my past affections—I never loved till now—never till I arrived at this place, and beheld—

*Seb.* Pray, my lord, how many? and whereabouts do they all live?

*Mar.* Impertinent!

*Seb.* Nay, I am sure I don't care how many, provided they are neighbours—but, you know in Madrid, my lord, you fell in love with four, that lived exactly at the different corners of the town; and I had so far to run every night and morning with your lordship's "ardent love," and "constant affection," that, if the death of your uncle had not brought you here to inherit his estate, I must certainly have given up my place; or petitioned your mistresses to have come all in the same neighbourhood.

*Mar.* O, those passions were different to that which now possesses me—for now I love only one, and she is——

*Seb.* What?

*Mar.* An angel.

*Seb.* Then she's too good for us,—give her up, sir.

*Mar.* She is the most charming of her sex, I swear.

*Seb.* But is she maid, wife, or widow?

*Mar.* A maid.

*Seb.* Hold, hold, don't swear that.

*Mar.* And that is the place of her abode—(*Pointing to D.F.L.H.*) don't repine at her habitation—you see you'll not have far to go, for the house is directly opposite my hotel.

*Seb.* Repine,—it makes my heart rejoice—why, my lord, in that very house lives my sweetheart—and I make no doubt but she attends upon yours.

*Mar.* If so, it is the luckiest accident in the world. Fly to the woman you mention instantly, and desire her to inform you of every particular concerning her lady—for at present, I do not know any thing about her.

*Seb.* Why, now I begin to think you are really in love—for that is the first and great fundamental cause of a man's real love for a woman.

*Mar.* What?

*Seb.* Because he does not know any thing about her.

*Mar.* Pshaw!—I *do* know, that her name is Julia—and that she lives in yon house with her uncle, General Don Guzman, who served in the last war. In my youth, while I

was on a visit at my uncle's, I have seen the General frequently, for he and my uncle were upon the warmest terms of friendship; nay, but yesterday he called at my hotel to inquire for me, but I chanced to be from home; and this morning I mean to return his visit—but then I have no hope of beholding his niece—he is cautious to whom he introduces her; and to visit him, will but perhaps render my access to her more difficult still.

*Seb.* I believe you are right, sir; for I have, now I think of it, a letter in my pocket that will put an end to all your hopes at once.

*Mar.* From my Julia?

*Seb.* No, sir, from my Flora.

*Mar.* Read it this moment.

*Seb.* (*Reading.*) "*My dear Sebastian,*"—"my dear, dear Sebastian,"—"my dear life"—

*Mar.* Go on, sir—go on—read the whole letter.

*Seb.* (*Reading.*) "*I no longer live with the old Countess, and the reason is, because she is dead.*"

*Mar.* S'death, leave out every thing but Julia.

*Seb.* Oh yes, very true—where is she? (*Looking in the letter.*) I believe she is left out, for I can't find her.

*Mar.* (*Snatching the letter.*) Give it me.

*Seb.* I beg as a favour, my lord, you will not read about the tedious minutes, and long nights.

*Mar.* (*Reading.*) "*I now live in the General's house, and attend upon his niece, the madam Julia, who is going to be married instantly.*"—Confusion—"her intended husband is a rich merchant, who is expected from India every hour—he is the choice of her uncle; for she has never yet seen him." From that circumstance a dawn of hope breaks in upon me. Fly, Sebastian, to your acquaintance immediately—tell her she must aid me to break off this marriage—fly!

*Seb.* There is more in the letter.

*Mar.* What, more about Julia? (*Looking eagerly.*)

*Seb.* No; but a great deal more about me.

*Mar.* Pshaw!—be gone: (*Seb. going, R.H.*)—which way are you going?—Yonder is the house she lives at.

*Seb.* Yes, but not the house where she dare admit her lover—we meet at the house of a friend of mine, where we can make free.

*Mar.* Very well—and be sure to tell this woman, who writes to you with such affection, that if she can procure me the hand of her beloved mistress, I will immediately recompense her with thine—and a fortune into the bargain.

*Seb.* Dear my lord, a fortune!—How can you mention any other reward, after having mentioned me. [*Exit, R.H.*]

*Mar.* I have but very little hope from this experiment either—'Sdeath, my fortune and my rank are superior to this detested merchant's! The General, her uncle, was ever friendly to our family—What if I avowed my love to him? By heaven, here he is!

*Enter GENERAL, from D.F.L.H.*

*Gen.*(*R.H.*) Who have we here?

*Mar.* General Don Guzman— (*Bowing.*)

*Gen.* My dear Marquis is it you? Yes, I see it is—and though twelve years since I saw you, yet, if I had not heard of your arrival, I should not have passed you without remembering you perfectly.

*Mar.* You did me the honour to call on me yesterday—and I beg a thousand pardons that I should so long neglect—

*Gen.* Oh, no ceremony, Marquis—I called on you when it was convenient—and do you call on me when it suits you. Never stand upon any ceremony; I hate it. Your uncle and I were friends for thirty years, and never asked one another “how we did” in our lives. I hate all ceremony. While you stay in this part of the world, receive the same hearty welcome and friendship from me your uncle ever did—but on the same score—no ceremony.

*Mar.* (*Aside.*) By heaven, this warm reception makes me hope for every thing.

*Gen.* You seem thoughtful, young gentleman!

*Mar.* (*Aside.*) My situation is desperate, and such must be my attempt.

*Gen.* Quite melancholy, Marquis—your uncle's death, I suppose?

*Mar.* True, General, that does weigh heavy—and yet I have something which weighs upon my heart still more—time presses me to disclose what it is. I am in love—desperately in love—madly in love—and it is with your niece—but I hear you are going to marry her to an Indian merchant—this

-damps my soul, but, perhaps, inflames my wishes still higher, and impels me to declare, that nothing but an invincible bar shall prevent me casting myself at her feet, and pleading my cause.

*Gen.* Young gentleman, I desired you would use no ceremony—and I think you have complied with my desire to its full extent.

*Mar.* Did you not bid me make free?

*Gen.* I did—and now I shall take the same liberty myself. You are the most forward, confident, presumptuous man—and if my niece was even disengaged, you should not have her.

*Mar.* Is this my reward for behaving as you requested I would?—Why, then, if she was disengaged, I would have her—and so I will now. Don't be offended—you desired I should make free.

*Gen.* I'll suffer death if your assurance does not make me laugh—and if my word was not given to marry my niece to another, you should have her—just to show people I like they should make free.

*Mar.* Your word passed, General!—what can that signify when your niece has never seen her intended husband, and, perhaps, when she does see him, may have the utmost aversion to him?

*Gen.* And pray, my lord, are you sure she likes you?

*Mar.* No, I am not sure. I know not yet if ever she observed me, although I have followed her incessantly. But, dear General, bring me to her, and let my tongue declare the thousand agitations which my eyes have, I fear, but too faintly explained.

*Gen.* My lord, my promise is given to Don Carlos—and can I, under such an engagement, think of introducing you to her?

*Mar.* Oh, General! consider the violence of my passion—consider—  
(*Kneeling.*)

*Gen.* Consider you are in the streets.—(*Raising him.*)—My lord, attend to what I am going to say.—Had you gained my niece's affections before you made this application, I would have listened to it; but now I solemnly forbid you my house.

*Mar.* Distraction!

*Gen.* Nay, I only forbid you till the marriage is over—

then you are welcome to come as soon as you please. Do not make yourself uneasy—you have no long time to wait. Don Carlos will be here some time to-day, and the marriage ceremony is to be performed at midnight, at the hour of twelve exactly. It is an ancient custom in the family to marry at that hour.—Farewell!—and as soon as that hour is passed, you shall be welcome to come to my house, and make as free as you please. (*Going.*)

*Mar.* I will make free before that hour by some stratagem—I will win my Julia's heart and steal her from you in spite of your security.

*Gen.* And, by heaven, if you do, you shall have her—and with my consent.

*Mar.* (*Warmly.*) I take you at your word.

*Gen.* Don't kneel down again. My word is given, and I won't recall it. If you can contrive to take my niece from my house, either by yourself, or any one else, any time before twelve o'clock this night, (with her own concurrence, not else,) I will say you deserve her—and with my hearty consent, you shall have both her and her fortune. Nor is my word broken with her intended bridegroom, for I will take every precaution, during that interim, which bars, bolts, locks, or trusty servants, can give.

*Mar.* But will you only allow me till midnight?—that time is so short.

*Gen.* Oh, you begin to recant, do you?—*You* take her away?—ha! ha! ha!—and with her own consent too?

*Mar.* Without it, I would scorn the attempt.

*Gen.* And, at all events, you had better give it up, for I shall be upon my guard; and invent what stratagem you will, I believe I shall discover it.—*You* take her away!—and within a few hours—it makes me laugh.

*Mar.* Provoking! (*Aside.*) Yes, love inspires me—and half my estate to half yours, I *do* take her away.

*Gen.* Done—it is a wager—no being off.

*Mar.* Being off! I insist it is a wager.

*Gen.* You are so bold, I must go back and see if my niece is safe at home now or not. (*Going.*)

*Mar.* Farewell, my dear uncle,

*Gen.* Uncle! you impertinent—Stay till you have taken my niece out of my house. Uncle, indeed!

*Mar.* Remember me to my destined wife.

[*Exit General, D.F.L.H.*]

*Enter SEBASTIAN, R.H.*

*Seb.* My lord, I have overheard part of your conversation with the General, and surely you have been to blame to let him know your intentions.

*Mar.* I *was* to give him warning of my designs; but my passion has rendered me unable to project with cunning—but no matter—and what says—

*Seb.* My Flora?—She has promised you all her assistance; but she is afraid the other servants will not be in your interest; and there are four besides herself.

*Mar.* No more than four!—and what are they?—describe them.

*Seb.* One is an old soldier, who has been with the General in all his battles, and has but one promising quality for us; and that is, he is so lame that, although his fidelity is such we shall not be able to bribe him to let us into the house; yet, if we once get in, we can run out again without his being able to overtake us.

*Mar.* Good.

*Seb.* And the porter is a man so deaf, that although he will not be able to listen to any of our offers, we may break open the door, if his back happens to be to it, without his hearing us. But the man-servant we have most to dread is one Nicholas, the General's valet, a self-sufficient, presuming, insignificant boaster; and for ever officiously concerned for the good of his master.

*Mar.* Nicholas is his name? You have named them all now?

*Seb.* No, there is one more—the worst of them all—and a female too—old Cecily, the duenna. She (Flora tells me) is even more attached to the General than any servant he has; and she has ears, eyes, and senses for all the family that wants them.

*Mar.* She must be the first we win over to our cause.

*Seb.* Ah! my lord, I am afraid—By heaven, here she comes; just returned from church.

*Mar.* Do you begone then; for before a witness it will be impossible to offer her a bribe.

*[Exit Sebastian, L.H. bowing to Cecily as he passes.]*

*Enter CECILY, R.H. and crosses to the General's house.*

**Mar.** What an ungracious countenance!—but no matter. It is best to begin with our greatest difficulties.

*(She takes out a key, and unlocks the door.)*

**Mar.** *(In a soft tone of voice.)* Donna Cecily! Donna Cecily!

**Cecily.** *(Turning round disdainfully.)* Signor!

**Mar.** *(With much softness.)* I think you are one of the domestics belonging to the house.

**Cecily.** Domestics!—I am the governante general, and the general governante of the whole house.

**Mar.** Pardon me.

**Cecily.** I thank you for your compliment, Signor, and am your humble servant.

*(Curtseying with a sneer, and going.)*

**Mar.** One word—my dear governante, one word—I have something of the highest importance to communicate to you.

**Cecily.** *(Aside.)* A lover of my young lady's, I suppose: I am glad of it, that I may have the pleasure of repulsing him. What would you have, Signor?

*(With a voice the most forbidding.)*

**Mar.** You are severe—that air you put on, agrees but little with those gentle and beguiling looks nature allotted you.

**Cecily.** And do you think to cajole me by your deceitful rhapsody upon my beauty!—*(Very loud.)*—I am old and ugly—and, what is more, have, thank heaven, as bad a temper as any woman in the world.

**Mar.** You wrong yourself, I am sure.

**Cecily.** I tell you, I don't—and if you come hither after my young lady, I have the pleasure to inform you, you won't get her—she is disposed of—her uncle has so ordained it, and I would not be the cause of her disobeying her uncle for the world—I am true to him, because he gives me the power to use every body else as ill as I please—and now I wish you a good day; having the satisfaction to leave you in utter despair.

*(Going.)*

*Mar.* Nay, stay—a hundred pistoles are in this purse—take them, and be my friend. (*Holding her hand.*)

*Cecily.* No, Signor, my master's interest, and the pleasure of refusing a favour, are both too dear to me to accept your bribe.

(*The General comes to the threshold of his door.*)

*Gen.* Cecily with the Marquis? astonishing! let me listen. (*Aside.*)

*Mar.* Dear, dear Cecily! (*Sees the General.*) The General listening—I must change the battery. (*Aside.*)

*Cecily.* Dear Cecily!

*Mar.* You have your lady's real happiness at heart, I find.

*Cecily.* And who could suppose I had not?

*Mar.* Pardon me—but I had heard quite a different account of you from what you deserve.

*Cecily.* Is it possible?

*Mar.* Nay, the General, I am certain, believes quite differently of you, from what you have proved yourself to me.

*Cecily.* If he does—poor deceived man!

*Gen.* Oh, the hussy! (*Aside.*)

*Mar.* Take this purse—nay, it is your due; for I had a capital bet against me, provided you had not acted as you have done.—(*She takes the purse.*)—On my knees I thank you; for you have now made me the happiest of men—all my wishes must succeed. Oh, General, where are you now, with your boasted confidence?

*Gen.* (*Coming between them.*) I am here, and you have lost your bet still.

*Mar.* Confusion! he has overheard all our discourse. (*Affecting confusion.*)

*Gen.* (*In extreme anger.*) Yes; I have overheard it.

*Cecily.* So much the better.

*Mar.* General, forgive us both—we did not suppose you had been so near—curb your resentment—the governante has the highest regard for you and your family—and I protest her fidelity is proof against all my persuasion.

*Gen.* Don't talk to me, sir, I won't believe it—don't attempt to deceive me!

*Cecily.* What do you mean? (*Surprised.*)



*Gen. (To Cecily.)* Go about your business immediately—you never set your foot into my house again—in pretty hands, truly, I had confided my niece!—a pretty duenna I had chosen!

*Cecily.* General, what do you mean?

*Gen.* Never let me see your face again—take care of that—take care I don't even find you lurking about any of my premises with a love-letter under your apron, for if I do—

*Cecily.* And you are really displeased with me?

*Gen.* I am indeed—but never your mind—his lordship thinks himself highly obliged to you.

*Mar.* No, indeed, I don't, General; no, indeed, I don't.

*Cecily.* And do you turn me away?—turn me out of your house? (*Half crying.*)

*Gen.* Yes; but never mind—his lordship will take you into his, I dare say.

*Mar.* No, I won't, General,—no, indeed, I won't.

*Cecily.* Hear me, General.

*Gen.* Not a word—no reply—begone this instant—and to-morrow I'll send the wages after you, you have so little merited.

*Cecily.* General, General, you use me ill.

*Mar.* You do indeed.

*Cecily.* You are in an error.

*Mar.* You are, indeed, General—I protest and swear you are.

*Gen.* I am glad of it—'tis something new—and I'll keep in it. Why don't you go about your business? (*Going to her.*) At your age!—a'n't you ashamed?—you ought to blush; but for my part, I always thought it of you. I have suspected you these twenty years.

*Cecily.* Have you? then you shall find I will not be suspected in vain—you shall find what I can do—for when I go, your good genius forsakes you.

*Gen.* Why, you are hated and detested by every body—I was the only person on earth that ever could endure you—and now you are found out by me—you have not a friend in the world. (*Going*)

*Cecily. (Following him.)* You have lost your senses.

*Gen.* You have lost your place! [*Exit, D, F L.H.*]

*Mar.* Rash and unthinking man !

*Cecily.* Young gentleman, he has provoked me so far, I'll serve you against my inclination. I hate you—but I think I hate him something more—therefore command me, and I will do all I can to obtain you his niece—do you want a disguise under which to enter the house? I will procure you one; and instruct you in every turn and winding of the apartments. My dear sir, I will do all the good I can, out of spite.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Saloon at the General's.*

*Enter* GENERAL, L.H. NICHOLAS, AMBROSE, MATHIAS, and FLORA, *following*.

*Gen.* (*In centre.*) And I lose both my wager and my niece, if he finds means to take her out of my house before midnight.

*Nic.* (*On the L.H. of the Gen.*) Take her out of this house while I have the honour of serving you?—the Marquis knows little of the faith and diligence of your servant Nicholas, or he would soon drop the attempt.

*Amb.* (R.H.) And knows little of your soldier, Ambrose, who (*Walking up to the General very lame.*) on the first alarm would fly to give him battle.

*Mat.* (L.H.) What?—What is all this—(*Trying to hear.*) it is a sad thing to be deaf.

*Flora.* (*On the R.H. of the General.*) And this said Marquis must know very little of your trusty servant Flora.

*Gen.* No more professions—I believe you all firmly attached to my interest—and if I should win my wager, I promise each of you a purse of ten pistoles.

*Amb.* Oh, the wager is already won.

*Nic.* Yes, sir; and you may as well pay us now.

(*Holding out his hand.*)

*The MARQUIS enters L.H. disguised in a riding cloak and wig, and goes into D.F.*

*Mat. (After pulling one servant and then another.)* Nay, but tell me—what is it?—I am sure there is something going forward.

*Gen.* Why don't some of you tell that poor fellow Mathias; he is dying with curiosity to know what we have been saying.

*Amb.* I'll tell him in the hall, over a bottle.

*Gen.* But, egad, while we are consulting here, the door is open, and any body may rush into the house.

*Nic.* How came I not to think of that?—I am not surprised any one else did not think of it—but that I should not!

*Gen.* Send Mathias to guard the door immediately.

*(Nicholas makes signs to Mathias.)*

*Mat.* What?—what do you say?—You need not speak so loud; only tell me what you mean!

*(Nicholas makes signs.)*

*Mat.* What, the door?—yes, yes, I will, I will—*(Going, L.H. returns.)* what is that, what all this great consultation has been about?—ay, I thought what it was.

*[Exit slowly, L.H.]*

*Gen.* He's a good servant, notwithstanding he never hears a word that is said to him. Ambrose, both he and you keep guard below—you have quick ears and he hath quick legs—you must hear for him, and he must run for you—keep both of you at the great door, and do not suffer a creature to enter, unless they first give you this sentence, "Love and honour," which shall be the watch-word, for all who have the liberty to enter.

*Amb.* I obey, sir.

*[Crosses, and exit, L.H.]*

*Gen.* And now Nicholas, while I step to my niece to inform her of what has happened; do you run to the port to meet her betrothed husband—for I hear his vessel is just arrived—I durst not leave my house; and as he and I are entirely unacquainted with each other, (except by good report,) he knows nothing of my dislike to ceremony, and may take my neglect to meet him as an affront; therefore, begone immediately with my respects, and I wait impatiently for the pleasure of seeing him: and in your way step to my niece's

mantua-maker, and desire of her to come and take measure of her for her wedding clothes. [*Exit, R.H.*]

*Nic.* Of all the servants my master has, I am the only one he trusts with the office of receiving his visitors.

*Flora.* And of all his servants, you are the only one he trusts with a servile message to a mantua-maker.

*Nic.* Oh! great men will sometimes do little offices,—witness my making love to you.

*Flora.* And great women will not always accept little offices,—witness my refusing your love.

*Enter the GENERAL and JULIA, R.H.*

*Gen.* But my dear niece—What, not gone yet, Nicholas?

*Nic.* Sir, I fly.

*Gen.* But remember to give the watch-word to the mantua-maker, or they won't let her in.

*Nic.* The watch-word!—I will, I will—but what is it—I have forgot it—Flora what is it? (*Aside to her.*)

*Flora.* I have a great mind not to tell you.

*Nic.* Yes, pray do.

*Flora.* 'Tis "Love and honour." (*Pushing him off, L.H.*  
—*The General and Julia come forward.*)

*Gen.* But what do think of the man who has the assurance to pursue you without first gaining your consent?

*Julia.* I think it is one of those injuries a woman does not always resent.

*Gen.* But when I refused him your hand, he vowed he would take you off by force.

*Julia.* Do not be alarmed, uncle—force is seldom used, but to her that is willing.

*Gen.* But I flatter myself you would not be willing.

*Julia.* Don't flatter yourself—you know you always cautioned me against yielding to ideas that flattered me.

*Gen.* And is it possible you would consent to go off with him?

*Julia.* I think,—it is possible.

*Gen.* You are certainly talking thus in jest.

*Julia.* No, upon my word I speak seriously—a lover to undertake what the Marquis has done, must love very sincerely indeed—we are always proud of having inspired an ardent passion,—too often we cannot but partake of it

—and the heart once gone, it is hard to say what will not follow.

*Gen.* But he is the most presuming young villain

*Julia.* Is he young too! Oh, dear uncle!

*Gen.* And you mean to encourage him?

*Julia.* You know young people should be encouraged—and Don Carlos can much better bear a rejection; for he is old, and has been used, I dare say, to the sorrows and disappointments of this wicked world.

*Gen.* Very well,—go on; but if the gentleman should dare to come within these walls, I'll do for him.

*Julia.* No, uncle, let me do for him.

*The MARQUIS enters from D.F.*

*Mar.* Now fortune be my friend. (*Aside.*)

“Love and honour.” (*Coming as from the outward door.*)

*Gen.* Pray, sir, who are you, that you should know these words?

*Mar.* I am journeyman to the mantua-maker for whom you sent, and am come to measure this lady for the wedding suit.

*Gen.* This strange-looking man gives me some suspicion—no matter.—(*Aside.*)—That's right, young man—take the measure instantly—for it will be wanted early in the morning—you must make great haste to have it done.

*Julia.* No, pray don't, sir.

*Mar.* Why not, madam? If your marriage should even be deferred, you may still wear your clothes—and I am sure I shall think it such extreme pleasure to work for you, I shall esteem it a happiness to pass the whole night in your service.

*Julia.* You are very good, sir; but I would not give you so much trouble.

*Mar.* Dear madam, it would be no trouble at all. (*Going to her.*)—what a shape is here!

*Gen.* What are you about, sir?

*Mar.* In what manner, madam, would you choose your dress to be made? *a la Turk*, or in the new style *a l'Anglaise*? (*Looking at her with a sentiment of earnestness which fixes her attention.*)

*Gen.* Come, sir, make haste! (*Impatiently.*)

*Mar. (Measuring her.)* Please madam, to turn a little more towards me—that's right, very well—now, hold up this hand, now drop this, now take this—

*(Offers her a letter.)*

*Gen. (Interposing.)* The Marquis, as I live—hold, hold, my lord.

*Julia.* The Marquis? *(Aside.)* what a delightful man!

*Mar.* Yes, charming Julia, it is the Marquis,—he who adores you.

*Gen.* Go out of my house, go out of my house: *(He leads him to the door, the Marquis then breaks from him, runs and kisses Julia's hand violently, and then exit, L.H. led off by the General, who is calling all the time.)* Let her alone—go about your business—*(After pushing the Marquis off.)* who's below, there? who's below?—what, if I have him secured, and confined here till midnight is over! a good thought! Ambrose! Ambrose! *(Calling at the door, turns and sees Julia reading a letter.)* Give me that letter—*(Calls again.)* Ambrose, shut the door; don't let that man go out—Give me that letter.

*Enter MATHIAS, L.H. slowly.*

*Mat.* Ambrose says you are calling—what would you please to have?

*Gen.* Oh, they have let him out! what did you come for? I never wanted to give a direction in a hurry, but this fellow was sure to receive it.

*Mat.* Ambrose said, you were calling.

*Gen.* Get away you deaf—get away; don't you see I am angry? *(Bawling to him.)*

*Mat.* Hungry!—O, very well; I hear plain enough.

*Gen.* Get away, you stupid—*(Drives him off, L.H.)*—it is that scoundrel Nicholas who has sent the Marquis in this disguise; it was he who gave him the watch-word, I dare say; but I'll make him remember it.

*Enter NICHOLAS, L.H.*

*Nic.* Don Carlos will be here instantly; I've run till I'm out of breath.

*Gen.* Take that, sir.

*(Strikes him.)*

*Nic.* What for my good news?

*Gen.* No, sir; but for giving our watch-word to the Marquis.

*Nic.* It was he then that passed me as I came in? I thought it was; I wish I may die if I did not.

*Gen.* Oh, you knew it was he, did you?

*Nic.* Yes; I knew it must be a great man, for he gave me such a slap in the face as he came by.—Oh, sir, indeed you must have felt it, to have known how it made me jump: one mauls me in the house, and another mauls me in the streets, and all for nothing!

*Gen.* How dare you say so? can you deny that you sent the Marquis into my house, under the disguise of one of the mantua-maker's journeymen?

*Nic.* Indeed, sir, I did not; besides my lady's mantua-maker has only women to work for her; all her journeymen are gone to England. I dare say, sir, before we were on our guard, the Marquis slipped into the house, and overheard the watch-word.

*Gen.* Perhaps he did; but no matter—he is turned out of doors. And you,—(To *Julia*)—you good-for-nothing—I have a great mind—

*Julia.* Aye do, uncle, turn me out of doors too.

*Gen.* As soon as you are married to Don Carlos, I will—but now, my good Nicholas—never mind that blow I gave you, for I assure you I have certainly forgot it. Let us not be outwitted again—attend no more to watch-words, but deny admittance to every creature except Don Carlos—you say he will be here instantly?

*Nic.* Yes, sir, he only waits at the Inn till he has taken two large chests from on board his vessel, full of precious things for my young lady, which are so valuable, he will not suffer them to be a moment out of his sight; I heard him order four porters to be ready to bring them, and his servants hinted to me they were presents for my lady.

*Gen.* (To *her*.) Do you hear, you ungrateful!—(To *Nicholas*.)—You have seen Don Carlos; nobody in this house except yourself has ever seen him; therefore, do you wait at the door till he comes, that no one else may be mistaken for

[*Exit Nicholas*, R.H.]

*Julia.* And must I be the wife of Don Carlos? Oh, heaven prosper the Marquis's attempts!

*Gen.* I am afraid your prayers are vain—however, let him try all his arts; and you may try all yours; and I will try all mine; and the first shall be to lock you into your chamber till Don Carlos arrives.—Please to walk this way; no reluctance.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

*Flora.* O, Sebastian! Sebastian! I am afraid my mistress is torn from your master for ever—and I deprived of you, for these three years to come at least.

*Enter* NICHOLAS, L.H. *followed by* SEBASTIAN, *disguised as* Don Carlos.

*Nic.* Don Carlos.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

*Enter* GENERAL, R.H.

*Gen.* My dear Don Carlos, welcome to Spain.

(*Embracing him.*)

*Enter* Four PORTERS, L.H. *with two chests; they place one in the centre, the other on L.H. side of the stage.*

*Seb.* (*Embracing.*) General, I am overjoyed to see you.—(*To the Porters.*)—Why did you bring the chests into these apartments?—Pardon me, General; I meant they should have been left in the hall; but, as they are here, permit them to remain—[*Exeunt Porters*, L.H.]—for they contain a few trifles from India, which I mean to present to my destined bride.

*Gen.* Don Carlos, why such attention?

*Flora.* (L.H.) Shall I call my young lady, pray, sir?—Dear, how I long to have a peep! (*Looking at the chests.*)

*Seb.* (*Aside to her.*) Hush—don't you know me?

*Flora.* Sebastian, as I live! (*Aside.*)

*Seb.* Did you express your curiosity to see these trifles? if you did, here's the key, madam. (*Gives the key.*)

*Gen.* She express her curiosity indeed! I should not have thought of satisfying her curiosity! Don Carlos, walk this way, and satisfy yours, in beholding your future wife.

[*Exeunt* *Gen. and Seb.* R.H.]



*Flora.* Who would have supposed that Don Carlos should be Sebastian, and I not know him till he was obliged to tell me so himself!—But by what means could he contrive to be introduced under that shape.—O, he has bribed Nicholas I dare say.

*Mar.* (*From the chest that is in the middle of the stage.*)  
Flora, Flora.

*Flora.* Did any body call me?

*Mar.* I—the Marquis—I am stifled, suffocating!—

*Flora.* In this box as I live! Oh, excellent!—I shall die with laughing.

*Mar.* Open the lid.

*Flora.* I can't for laughing.—Hush, hush! don't be in such a hurry—don't be in such a passion—don't speak a word.—Let me see if any body is coming—No, all is safe.—(*Opens the lid.*)—Come out—no—lie still, and let me look at you a moment.—Well, you are the prettiest Jack in a box I ever saw

*Mar.* Help me out.—(*She helps him.*)—Oh, that's right, —I breathe once more.—Hide me somewhere instantly, for I should die if I was kept in that chest another moment.

*Flora.* Where can I hide you?—we have no place where you will be safe, we are so watched—but Nicholas is in the plot I suppose?

*Mar.* No, no, he is not—it is the old duenna whom your master turned away this morning.—She went to Don Carlos, on board his vessel, the moment she heard he was arrived; and telling him the General was in the country, keeps him with the ship till to-morrow morning; and, in the mean time, she had my servant disguised, and imposed him upon Nicholas (who came to the inn to inquire for Don Carlos) for Don Carlos himself. Nicholas in the plot!—no, no.

*Flora.* I am heartily glad of it; for, with all his boasting, he is the most unlucky varlet—

*Mar.* I flatter myself Julia is not averse to my wishes.

*Flora.* No, that she is not; but will run away with you the first favourable moment.—Hark! I hear somebody coming in haste up stairs.—Get into the chest again.

*Mar.* Damn me if I do.

*Flora.* Hide in my closet then.

*Mar.* What, where I was before?

*Flora.* You must, and don't breathe, I charge you.

[*Exit Mar. D.F.*]

*Enter NICHOLAS, L.H.*

*Nic.* Flora, Flora—what do you think!—Hush—such a thing!

*Flora.* What?—What surprising thing now?

*Nic.* Speak low.—(*He points to the chest from whence the Marquis came, with great significance.*)—He is there.

*Flora.* Whg? What is there?

*Nic.* Hush.—(*In a half whisper.*)—The Marquis. One of the porters has just told me of it. His servant (a Mr. Sebastian) is now playing the part of my master's intended nephew; and the Marquis himself is shut up in that box.—Ha, ha—(*Laughs.*)—and I am going to have it taken back again to his hotel by Mathias, whom I have ordered to come up and take it away; and then, as soon as he returns, he, and I, and Ambrose, mean altogether to seize this grand impostor, Mr. Sebastian, who is now with my master, and give him a little return for what I received on the Marquis's account this morning.

*Flora.* A fine story you have been telling, truly; and I have had patience to hear it all!—Why that chest was full of Indian silks and muslins for my young lady; I opened it, and took them out before my master; and have hung them up in my lady's wardrobe.

*Nic.* Impossible; it can't be!

*Flora.* Why, see; the box is empty. (*Opening it.*)

*Nic.* Flora, Flora, you are in the plot.

*Flora.* Simpleton!—How do you suppose any man could lie in this box?

*Nic.* It would hold two men.

*Flora.* No, nor half a one.

*Nic.* How mistaken you are.—(*Gets into the chest.*)—There;—pray, a'n't I in now, and at my ease?

*Flora.* No,—at your ease? no, nor intirely in.—Your head is out.

*Nic.* There; there then;—see, there.—My head is in now, I hope?

*Flora.* Yes, now it is in. I find I was mistaken.—You are

in now, sure enough.—(*She shuts the lid and locks the chest*)  
—I find I was mistaken.

*Nic.* But don't shut the lid.—Flora, Flora, open the lid.

*Enter MATHIAS, L.H.*

*Mat.* I am come to take the chest to the Marquis's hotel.

*Flora.* Here it is; make haste. (*Making signs to him.*)

*Nic.* Mathias, Mathias! (*Calling from the chest.*)

*Mat.* (*Pointing to the chest.*) Sad doings here, Mrs. Flora; shameful doings.

*Nic.* Mathias! (*Calling*)

*Flora.* (*Stooping to the chest.*) You know you may as well hold your tongue, for he can't hear you.

*Nic.* General, General! Ambrose! (*Calling.*)  
(*She makes signs to Mat.*)

*Mat.* You need not tell me. I know who I have got here, —Nicholas told me;—(*Dragging the box.*)—and I'll give him a hearty tumble or two as I go along.

*Flora.* (*Very loud.*) Pray do.

*Mat.* Ha?

*Nic.* Flora! General! (*Calling.*)

*Flora.* I say, pray do.

*Mat.* And perhaps I may tumble him down stairs.

*Flora.* Do, you are very welcome.—I will help you to the top of the stairs.—(*She pushes it while he draws it off; she then runs to the closet.*)

*Enter MARQUIS, D.F.*

My lord, you find all is discovered; the door is now open, fly away immediately.

*Mar.* Why go, till I have gained my point?

*Flora.* You must; I have a project in my head not half so hazardous as your staying.—Fly to your hotel, and keep Nicholas from returning; that is more essential than any thing at present; for he pries so into all that is going on, we can do nothing while he is one of our guards. Away, a—*Exit.*

*Mar.* I obey; but remember how much I rely upon your zeal. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Flora.* I will be the first to discover to the General, what,

in a few minutes, somebody else will tell him, if I don't. By this, I gain his entire confidence, and then—

*Enter* SEBASTIAN, R.H.

*Seb.* Flora, your master has not the smallest suspicion of me. What have you done with my lord?

*Flora.* Away, away! he is gone, and you must follow him. All is discovered.

*Seb.* How?

*Flora.* Ask no questions, but away while you can; while the door is without a guard; or you'll be murdered if you are caught.

*Seb.* But I have left my hat; let me run for that.—(*Going back in great haste, he runs full upon the General, who is entering, R.H.*)—No, I'll run away without it.

[*Exit running, L.H.*]

*Enter* GENERAL, R.H.

*Gen.* What is the matter with Don Carlos? Where is he going in such a hurry?—(*Turning to Flora, sees her in a fainting fit in an arm chair, L.H.*)—What is the matter with you, Flora?

*Flora.* O General, General, General, General?

*Gen.* One runs away from me; another can pronounce nothing but my name. What can this mean?

*Flora.* The supposed Don Carlos is an impostor!

*Gen.* An impostor!

*Flora.* Valet to the Marquis, and Nicholas has been bribed to introduce him. Nicholas is wholly gone over to them.

*Gen.* But how did you know all this?

*Flora.* The Marquis was hid in one of the chests. I wanted to have a peep at the fine things, and saw him. Oh,—(*Trembling.*)—I shall never recover my fright!

*Gen.* One of the chests is gone.

*Flora.* Yes. As soon as Nicholas found I knew all, he called up Mathias, and made him take away the chest, in spite of my tears and cries;—for poor Mathias, you know, could not hear me;—and then I fainted, and could not come to you.

*Gen.* Faithful creature!—Oh that villain, Nicholas! why he is worse than old Cecily.—Poor Flora! poor thing!—take this purse as a reward for thy fidelity.

*Flora.* Oh, sir, I don't deserve it; indeed, I don't, sir.

*Gen.* Take it, take it, I say; you shall have it. I punished old Cecily, and, by the same rule, I ought to reward you.

*Flora.* Since you desire it, sir;—but, indeed, you are too good to me.

*Gen.* Say no more, but step to my niece, while I run and see that the door is safe; for, while so many of my house have turned against me, I have every thing to fear. But you—you are a miracle of faith; and henceforth all my confidence shall be placed in you alone.

*Flora.* Why, indeed, sir, I must own few servants could have done as I have done;—and yet you think too well of me.

[*Exeunt; Flora, R.H. Gen. L.H.*]

#### END OF ACT II.

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Moonlight —A garden; two tents, or pavilions, on each side the stage; a wall at the bottom of the stage, and a hedge at a little distance from it.*

SEBASTIAN *discovered, descending from the wall by the arbour-work fastened to it.*

*Seb. (Jumping down.)* Here I am safe.—(*Calls in a whisper.*)—Flora, Flora!—this is the very minute she appointed in her note. How can she be so slow, when we have such little time left!—the clocks have now all struck eleven, and in one hour more, it will be midnight, and our doom fixed. Oh, midnight, midnight! twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock! During this season of the year, she and her young lady sleep in this pavilion.—(*Goes to the pavilion, L.H.*)—and the old General and Ambrose sleep in this.—(*Goes to the pavilion, R.H.*)—In a country town such as this, every

body has been in bed an hour ago ; therefore, unless the family sit up to watch.—No, here she comes—'Sdeath ! and the old General with her. What shall I do?—(*Trying to ascend the wall, falls; then hides behind the hedge.*)—here, here, here.

*Enter the GENERAL, AMBROSE, with Julia's clothes, and FLORA, from the pavillion, L.H.*

*Flora.* Dear sir, it is only eleven o'clock ; I beg you will sit up till twelve.

*Gen.* No, no, I'll sit up no longer ; my fears are as much quieted for this night, as if the clock had already struck twelve.

*Flora.* Ay, sir, but there is no being sure.

*Gen.* While there was a cause for apprehension, I was as cautious as any body ; but now my niece is safe in bed, and I have had the precaution to bring away her clothes, even if she had an opportunity of going away, she could not go without them ; besides, her windows are grated, her door locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

*Flora.* But, sir, she may still—

*Gen.* Why, yes, she may still go out at the chimney ; for that I have not guarded against,—but if she does, Flora, I'll forgive her.—No, no, I'll go to bed ; the Marquis shall not have to boast that he kept me up an hour after my usual time ;—to-morrow it will add to my triumph to tell him I went to bed at my usual hour.

*Flora.* Well then, sir, if you won't sit up, I will ;—I will sit till twelve strikes ; and amuse myself by playing on my ady's guitar ; and if you should chance not to sleep, you will find, by my music, I cannot sleep either, while any danger threatens you.

*Gen.* Good girl, good girl.

*Flora.* Here, sir, is the key of this pavilion ; lock me up, I beseech you, too, lest any fatal thing should happen, notwithstanding your precaution, and I be suspected.

*Gen.* Impossible I should suspect you ; no, no, no, no.

*Flora.* Pray, sir, take the key : indeed you had better lock me up ; you had indeed, sir. (*Forcing the key upon him.*)

*Amb.* Lock her up, lock her up, sir; I don't think it would be at all amiss.

*Gen.* Well then, Flora, since you desire it.

(*Takes the key.*)

*Flora.* Thank you, sir, thank you; good night, sir;—(*Curtseying.*)—now my conscience is safe.

[*Exit into the pavilion, L.H. the General locks the door.*]

*Gen.* (*Crosses to R.H.*) Come, Ambrose; I now feel my mind pretty easy: I am only sorry Don Carlos is not yet come, for his ship is certainly arrived; however, he won't come till the morning now, to be sure.

*Amb.* (*Yawning, as if half asleep.*) No, he won't come till the morning now, to be sure.

[*Exeunt into the pavilion, R.H.*]

*SEBASTIAN comes forward from behind the hedge.*

*Seb.* Oh, what a rage I am in; and, if I was not afraid the General and his crippled attendant would overhear me, I would so abuse—(*Goes to Flora's pavilion, and speaks through the key-hole*)—Flora, Flora!—(*Calling softly.*)—You serpent, you viper, snake, crocodile! I hate you; abhor you!—Oh, you good-for-nothing—Oh, that I had you here.

*Enter FLORA, from a window in the pavilion, taking away a large iron bar, goes up to Sebastian, and strikes him on the shoulder.*

*Flora.* (*R.H.*) And here I am.

*Seb.* What do I see? Why, where, for heaven's sake, did you come from?

*Flora.* From the pavilion.

*Seb.* Not at the door.

*Flora.* At the door! do you think I did? I have a genius above such common methods;—I came by the window, and had the dexterity to move that iron bar, as large—

*Seb.* But have you had the dexterity to take the ~~bar~~ from ~~your~~ your mistress's chamber?

*Flora.* No, that is fast yet; and yet she is out

*Seb.* By what means?

*Flora.* The General, thinking he had nothing to fear if he once saw her in bed, as soon as she pulled off her clothes, he seized them and carried them out of the room; she stepped behind one of the curtains; I drest the bolster in her night-cap; the old man put his head forward, and wished it a "good-night;"—that instant she stole out of her chamber, and flew to mine;—I lighted him out of her's; he double locked the door; run to tell Ambrose and Mathias all was safe; applauded his own sagacity; and thanked me a thousand times for having devoted myself so entirely to his service.

*Seb.* But by what means did you contrive to send the note to me of this appointment?

*Flora.* I sent it by old Cecily.—But this is no time for explanation; my mistress is waiting for me in my chamber, dressing herself in the suit of clothes you sent me of the Marquis's; which was a lucky thought, as it will certainly much less incommode her flight than a female dress; and I must go tell her at what signal to steal out of the window to the Marquis, for I forgot it in my hurry.

*(Nicholas appears upon the wall.)*

*Nic.* Who, in the name of wonder, have we here? softly, softly!

*(He descends, and conceals himself behind the hedge.)*

*Flora.* Now, Sebastian, while my lady is dressing, away to your master, and tell him we shall expect him here within a quarter of an hour; and that he must come close by the other side of the garden wall; and as soon as he is there, he must clap with his hands, so;—*(Claps with her hands.)*—I shall be waiting for the signal; and, the first favourable moment after, I will begin playing on my guitar the favourite air "*Ma chère Amie*," and he must take that signal, for the exact time to leap into the garden.

*Nic. (Behind the hedge.)* Good.

*Flora.* Good, did you say? I say excellent.

*Seb.* I did not speak.

*Flora.* But be sure to caution your master, that he does not come into the garden before he hears that very song I have mentioned, and then to come directly; but bid him take great care not to mistake one air for another; for at



that very air, my young lady will steal out of the pavilion to meet him.

*Seb.* I will remember all with the utmost exactness.

(*He goes, and Nicholas runs on the other side the hedge to avoid him.*)

*Flora.* (*Calling after Sebastian.*) In a quarter of an hour the Marquis must be here, remember—neither sooner nor later.

*Seb.* I remember.

*Flora.* Oh, Sebastian, I forgot—what have you done with Nicholas?

*Seb.* O, you make me die with laughing—he is a prisoner, poor devil.

*Flora.* But did they thrash him, well, when they took him out of the box?

*Seb.* Oh, yes, they gave him a pretty drubbing, I assure you.

*Flora.* I am vastly glad to hear it; I thank them a thousand times: I wish I had been there; it was what he richly deserved.—But away, Sebastian; mind all I have said, and our fortune is made.

[*Exit into the pavilion by the window, but so hid by Sebastian's following her close, that Nicholas thinks she goes in by the door.*]

*Seb.* (*Climbing the wall.*) I am not very fond of scaling this wall;—if I should break my neck, our project is at an end; and that would be shipwreck in the sight of port.

[*Exit over the wall.*]

*Nic.* (*Coming forward.*) And now, my dear gentleman and lady, you shall pay for all your stratagems: and my poor old master! how glad he will be to see me returned.—(*Goes to the General's pavilion.*)—He is not in bed, I see. General, General!

(*Raps at the door.*)

*Enter AMBROSE, in his nightcap, from the pavilion, R.H.S.*

*Nic.* Ambrose, a'n't you glad to see me?

(*Putting out his hand*)

*Amb.* Get about your business; how dare you show your face here?

*Nic.* More ill usage still; sure never innocence was so

ill treated.—Mr. Ambrose,—(*In the most begging tone.*)—I pray, I supplicate of you, to inform the General I have a secret of the utmost importance to communicate to him.

*Amb.* I'll let him know—but you may dread your reception. [*Exit into the pavilion, R H.S.E.*]

*Nic.* Oh, the blessing of being faithful!—I have this day been beaten by all parties; friends and enemies have kicked me, and the bitterest foes agree in using me like a dog.

*Enter GENERAL, in his robe-de-chambre, AMBROSE with him, from the pavilion, R H.S.E.*

*Gen.* How dare you, sir, enter my doors? Do you think I am to be imposed upon by an hypocritical story, invented merely to replace yours<sup>self</sup> in my family?

*Nic.* Dear sir, I humbly on my knees beg your pardon for the mistake you are in.

*Gen.* Villain!

*Nic.* Call me what you will, so you won't speak loud.—(*Retiring from Flora's pavilion.*)—Beat me, if you have the heart; but when your passion is over, permit me to do you a signal piece of service.

*Gen.* What service?

*Nic.* Within a quarter of an hour your niece will be carried out of your house—I overheard the whole plot; and Flora is at the head of it.

*Gen.* Do you dare to accuse that faithful creature?

*Nic.* Faithful creature! why, sir, it was she that had me carried to the Marquis's hotel in a box.

*Gen.* What do you mean?—in a box?

*Nic.* Yes, sir, in a box—she procured the Marquis's escape, and made me take his place.—I cried, but she laughed—and made Mathias take me away; for he could not hear my complaints; and when he got me on his shoulder, he did so shake and jumble me; I was impatient to be let out—but that was ten times worse; for he gave me to the care of four footmen belonging to the Marquis; and as soon as they opened the chest, and saw it was me,—souse I went into a tub of cold water; and then to dry me, they tossed me in a blanket. The Marquis took me out of their hands;

but he shut me up in a dark room—from whence I escaped through a hole in the wall, and got into the garden; the gardener took me for a thief, and sent a shower of potatoes and cucumbers at my head—I saved myself by climbing over the wall, and tumbled into a ditch on the other side.

*Gen.* Very well. Go on.—What then?

*Nic.* Is not that enough? if it is not, I have more to come yet.

*Gen.* So much the better—I like to hear it extremely.

*Nic.* After all my distress, I thought myself happy when I reached your door—but I found it shut against me; and had not a ladder been placed by the Marquis's people against that wall—

*Gen.* A ladder?

*Nic.* Or how could I have been here? I ascended it softly—descended it softly—and overheard Flora plotting with the Marquis's valet—he that personated Don Carlos.

*Gen.* It can't be—I locked Flora in the pavilion.

*Nic.* These eyes saw her—and this was the plan she laid with the Marquis's servant; within a quarter of an hour the Marquis is to walk on the other side that wall, and to give the signal he is there, by clapping his hand—*Thus.*—(*Clapping his hand three times.*)—Flora is to reply, by playing upon her guitar, "*Ma chère Amié.*" On hearing this air (no other) the Marquis leaps into the garden; your niece comes from the pavilion, runs to him, they scale the wall, bid farewell to you; and you run, with old Ambrose limping after them in vain.

*Gen.* This demands attention. Flora deceive me? she must then have false keys, both of my niece's apartment and her own.

*Nic.* If you doubt what I have said, go to bed, and consider of it again in the morning.

*Gen.* No—I cannot but believe you—Ambrose!

*Amb.* Sir.

*Gen.* Fetch the blunderbuss.

*Amb.* Yes, sir.

[*Exit into the pavilion, R.H.S.E. and returns with it.*]

*Gen.* Do you two hide yourselves behind these elms; the moment the Marquis descends into the garden, seize him and lead him home to his hotel.

*Amb.* We won't let him escape, you may depend upon it.

*Nic.* No—you may depend upon it.

*Gen.* But behave with proper respect—no violence—that is according to our agreement.

*Amb.* Then for what did you send me for the blunderbuss?

*Gen.* To keep him in apprehension, and make him go away quietly.

*Nic.* He would go much more quietly, sir, if you would permit Ambrose to shoot at him first.

*Gen.* I tell you, no—my honour is engaged. I'll place myself at the door of the pavilion, in order to seize my niece as she attempts to come out to him.—(*To Nicholas and Ambrose*)—Hush—and hide yourselves instantly—do not stir or breathe.—(*They hide behind the elms.*)—Flora, come hither; I have a word or two to say to you.

*Flora.* (*Within, L.H.*) Open the door, sir, and I'll come immediately.

*Gen.* (*Unlocks the door.*) And I warrant, when you are come, I'll make you give the signal in spite of yourself. I am resolved.

*Enter FLORA from the pavilion, L.H.S.E. with a guitar in her hand.*

*Flora.* The General! how unfortunate! and my mistress has just got on her disguise.—(*Aside.*)—What did you please to want with me, sir?

*Gen.* Flora, I want to have a little conversation with you.

*Flora.* Dear sir, if you have not any thing very particular to say, will you permit me to go to bed? for I die with sleep. (*Yawning.*)

*Gen.* Why you offered of your own accord to sit up till midnight?

*Flora.* Very true—but the air is so sharp. Bless me, I die with cold. (*Shaking.*)

*Gen.* And yet you walked in the garden after bidding me good night?

*Flora.* He saw me—all is lost.—(*Aside.*)—Dear ! what a thought !

*Gen.* I saw you—and you talked with somebody & so.

*Flora.* He overheard us.—(*Aside.*)—Dear sir, how was that possible, when you had me under lock and key ?

*Gen.* You know you have false keys—I saw you lock and unlock the door.

*Flora.* He knows nothing I find. (*Aside.*)

*Gen.* Give me those keys.

*Flora.* Indeed, sir, indeed, I have not any.

*Gen.* Well, perhaps I am deceived.

*Flora.* Certainly you are.

*Gen.* Come, play me a tune on your guitar.

*Flora.* It is out of tune, sir. (*Alarmed.*)

*Gen.* Pshaw ! pshaw ! I command you to do it ;—one little air, and I'll go to bed.

*Flora.* What air, pray, sir ?

*Gen.* The first you think of.

*Flora.* Upon my word the thing is so out of tune.

(*She plays a short tune reluctantly; just as it is finished, the Marquis on the other side of the wall, gives the signal by clapping his hands.*)

*Gen.* Vastly well ; and there is somebody in the streets applauding you.

*Flora* (*Aside.*) It is the signal.

*Gen.* This air was so finely executed you must play me another : “ *Ma chère Amié*,” for instance.

*Flora.* (*Starting.*) No, pray sir, excuse me ; indeed I can't. —I am afraid he knows all. (*Aside.*)

*Gen.* What, refuse to play when you have met with such applause ? Play, play, “ *Ma chère Amié*.”

*Flora.* O sir, you have, I fear, discovered all ; you know the whole scheme, I am sure you do, and on my knees—

(*Kneeling.*)

*Gen.* No forgiveness—don't hope for it—there kneel, and play the air I mentioned—Stir not for your life, nor utter a word. Obey.

(*Flora, with the most melancholy countenance and half crying, sings and plays, “ Ma chère Amié ! ” During the air the Marquis appears upon the wall,*

*and Julia steps one leg out of the window from which Flora has passed and repassed, dressed in a habit like the Marquis.)*

Nic. *(Seeing the Marquis on the wall.)* There he is.

Amb. Let me go first—Consider, I am lame,

*(They each strive to go first; Nicholas succeeds, and creeps softly along the hedge—at the end of the air the Marquis jumps into the garden, and falls upon his hands behind the hedge.)*

Mar. S'death, I am watched.

*(Julia at the same time comes out of the window, and places herself by the wall—Nicholas immediately secures her, and brings her down the stage—she, overcome with grief, covers her face with her cloak.)*

Nic. Here he is, sir; we have taken him. Now, Marquis, what would you say if I was to shut you up in a dark room?

Amb. *(Presenting his gun.)* No resistance, or you are a dead man.

Nic. Here he is, sir; we have taken him.

Flora. It is Nicholas has discovered all.

*(Aside—throws herself on one of the garden chairs.)*

Gen. *(To Julia.)* Your humble servant, my good lord. Why do you hide your face? do you think we don't know you? go, go, my lads, conduct his lordship safe to his hotel, and stand sentinel at his door till the clock strikes twelve—and then return back in triumph; make haste home with him before the clock strikes—away, away.

*[Exit Julia, led by Nicholas and Ambrose, L.H.]*  
And so end my cares.—*(With great joy.)*—Poor fellow! suffered himself to be taken away too without speaking a word; caught in his own snare; sure a man never looks so ridiculous as when he is caught in his own snare.—*(To Flora.)*—And you, you perfidious—what have you to say? you who received my purse?

Flora. But I told you I did not deserve it.

Gen. Oh, yes; I don't know whether you did not deserve it; for you have taken a great deal of trouble to-day, and to very little purpose—ha! ha! ha!—I believe the Marquis will have enough to do to pay his wager, without paying you any thing, and so you see I have done it for him—and now I'll step and wish my niece joy of the success of her project.

*[Exit to the pavilion, L.H.S.E.]*

*Flora* Oh! how I grudge your joy, but while he goes up the stairs, I'll see if my lady cannot come out of the window—(*She goes to the window of the pavilion*)—Madam, madam, Julia

*Mar* (*From the hedge*) Flora, Flora

*Flora* Is it you, madam?

*Mar.* (*Coming forward*) No—'tis I

*Flora* You! why, who have they taken away then?

*Mar* Your mistress

*Flora* (*Expressing the most extreme joy*) My mistress!—She!—Madam Julia?—Oh, do—do not tell me so—I can't bear it—I shall die with joy—(*Running to the door of the pavilion*)—Sir—Sir—General—General—Sir—

*Mar* Peace, be quiet, let me escape first

*Flora* That's right—away, away, before the clock strikes [*Exit Marquis, I H*] Thank heaven he has only across the street to go The General laughed at me—now, how I long to laugh at him. Sir, come down instantly, and take your share of the joke

*Enter GENERAL, from the pavilion, I H S L with the bolster in his hand, dressed with a cap on*

*Gen* I found this in bed instead of my niece—where, where can she be?

*Flora* She has not even been in bed

*Gen* Where is she then?

*Flora* Gone to the Marquis

*Gen* My niece!—

*Flora* Gone to his hotel—conducted by your own servants, and by your own command

*Enter NICHOLAS, running, L H*

*Nic* We have led him home—the clock has struck twelve

*Gen* And I'll strike one It was not my niece they took, surely?

*Enter the MARQUIS, JULIA, AMBROSE, SEBASTIAN, and several Domestics of the Marquis's, with lights, I H*

*Julia* Pardon me, my dear uncle, but it was your niece

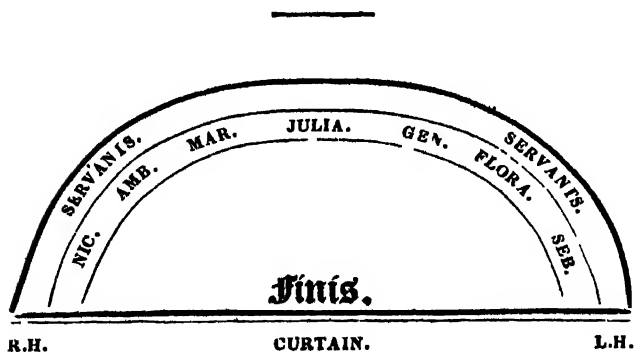
*Mar.* (To the General.) Uncle, will you permit me now to call you by that name? "A man never looks so ridiculous, as when he is caught in his own snare."

*Gen.* And was old Cecily faithful?

*Julia.* She was, uncle; and you must recompense her for the injustice you have done her, merely for her fidelity.

*Mar.* I will repay every servant, who either by their genius have aided, or by their fidelity obstructed, my designs; for, possessed of such a blessing as my Julia, I shall ever remember with gratitude the adventures of this day, and never cease to reflect with rapture on the *MIDNIGHT HOUR*.

*Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.*





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EDITED

By WILLIAM OXBERRY, Comedian.

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—“ An Olio,

“ Compiled from quarto and from folio ;

“ From pamphlet, newspaper, and book.

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THE object of this Work is to collect, in a narrow compass, and at a moderate expense, the lighter and more entertaining parts of literature. Every reader, who has the experience of a few years only, must recollect how much of his time has been wasted in unprofitable toil when he only sought amusement, in wading through volumes to be at last rewarded by a solitary gem, the value of which has been diminished to nothing by the labour of the acquisition. The essence of most volumes might be contained in a nut shell, while the huge cap that covers them might make an helmet for Goliath. To a hard-headed phlegmatic reader all this is nothing; he travels you through a quarto, much as a hack horse goes over his beaten road! but to the light-hearted, volatile reader, with whom literature is a luxury, who sips up a volume as he sips up his coffee, and is obliged carefully to double down the resting leaf, that he may be sure not to read the same page twice over, all this is a most serious grievance; to him therefore, we venture to say, that the *Flowers of Literature* will prove a pleasant companion, and one whose monthly visitation will be as welcome to him as if it brought May-day along with it. He will find in it what he most desires, amusement without toil, and will travel over the world of literature, as the reader of Cook's *Voyages* makes a girdle round the globe while lying in his elbow chair. That our little volume is neither over wise nor learned, is precisely its greatest merit. There are hours in which even gravity is glad to relax, and our book pretends only to fill up such hours, when the brain is weary, the temper is clouded, and the head would ache at the bare idea of encountering a solid quarto. Who, however gifted

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**From the Press of Oxberry and Co.  
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## Remarks.

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### FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

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THE conception of this farce is infinitely beyond its execution, whether we consider the plot, or character of *Robin Roughhead*, its primary object. The improbability of the circumstances by which *Robin* acquires fortune, is not, perhaps, worth much consideration in a farce; a species of writing in which *vraisemblance* is the last thing to be expected; but there are some serious objections to the hero himself, whose mirth and manners are more extravagant than whimsical, and who begins to be infinitely tiresome long before the conclusion of the piece.

But while, as readers and critics, we condemn "Fortune's Frolic," we must, at the same time, candidly acknowledge, that it is very successful with the public in representation.

It has now held its place upon the stage for some years, and seems likely to hold it for many yet to come, while worthier pieces have sunk into oblivion, or at best, have become a mere storehouse, from which modern authors supply the deficiencies of humour and invention.

This is one of the facts which is proved by the experience of every day, but which hardly admits of a satisfactory explanation.

In such cases it has been usual to say, that a piece wants stage effect, but what is this stage effect so much talked of, and so little understood?—or, why should that drama fail of pleasing on the stage, with all the aids of dress and scenery, which gives delight in the closet without any aids whatever?—In what consists the vast difference between the reader and the spectator?

It will be vain to impute this to the want of taste in the public; for this difference of feeling will exist in the same person. It seems more likely to arise from this—that the actor cannot sufficiently realise to the spectator, while ima-



gination does every thing for the mere reader. A false tone, or an awkward gesture will ruin the effect of a scene; the actor is always below his author; the fancy always goes beyond him. The mechanic contrivances of the stage are even worse; the poet may describe a siege, but the utmost efforts of the machinist will and must show poorly in the representation.

The maxim of Horace,

Segnius irritant quæ sunt dimissa per aures,

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

is true only in part; it is true as a general maxim, but false when applied to individual circumstance, and indeed never was intended to apply to the sort of action which takes place on the English stage.

Whatever events can be told by dialogue, are better so told than by narration; but the same cannot be said of incidents that require aid of machinery, or of numbers, to give it perfection; they must always fall so short of reality as to be perfectly ridiculous.

The author of this little piece, John Till Allingham, was the son of a wine merchant in the city of London, and was brought up to the profession of the law: but he is chiefly known to the public as a dramatist, and that a very successful one.

The following is a list of his productions in this way:—

1. *Fortune's Frolic*, F. 8vo. 1799.—2. *'Tis all a Farce*, F. 8vo. 1800.—3. *Marriage Promise*, C. 8vo. 1803.—4. *Mrs. Wiggins*, C. P. 8vo. 1803.—5. *Hearts of Oak*, C. 8vo. 1804.—6. *Romantic Lover*, C. 1806, N. P.—7. *The Weathercock*, F. 8vo. 1806.—8. *Who Wins?* M. F. 1808. Not printed.—9. *Independence*, C. 1809. Not printed.—To him has also been ascribed, 10. *Transformation* M. F. 1810. Not printed.

# **Costume.**

## **ROBIN ROUGHHEAD.**

Thickset jacket, red waistcoat, and leather breeches.

## **SNACKS.**

Drab-coloured cloth coat, waistcoat and breeches.

## **RATTLE.**

Mixture-coloured frock, striped waistcoat, buff breeches, and boots.

## **MR. FRANK.**

Drab-coloured frock, red waistcoat, and buff breeches.

## **COUNTRYMEN**

Rustic suits.

## **NANCY.**

White muslin frock, and coloured shoes.

## **DOLLY.**

First dress.—Red petticoat, brown stay bodice, with shift sleeves, and white apron.—Second dress.—Flowered gown, short red cloak, and white straw bonnet.

## **MARGERY.**

First dress.—Quilted petticoat, coloured bed-gown, and check apron.—Second dress.—Stuff gown, white cloth apron, red cloak, and black hat.

**Persons Represented.**

<i>Drury-Lane, 1820.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden, 1807.</i>	<i>Hay-Market, 1821.</i>
<i>Robin Roughhead</i> .....	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Oxberry.
{ Mr. Oxberry.		
{ Mr. Knight.		
<i>Snacks</i> .....	Mr. Davenport.	Mr. Williams.
Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Jefferies.	Mr. Coveney.
Mr. Phillips.	Mr. Farley.	Mr. Baker.
Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Treby.	Mr Ebsworth
Mr Ebsworth.	Mr. Holland.	Mr Jones.
James .....		
<i>Miss Nancy</i> .....	Miss Logan.	Miss Smith.
Mr. Hughes.	Mrs. Davenport.	Mrs Pearce
<i>Margery</i> .....		Mrs. Baker
Mr Harlowe		
<i>Dolly</i> .....	Mrs. Gibbs	
Mrs. Orger.		

# FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

*Enter MR. FRANK, R.H.*

*Frank.* To what humiliation has my bad fortune reduced me, when it brings me here an humble suppliant to my base oppressor!

*Enter SNACKS, L.H. Speaking.*

*Snacks.* A letter for me by express! What can it be about? Something of great consequence from my lord, I suppose.—Frank here! What the devil can he want?—Come a begging though, I dare say.

*Frank.* Good morning to you, Mr. Snacks.

*Snacks.* (*Coldly.*) Good morning.

*Frank.* I'm come, sir, to—I say, sir, I'm come to—

*Snacks.* Well, sir, I see you are come; and what then? What are you come for, sir?

*Frank.* The termination of the law-suit which you have so long carried on against me, owing to my entire inability to prosecute it any further, has thrown me into difficulties which I cannot surmount without your kind assistance.

*Snacks.* Very pretty, indeed! You are a very modest man, Mr. Frank; you've spent your last shilling in quarrelling with me, and now you want me to help you.

*Frank.* The farm called Hundred Acres is at present untenanted—I wish to rent it.

*Snacks.* You wish to rent it, do you? And pray, sir, where's your money? And what do you know about farming?

*Frank.* I have studied agriculture; and, with care, have no doubt of being able to pay my rent regularly.

*Snacks.* But I have a great doubt about it.—No, no, sir; do you think I'm so unmindful of his lordship's interest as to let his land to a poor novice like you? It won't do, Mr. Frank; I can't think of it.—Good day, friend; good day.

(*Showing him the door.*)

*Frank.* My necessities, sir—

*Snacks.* I have nothing to do with your necessities, sir; I have other business.—Good day.—There's the door.

*Frank.* Unfeeling wretch!

*Snacks.* What!

*Frank.* But what could I expect? Think not, thou sor-did man, 'tis for myself I sue—my wife, my children—'tis for them I ask your aid, or else my pride had never stooped so low! my honest poverty is no disgrace: your ill-gotten gold gives you no advantage over me; for I had rather feel my heart beat freely, as it does now, than know that I possessed your wealth, and load it with the crimes entailed upon it.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

*Snacks.* A mighty fine speech, truly! I think I'll try if I can't lower your tone a little, my fine, blustering fellow: I'll have you laid by the heels before night for this. Proud as you are, you'll have time to reflect in a jail, and bring down your spirit a little. But, come, let me see what my letter says. What a deal of time I've lost with that beggar. (*Reads.*) *Sir,—This is to inform you that my Lord Lackwit died—an heir to his estate—his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife—son called Robin Roughead—Robin is the legal heir to the estate—to put him in immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command,*

KIT CODICIL, *Atty. at Law.*

Here's a catastrophe! Robin Roughead a lord! My stewardship has done pretty well for me already, but I think I shall make it do better now. I know this Robin very well; he's devilish cunning, I'm afraid; but I'll tickle him. He shall marry my daughter—then I can do as I please. To be sure, I have given my promise to Rattle; but what of

that ! he hasn't got it under my hand. I think I had better tell Robin this news at once ; it will make him mad—and then I shall do as I please with him. Ay, ay, I'll go. How unfortunate that I did not make friends with him before ! He has no great reason to like me ; I never gave him any thing but hard words.—(*Rattle sings without, R.H.*)—Confound it, here's that fellow Rattle coming.

*Enter RATTLE, R.H.*

*Rat.* Ah, my old daddy ! how are you ?—What ! have you got the mumps—can't you speak ?

*Snacks.* I wish you had the mumps, and could not speak. What do you old daddy me for ?

*Rat.* Why. father-in-law ! curse me but you are most conceitedly crusty to-day ; what's the matter with you ? why you are as melancholy as a lame duck.

*Snacks.* The matter is—that I am sick.

*Rat.* What's your disorder ?

*Snacks.* A surfeit : I've had too much of you.

*Rat.* Oh ! you'll soon get the better of that ; for when I've married your daughter, curse me if I shall trouble you much with my company !

*Snacks.* But you hav'n't married her yet.

*Rat.* Oh, but I shall soon ; I have got your promise, you know.

*Snacks.* Can't remember any such thing.

*Rat.* No ? Your memory's very short, then.

*Snacks.* A short memory's very convenient, sometimes.

*Rat.* And so is a short stick ; and I've a great mind to try the utility of it now. I tell you what, Snacks—I always thought you was a damned old rascal, but now I'm sure of it : it's no matter, though : I'll marry your daughter notwithstanding.

*Snacks.* You will—will you ?

*Rat.* Yes, Snacks, I will ; for I love her. I wonder how the devil such a pretty girl ever came to have such a queer, little, shrivelled, old mopstick as you for a father. Snacks, your wife must certainly have made a cuckold of you ; it could not be else.

*Snacks.* Impudent rascal !

*Rat.* But it signifies, not who her father is ; Miss Nancy

is lovely, and I'll marry her. Let me see—five thousand pounds you promised; yes, you shall give her that on the wedding-day. You have been steward a long time; that sum must be a mere flea-bite to you.

*Snacks.* I rather think I shall never give her a farthing if she marries such a paltry fellow as you.

*Rat.* Why lookye; I'm a lively spark, with a good deal of fire in me, and it is not a little matter that will put me out: where others sink, I rise: and this opposition of yours will only serve to blow me into a blaze that will burn you up to a cinder. I'm up to your gossip; I'm not to be had.

*Snacks.* No, nor my daughter's not to be had, Mr. Banker's Clerk; so I shan't waste any more time with you: go, and take in the flats in Lombard Street; it won't do here.

[*Exit, L.H.*

*Rat.* Oh! what he has mizzled, has he? I fancy you'll find me the most troublesome blade you ever settled an account with, old Raise-rent. I'll astonish you, somehow or other. I wonder what has changed him so!

*Enter Miss NANCY, L.H.*

Ah, my sweet, little, rural angel! How fares it with you? You smile like a May morning.

*Nan.* The pleasure of seeing you always makes me—

*Rat.* Indeed! give me a kiss then. I love you well enough to marry you without a farthing; but I think I may as well have the five thousand pounds, if it's only to tease old Long-purse.

*Nan.* Oh, you know you have his promise for that.

*Rat.* Yes, but he says he has forgot all about that, though it was no longer ago than yesterday; and he says I shan't have you.

*Nan.* Does he, indeed?

*Rat.* Yes; but never mind that.

*Nan.* I thought you said you loved me?

*Rat.* And so I do, better than all the gold in Lombard Street.

*Nan.* Then why are you not sorry that my father won't give his consent?

*Rat.* His consent! I have got yours and my own, and I'll soon manage him. Don't you remember how I fright-

ened him one night, when I came to visit you by stealth, dressed like a ghost, which he thinks haunts the castle. Oh! I'll turn that to account. I know he's very superstitious, and easily frightened into any thing. Come, let's take a walk, and plot how I, your knight-errant, shall deliver you from this haunted castle. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Corn Field.*

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD *discovered, binding up a sheaf.*

*Rob.* Ah! work, work, work, all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks, the steward, always upon the look out; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone plump.—(*Comes forward,*)—I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now, if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work; it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'un, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years.—Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

*Enter SNACKS, R.H. bowing very obsequiously; Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.*

*Rob.* I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopt to rest myself a little; I hope you'll excuse it.—I wonder what the dickens he's grinning at. (*Aside.*)

*Snacks.* Excuse it? I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who is come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

*Rob.* Lordship! he, he, he! Ecod! I never knew as I



had a hump before. Why, master Snacks, you grow fun, in your old age.

*Snacks.* No, my lord, I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

*Rob.* What lord? Oh, you mean the lord Harry, I suppose. No, no, must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very devil with you.

*Snacks.* I say, I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

*Rob.* Did—dig—what! Why, now I look at you, I see how it is: you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Lord! how your eyes roll! I never saw you so before.—How came they to let you out alone?

*Snacks.* Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

*Rob.* Why, what gammon are you at?—Don't come near me, for you have been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

*Snacks.* If your lordship will be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship.—Will your lordship condescend?

*Rob.* Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, that I can't read.

*Snacks.* I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

*Rob.* Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks—let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here: my name's Robin Roughead, and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I shan't answer you, that's flat.—(*Aside.*)—I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes.

*Snacks.* Why then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend whilst I read this letter.

(*Reads.*)

*Sir,*—*This is to inform you, that my Lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate: the woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughead: she was poor and illiterate, and, through motives of shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife: she has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son called Robin Roughead*

*now this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Your's to command,*

KIT CODICIL, *Atty. at Law.*

**Rob.** What!—What all mine? the houses, the trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks and the hens, and the cows, and the bulls, and the pigs, and the—What! are they all mine? and I, Robin Roughead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Don't keep me a minute now, but tell me it is so—Make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

**Snacks.** I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

**Rob.** Huzza! Huzza! (*Catches off Snacks' hat and wig.*) Set the bells a ringing; set the ale a running; make every body drunk—if there's a sober man to be found any where to-day, he shall be put in the stocks. Go get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower the rents—I'll—

**Snacks.** I hope your lordship will do me the favour to—

**Rob.** Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell.

(*Carelessly.*)

**Snacks.** Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

**Rob.** Yes.

**Snacks.** What would your lordship choose for dinner?

**Rob.** Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

**Snacks.** Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord!—He'll be a savoury bit for my daughter, though. (*Aside.*)

**Rob.** What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste; I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

**Snacks.** Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

**Rob.** Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

**Snacks.** He rather smokes me.—I have a beauteous daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

**Rob.** Damn your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter; stir your stumps, and get the money.

**Snacks.** I am your lordship's most obsequious—Zounds! what a peer of the realm. (*Aside, and exit, R.H.*)

**Rob.** Ha! ha! ha! What work I will make in the village?

—Work! no, there shall be no such thing as work: it shall be all play.—Where shall I go? I'll go to—No, I won't go there; I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him—No, I'll not go there;—I'll go to—Damn it, I'll go no where; yes, I will; I'll go every where; I'll be neither here, nor there, nor any where else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

*Enter VILLAGERS, R.H.U.E. shouting.*

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads?—Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. (*They all get round him.*) First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord?

*Vil.* We are all glad of it.

*Rob.* So am I; and I'll make you all happy; I'll lower all your rents.

*All.* Huzza! Long live lord Robin!

*Rob.* You shan't pay no rent at all.

*All.* Huzza! huzza! long live lord Robin!

*Rob.* I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. (*Women shout.*) I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter—that's all.

*All.* Huzza! huzza!

*Enter SNACKS, R.H.*

*Snacks.* I have brought your lordship the money.—He means to make 'em fly, so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light. (*Aside.*)

*Rob.* Now then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you—(*Throws the money; they scramble.*) Now you've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your bellies for you.

(*Villagers carry him off shouting, R.H. Snacks follows.*)

SCENE III.—*Inside of a neat cottage; table spread for dinner.*

*Enter MARGERY and DOLLY, L.H.*

*Dolly.* There now, dinner's all ready, and I wish Robin

would come. Do you think that I may take up the dumplings, mother?

*Mar.* Ay, ay, take 'em up; I warrant him he'll soon be here—he's always in pudding-time.

*Dol.* And well he may, for I'm sure you keep him sharp set enough.

*Mar.* Hold your tongue, you baggage! He pays me but five shillings a week for board, lodging, and washing—I suppose he's not to be kept like a lord for that, is he? I wonder how you'll keep him when you get married, as you talk of?

*Dol.* Oh, we shall contrive to make both ends meet! and we shall do very well, I dare say; for Robin loves me, and I loves Robin dearly.

*Mar.* Yes; but all your love won't keep the pot boiling, and Robin's as poor as Job.

*Dol.* La, mother, now, don't be so cross!—Oh dear, the dinner will get cold, and the dumplings will be quite spoiled; I wish Robin would come. (*Robin sings without, L.H.*) Oh, here he comes, in one of his merry humours.

*Enter ROBIN, L.H. he cools himself with his hat, then sings and dances.*

Why Robin, what's the matter with you?

*Rob.* What! you haven't heard then? Oh, I'm glad of that! for I shall have the fun of telling you.

*Dol.* Well, sit down then, and eat your dinner; I have made you some nice hard dumplings.

*Rob.* Dumplings! Damn dumplings.

*Dol.* Damn dumplings—La, mother, he damns dumplings.—Oh, what a shame? Do you know what you are saying, Robin?

*Rob.* Never talk to me of dumplings.

*Mar.* But I'll talk of dumplings though, indeed. I shouldn't have thought of such behaviour: dumplings are very wholesome food, quite good enough for you, I'm sure.

(*Very angry.*)

*Rob.* Are they, mother Margery? (*Upsets the table, and dances on the plates, &c. and sings.*) Tol de rol lol.

*Mar.* Oh dear ! the boy's mad ; there's all my crockery gone !  
(*Picking up the pieces.*)

*Dol.* (*Crying.*) I did not think you could have used us so ; I'm quite ashamed of you, Robin !

*Rob.* Now doantye cry now, Dolly ; doantye cry.

*Dol.* I will cry, for you behave very ill.

*Rob.* No, doantye, Dolly, doantye, now.

(*Shows a purse.*)

*Dol.* How did you come by that, Robin ?

*Mar.* What a purse of gold ? let me see.—

(*Snatches it, and sits down to count the money.*)

*Dol.* What have you been about, Robin ?

*Rob.* No, I have not been about robbing ; I have been about being made a lord of, that's all.

*Dol.* What are you talking about ? Your head's turned, I'm sure.

*Rob.* Well, I know it's turned ; it's turned from a clown's head to a lord's. I say, Dolly, how should you like to live in that nice place at the top of the hill yonder ?

*Dol.* Oh, I should like it very much, Robin ; it is a nice cottage.

*Rob.* Doan't talk to me of cottages, I mean the castle !

*Dol.* Why, what is your head running upon ?

*Mar.* Every one golden guineas, as I'm a vartuous woman. Where did you get 'em, Robin ?

*Rob.* Why, where there's more to be had.

*Mar.* Ay, I always said Robin was a clever lad.—I'll go and put these by.  
(*Crosses and exit, R.H.*)

*Dol.* Now, do tell me what you've been about. Where did you find all that money ?

*Rob.* Dolly, Dolly, gee'us a buss, and I'll tell thee all about it.

*Dol.* Twenty, an' you pleasen, Robin.

*Rob.* First then, you must know that I am the cleverest fellow in all these parts.

*Dol.* Well, I know'd that afore.

*Rob.* But I'll tell you how it is—it's because I am the richest fellow in all these parts ; and if I haven't it here, I have it here—(*pointing to his head and his pocket.*) That castle's mine, and all these fields, up to the very sky.

*Dol.* No, no ; come, Robin, that won't do.

*Rob.* Won't it?—I think it will do very well.

*Dol.* No, no, you are running your rigs—I know you are, Robin.

*Rob.* It's all true, Dolly, as sure as the devil's in Lunnun.

*Dol.* What! are you in right down arnest?

*Rob.* Yes, I am—his lordship's dead, and he has left word as how that my mother was his wife, and I his son.

*Dol.* What?

*Rob.* Yes, Dolly, and you shall be my lady.

*Dol.* No? Shall I?

*Rob.* Yes, you shall.

*Dol.* Ecod, that will be fine fun—my lady—

*Rob.* Now, what do you think on't?

*Dol.* My lady—Lady Roughhead—

*Rob.* Why, Dolly!

*Dol.* Lady Roughhead? How it sounds!—Ha, ha, ha!

*(Laughs immoderately.)*

*Rob.* 'Gad, I believe she's going into a high strike.—Dolly! Dolly!

*(Slapping her hands.)*

*Dol.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Rob.* Doantye laugh so; I don't half like it.—*(Shakes her.)*—Dolly!

*Dol.* Oh, my dear Robin, I can't help laughing to think of Lady Roughhead.

*Rob.* The wench will go beside herself, to a sartainty.

*Dol.* But now is it true in arnest?

*Rob.* Ay, as sure as you are there. But come, what shall we do? where shall we go? Oh! we'll go and see old mother Dickens; you know she took my part, and was very kind to me when poor mother died; and now she's very ill, and I'll go and give her something to comfort her old soul. Lord! lord! I have heard people say as riches won't make a body happy; but while it gives me the power of doing so much good, I'm sure I shall be the happiest dog alive.

*[Exeunt, R.H.]*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The road to the Castle.*

*Enter MR. FRANK, L.H.*

*Frank.* Well, then, to the house of woe I must return again. And can I take no comfort with me? nothing to cheer my loving wife and helpless children? What misery to see them want!

*Enter ROBIN, unobserved by Frank, L.H.*

*Rob.* Want! No, there shall be no such thing as want where I am—that's for certain.

*Frank.* My own distress I could bear well, very well; but to see my helpless innocents enduring all the woes poverty brings with it, is more than I can bear.

*Rob.* And more than I can bear too.—(*Throws his hat upon the ground, and takes money out of his pocket, which he throws into it.*)

*Frank.* To-day I almost fear they have not tasted food.

*Rob.* And I ha' been stuffing my d—ned guts enough to make 'em burst. (*Drops more money into his hat.*)

*Frank.* How happy once my state! Where'er I turned my eyes, good fortune smiled upon me; then, did the poor e'er tell a tale of woe without relief? Were not my doors open to the unfortunate?

*Rob.* How glad I be as I be—a lord.

*Frank.* No hand stretched out to my relief.

*Rob.* Hey, what! Yes it is; Mr. Frank! Lord, sir, I'm very glad as I met with you.

*Frank.* Why so, my friend?

*Rob.* Because you be mortal poor, and I be mortal rich; and I'll share my last farthing with you.

*Frank.* Thank you, my kind lad. But what reason have you?

*Rob.* What reason have I? Why, you gave me when I wanted it.

*Frank.* I can't remember.

*Rob.* But that's no reason as I should forget it; it's

a long time ago, too; but it made such a mark here, that time won't rub it out. It's now fourteen years since poor mother died; she was very ill one day when you happened to come by our cottage, and saw me stand blubbering at the door; I was then about this high. You took me by the hand; and I shall never forget the look you gave me, when you axed me what was the matter with me; and when I told you, you called me a good lad, and went in and talked to mother. From that time you came to see her every day, and gave her all the help as you could; and when she died, poor soul! you buried her: and if ever I forget such kindness, I hope good luck will for ever forget me!

*Frank.* Tell me your name: it will remind me.

*Rob.* Robin Roughhead, your honour; to-day I be come to be lord of all this estate, and the first good I find of it is, that I am able to make you happy.—(*Stuffing the money into his pockets.*)—Come up to the castle, and I'll give you as much money as you can carry away in a sack.

*Frank.* What sympathy is in that honest bosom! But how has this good fortune come to you?

*Rob.* Why, that poor woman as you buried was wife to his lordship: he has owned it on his death bed, and left word as I'm his son.

*Frank.* How strange are the vicissitudes of life!

*Rob.* Now, sir, I am but a simple lad, as a body may say; and if you will be so good as to help me with your advice, I shall take it very kind of you, sir.

*Frank.* I thank you for the good opinion you have of me; and as far as my poor abilities go, they shall be at your service.

*Rob.* Thank ye, sir, thank ye! But pray what bad luck made you so devilish poor?

*Frank.* It would take a long time to tell you the story of my misfortunes; but I owe them to the oppression of Mr. Snacks, the steward.

*Rob.* Snacks! Oh, d—n'un! I'll do for him soon; he's rotten here, inaster Frank: I do think as how he's a d—ned old rogue.

*Frank.* Judge not too harshly.

*Rob.* Come, sir, will you go up to the castle?

*Frank.* Excuse me; the relief which you have so generously given me, enables me to return to my family.



*Rob.* Well, but you'll come back ?

*Frank.* To-morrow.

*Rob.* No—to-night.—Doo'e favour me ; I want to speak to you.

*Frank.* I have a long way to walk, and it will be very late before I can return ; but I will refuse you nothing.

*Rob.* Thank ye, sir ; you're very kind ; I shall stay till you come, if it's all night.

*Frank.* Proud wealth, look here for an example ! My generous heart, how shall I thank you ?

*Rob.* Lord ! lord ! doant think of thanking a man for paying his debts. Besides, if you only knowed how I feel all o'er me—it's a kind of a—I could cry for joy.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

*Enter* RATTLE, R.H.U.E.

*Rat.* Well, every thing's prepared for my attack on the castle to-night ; and I don't much fear but I shall find means to terrify the enemy, and make him surrender at discretion.—Yes, yes, master Snacks, I shall soon be with you.—(*Shouting, music, and ringing of bells.*)—What a d—n'd racket here is in the village to-day !—I wonder what it's all about ?

*Re-enter* ROBIN, R.H.—*crosses to* L.H.

Holloa, there ! Stop, my fine fellow. Pray can you tell me what all this uproar is about in the village ?

*Rob.* Why, you be master Rattle from Lunnun.

*Rat.* Well, I don't want to be told that.

*Rob.* Gee us your hand, Rattle, thou bee'st a d—n'd honest fellow, and I like thee ; I do indeed.

*Rat.* Very familiar, upon my word.

*Rob.* I liked you ever since you let old Toppin have the three pounds to pay his rent with ; and now whilst I think on't, here 'tis again—take it, for I won't let any body give away money here but myself.

*Rat.* Why, what in the name of wonder is all this ? What are you at ? I think I'll open a shop here for the sale of bad debts.

*Rob.* Here, take the money.

*Rat.* Put it up, my fine fellow ! you'll want it, perhaps.

*Rob.* Me want money ! Shall I lend you an odd thousand, and set you up in a shop ?

*Rat.* Why, who the devil are you ?

*Rob.* Why, doan't you know ? I be Robin.

*Rat.* Robin, are you ? 'Egad, I think you sing like a gold-finch.

*Rob.* Very well, Rattle, that's a good joke.

*Rat.* Why, curse me, if I am up to you, master Robin, you are queering me, I believe.

*Rob.* Well, I shall be glad to see thee at the castle, Rattle. You see, I'm not ashamed of my old acquaintance, as some folks are.

*Rat.* Not ashamed of his old acquaintance ! Why, what do you mean ?

*Rob.* I can't stop to talk to you any longer. —Good by, Rattle ; thou bee'st an honest fellow, and I shall be glad to see thee at the castle. [Exit, L.H.]

*Rat.* I declare I'm quite dumb founded. —And have I lived all my days in Lombard-street for this—to be hummed by a clown ?—(*Laughing, music, ringing of bells, &c. without.*)—I believe the people are all mad to-day ; I can't think what they are at.

*Enter CLOWN, R.H. in a hurry; he crosses to L.H.*

Here, here, Hob ! I want to speak with you.

*Clown.* You mun meak heast then, for I be going to dine wi' my lord, and I shall be too late.

*Rat.* Weugh ! What, are you drunk ?

*Clown.* Noa, noa, but I soon shall be, I take it, for there's plenty o'yeale to be gotten.

*Rat.* Plenty o'yeale to be gotten, is there ?

*Clown.* Ees, I shall have a rare swig at it.

*Rat.* Pray, my fine fellow, can you tell me what the bells are ringing for ?

*Clown.* Ees, to be sure I con.

*Rat.* Well what is it ?

*Clown.* Why, it's bekeas they do pull the ropes, I tell thee.—Dinner will all get yeaton up whilst I stond here talking wi' you.—[Runs off, L.H. *Rattle runs after him and brings him back.*]

*Rat.* You are a very communicative young fellow, indeed ; —I have learnt one thing from you, however—that there's plenty of eating and drinking going on ; so I'll try if I can't be in at the death. Now, start fair, and the devil take the hindmost. [ *They run off*, L.H.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle*;—D.F.L.H. *leading to an inner Apartment.*

*Enter SNACKS*, L.H.

*Snacks.* Tell her to come this way. A young woman wanting Robin !—This must be his sweetheart, Dolly, that he talks so much about ; they must not come together ; if they do, it will knock up all my plan.—What shall I do with her ? if I could but get her into this room, she'd be safe enough—here she is.

*Enter DOLLY and MARGERY*, R.H.

Are you the young woman that wanted to speak with his lordship ?

*Dol.* Yes, sir.

*Snacks.* And pray what might you want with him ?

*Mar.* She wants to settle some matters of her own with him.

*Dol.* Yes, that's all, sir.

*Snacks.* I dare say ! But I must know what these things are.—(*Margery feels herself of great importance, and is particularly noisy through the whole of this scene. Snacks is alarmed lest Robin should hear her.*)

*Mar.* Such matters as consarn nobody but themselves, and you must not meddle with them.

*Snacks.* Curse that old devil, what a tongue she has ! I shall never be able to manage her.—(*To Dolly.*)—You can't see his lordship, he's engaged.

*Dol.* Yes, I know his lordship's engaged, for he promised me a long while ago.

*Snacks.* Oh, then you are the poor unfortunate young woman that—

*Mar.* (*Very angry.*) No, sir, she is the lucky young wo-

man that is to be my lady; and I'd have you to know that I'm her mother.

*Snacks.* Ah, poor soul! I pity her, I do indeed, from the bottom of my heart.

*Mar.* But she is not to be pitied; I shouldn't have thought of that?—pity, indeed!

*Snacks.* Poor dear creature! it's a sad job, but it can't be helped; his lordship is going to be married to-morrow to another woman.

*Dol.* What!

*Snacks.* It's true, indeed; I am very sorry.

*Mar.* And she is not to be my lady, after all!

*Snacks.* No, poor girl!

*Dol.* And Robin has quite forgot me!—(*Crying.*)—Oh dear, oh dear!—I was afraid how it would be when he came to be a lord—and has he quite forgot me?

*Snacks.* Yes, he told me to tell you that he has done with you.

*Mar.* (*Very noisy.*) But I have not done with him though—pretty work indeed; but I'll ring a peal in his ears, that shall bring him to his senses, I warrant; I'll teach him to use my daughter ill;—he's a rogue, a rascal, a scapegallows, a vagabond; I'll find him out—I'll—

*Snacks.* (*Trying to appease her*) Hush! hush!

*Mar.* I'll raise the dead, I will.

*Snacks.* Be cool, be cool!—Robin will certainly hear this old bell-wether, and I shall be blown. (*Aside.*)

*Mar.* I'll make him down on his knees, I will; I'd have him to know, that though he is a lord, he shall remember his promise; I'll play the very devil with him, if I can find him. I'm in such a passion, I could tear his eyes out;—oh, if I can but see him! (*Going, R.H. Snacks stops her.*)

*Snacks.* Here, here; stop, stop—I'll go and bring him to you.—Curse her old throat!—(*Aside.*)—Only just walk in here a moment, I'll talk to him myself; I will indeed; perhaps I shall bring him round, my dear.

*Dol.* Thank ye, sir; tell him I'll hang myself if he doesn't marry me. [*Goes in, D.F.L.H.*]

*Mar.* And tell him I'll kill him if he doesn't marry her.

[*Goes in, D.F.L.H. Snacks locks the door.*]

*Snacks.* Well, they are safe for the present;—I wish they were out of the house though. If I can but bring this mar-

riage to bear, I'm a made man. I have been very careful of the old lord's money, and I should like to take care of a little of the young lord's money;—if I can but marry the girl and him, I'll soon double the twenty-six thousand pounds I have in the five per cents. sacked from my old master.

*Rat.* (*Without, R.H.U.E. in a hollow voice.*) Villainous robber!

*Snacks.* O Lord! what's that?—(*Pauses.*)—It has put me in such a fright;—that ghost's abroad again.—What else could it be? I am afraid to open my eyes for fear he should stare me in the face;—I confess I've been a rogue, but it's never too late to mend. Say no more, and I'll make amends, indeed I will.—(*Gets near L.H.D.*)—Upon my soul, I will—upon the word of an honest man I will. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Enter RATTLE, R.H.U.E.*

*Rat.* Ha, ha, ha! I think I gave his conscience a kick there; twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents.—let me remember that.—I'm up to your tricks, Mr. Snacks; but you shan't carry on your scheme much longer, if I have any skill.—If I don't quicken your memory a little, I'll give over conjuring and set up a chandler's shop. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A handsome Apartment in the Castle.—A table with wines, &c.*

*ROBIN, R.H. and SNACKS, L.H. discovered.*

*Rob.* (*Rather tipsy.*) Well, Snacks, this is very good stuff, I don't know as ever I drank any before; what do you call this, Snacks?

*Snacks.* Red-port wine, a'n't please your lordship.

*Rob.* Yes, red-port wine pleases his lordship.—I wonder where this comes from.—Oh! from the Red Sea, I suppose.

*Snacks.* No, my lord; there's plenty of spirits there, but not wine, I believe.

*Rob.* Well, one more thing full; only one, because you know, now I am a lord, I must not make a beast of myself;—that's not like a nobleman, you know.

*Snacks.* Your lordship must do as your lordship pleases.

*Rob.* Must I? then give us t'other sup.

*Snacks.* I think his lordship is getting rather forward.—  
I'll bring my daughter upon the carpet presently. (*Aside.*)

*Enter SERVANT, L.H.*

*Serv.* Please you, master Snacks, here's John the carter says he's so lame he can't walk, and he hopes you'll let him have the poney, to-morrow, to ride by the waggon,

*Snacks.* Can't walk, can't he?—lame, is he?

*Serv.* Yes, sir.

*Snacks.* And what does he mean by being lame at this busy time?—tell him he must walk; it's my will.

*Rob.* (*Aside to Serv.*) You, sir, bring me John's whip, will you?—[*Exit Serv. L.H.*]*—*That's right, Snacks; damn the fellow, what business has he to be lame!

*Snacks.* Oh, please your lordship, it's as much as I can do to keep these fellows in order.

*Rob.* Oh, they are sad dogs—not walk, indeed! I never heard of such impudence.

*Snacks.* Oh, shameful, shameful! if I was behind him, I'd make him walk.

*Enter a SERVANT, L.H. with a whip, which he gives to ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Come, Snacks, dance me a hornpipe.

*Snacks.* What?

*Rob.* A hornpipe.

*Snacks.* A hornpipe!—I can't dance, my lord.

*Rob.* Come, none of your nonsense; I know you can dance; why, you was made for dancing—there's a leg and foot.—Come, begin!

*Snacks.* Here' no music.

*Rob.* Isn't there? then I'll soon make some.—Look'ye, here's my fiddlestick; how d'ye like it?—Come, Snacks, you must dance; it's my will.

*Snacks.* Indeed, I'm not able.

*Rob.* Not able! Oh, shameful, shameful! Come, come, you must dance; it's my will, (*Whips him*)

*Snacks.* Must I?—Then here goes— (*Hops about.*)

*Rob.* What, d'ye call that dancing fit for a lord? Cease, quicker, quicker.—(*Whips Snacks round the stage, who roars out.*)—There, that will do; now go and order John the carter the poney—will you?

*Snacks.* What a cunning dog it is!—he's up to me now, but I think I shall be down upon him by-and-by—

[*Aside.—Exit, L.H.*]

*Rob.* Ha, ha, ha! how he hopped about and halloo'd—but I'll work him a little more yet.

*Re-enter SNACKS, L.H.*

Well, Snacks, what d'ye think of your dancing-master?

*Snacks.* I hope your lordship won't give me any more lessons at present; for, to say the truth, I don't much like the accompaniment.

*Rob.* You must have a lesson every day, or you'll forget the step.

*Snacks.* No;—your lordship has taken care that I shan't forget it for some time.

*Rob.* I can't think where Dolly is; I told her to come to me.

*Snacks.* My daughter's very beautiful.

*Rob.* Dang it, you talk a great deal—and I'll have a peep at her. I wish Dolly would come.

*Snacks.* Oh, don't think of her.

*Rob.* Not think of her!—why, pray?

*Snacks.* Oh, she's a—

*Rob.* A what?—Take care, or I shall make you dance another hornpipe.

*Snacks.* I only mean to say, that she's too low for your lordship.

*Rob.* Too low! why, what was I just now?—if I thought riches would make me such a rascal as to use the poor girl ill—a fig for 'em all; I'd give 'em up, and be plain Robin, honest Robin, again.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

~~SCENE~~ IV.—*A Chamber, with a picture hanging over a closet-door.*

*Enter* RATTLE, and Miss NANCY, R.H.

*Rat.* Well, you see I've gained admission, notwithstanding your father's order to the contrary.

*Nan.* Yes ; but how do you mean to get his consent to—

*Rat.* Why, as to his consent, I don't value it a button ;—but then five thousand pounds is a sum not to be sneezed at. I have given the old boy a bit of a hint to-night that he didn't much relish.

*Nan.* I expect my father here every minute, with his new-made lordship.

*Rat.* Indeed ! then only hide me in this room, and the business is done.

*Nan.* That I will, where nobody can find you, I'm sure ;—I have a closet behind this picture of the old lord, made, I believe, to hide the family plate and jewels in ; but it's quite forgotten now. *(Opens D.F.R.H.)*

*Rat.* Oh, it was made on purpose for me ;—I'll put a jewel into it presently.—Here—*(Gives a paper.)*—let this lie carelessly on the table ; it's worth five thousand pounds.

*Snacks.* *(Without, R.H.)* This way, this way, my lord.

*Rat.* O, damn it ! here they come ; tell him you've been frightened by a ghost ; and if he signs the paper, give a loud cough.

*[Puts the paper on the table, and exit into the closet, R.H.]*

*Enter* SNACKS, and ROBIN, R.H.

*Snacks.* There she is— isn't she a beauty ? What do you say now ?

*Rob.* Why, I say she is not fit to hold a candle to my Dolly.

*Nan.* Pretty courtship, indeed.

*Snacks.* Ah, you'll alter your mind soon ; I know you will. Come, let's sit down and talk of it. *(They sit.)*

*Nan.* *(To Snacks.)* Oh, my dear sir, I've been so fright-



ened.—Do you know I think I've seen the very ghost that alarmed you so once.

*Snacks.* A what? a ghost?—O Lord, I hope not. I hate the very sight of 'em.—It's very odd; but—(*Starting.*)—didn't I hear a noise?

*Nan.* Oh, sir, that's a very common thing in this part of the castle; I have been most terribly frightened lately.

*Rob.* Why, what frightened you?—We are all good people here; they won't hurt us—will they, Snacks?

*Snacks.* No, no—they—that is— (*Alarmed.*)

*Rat.* (*From behind.*) Hear?

*Rob.* What?

*Rat.* Hear!

*Snacks.* Lord ha' mercy upon me? (*Kneels.*)

*Rat.* Offspring of mine, listen not to the advice of that wretch.

*Rob.* I doan't intend it.

*Rat.* He'll betray you; your intended bride he has imprisoned in the yellow chamber;—go, set her at liberty.

*Rob.* What! my Dolly?—has he imprisoned her in the yellow chamber?—Oh, dang your old head!

[*Knocks Snacks down, and exit, R.H.*]

*Rat.* Wretch! restore your ill-gotten wealth—twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents.

*Snacks.* I'll do any thing that you command.

*Rat.* Sign the paper before you.

(*Snacks signs the paper.—Nancy coughs.*)

*RATTLE jumps out of the closet, R.H. and takes the paper.*

*Rat.* How do you do? how are you?

*Snacks.* Give me the paper.

*Rat.* Not a word—twenty-six thousand pounds in the five per cents.—Now, dear Nancy, you are mine, and five thousand pounds.

*Snacks.* (*To Nancy.*) You to rebel against me too, you baggage.

*Mar.* (*Without, R.H.*) Only let me catch hold of him, I'll give it him—an old, abominable!—

*Enter MARGERY, R.H.*

Oh, you are there, are you?—You wicked wretch!—let me get at him.—(*Runs after Snacks, and beats him.*)—A pretty pack of lies you have told; you old ragamuffin, you.

*Enter ROBIN, and DOLLY, R.H.*

*Rob.* What! are you there, Rattle?

*Rat.* Yes, I'm the ghost—Hear!

*Rob.* Why you frightened old Honesty a little.

*Enter SERVANT, L.H.*

*Serv.* Please you, master Snacks, the bailiffs ha' gotten master Frank, and are bringing him here.

*Rob.* What! the bailiffs got him?—Oh, you old rascal!—(*To Snacks.*)—Let him come here in a moment!—[*Exit Servant, L.H.*]—Oh, Snacks, I'm sorry for you; for I'm sure you can't be happy;—a man as does so much harm, and so little good, never can be happy, I'm sure:—

*Enter MR. FRANK, L.H.*

I be very sorry as they used you so, Mr. Frank, but I couldn't—

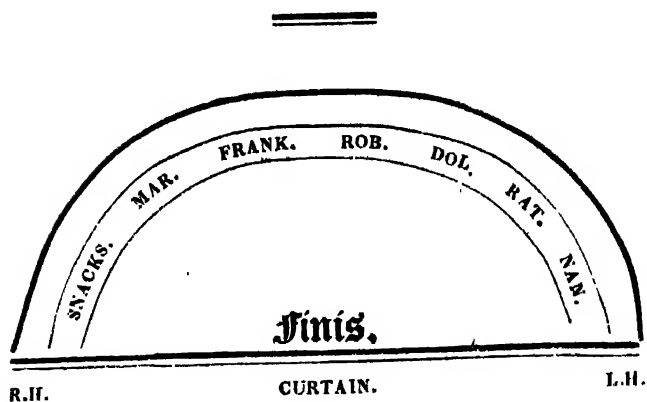
*Frank.* I know your heart too well to think you could.

*Rob.* I have a greater favour to ask of you, Mr. Frank:—you see we've rather found Snacks out;—now, will you—dang it, will you take care of me, and come and live in the castle with us, and give me your advice?—you know how I mean;—teach me a bit, you know.

*Frank.* You are too generous: but I accept your proffered kindness; and, by my care and attention to your welfare, will repay a small part of the debt I owe you.

*Rob.* Now, then, I am happy, with such a friend as Mr. Frank.—Dolly, we shall know how to take care of ourselves and our neighbours—and I'll take care that poor folks shall 'bless the day ~~as made~~ <sup>as made</sup> a lord.

*Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.*



From the Press of Oxberry & Co.  
8, White-Hart Yard.





MR. SAMUEL

A. S. WILSON

*Engraved by R. Page from a drawing by Thompson*

Orberry's Edition.

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LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS,

*A FARCE;*

By George Colman, Esq.

---

*WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.*

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED  
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

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1822.

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From the Press of W. Oxberry,  
8, White-Hart Yard

## Remarks.

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### LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

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THE perusal of such pieces as the one before us, always brings forcibly to our recollection, a remark made by Johnson on "High Life Below Stairs."—"Here," said he, "is a farce, which is really very diverting, when you see it acted; and yet, you may read it, without knowing that you have been reading anything at all." The observation is equally applicable to "Love Laughs at Locksmiths;" for, though few after-pieces are better calculated to excite laughter—the (the grand object of such things)—in the performance, we fear it will afford but little entertainment to the reader. After toiling through it, the mind retains a confused recollection of stratagems and disguises; but, the exciting bustle which lends an interest to them upon the stage, is wanting; and the whole affair seems vapid and spiritless. It is something like reading the plot of a pantomime, leaving the sleight of Harlequin and the gambols of the Clown to be supplied by the imagination. Authors who have a due regard for their reputation, should be cautious of *printing* pieces which depend solely upon stage-trick for effect, without deriving any support from witty dialogue or well-drawn character.

For this, as for many more of our best farces, we are indebted to the French stage,—a circumstance sufficiently mortifying to our national vanity. Yet, Colman is no servile translator, but generally contrives to improve upon his original. The skill which he has displayed in naturalizing this pleasant foreigner, deserves more praise than is commonly



awarded to mere adaptation; for, the keenest examiner will find some difficulty in discovering any hint of its parent-stock, in the language or incidents of the piece.

Probability in a farce is never looked for; and, 'tis well for the author of this, that it is not; for, he has set it at defiance completely. A tyrannical old fellow, who secludes himself with a beautiful ward and one male servant, keeps his doors double-locked, and places bars of iron before every window of his house, except one, (which happens to be the easiest of access), is quite out of place and out of nature in modern London. Had the scene been laid in Spain, that chosen land of duennas and jailers, we might, from ancient usage, have been more inclined to assent to the possibility of the thing; but, as it stands, it is an anomaly, which would not be endured in anything but a farce, where every species of absurdity claims toleration, "and has its claim allowed." The characters, we suppose, we must not find fault with, because they are precisely those which have received the stamp of approval, in five hundred different pieces, from five thousand approving audiences. *Imprimis*—a vile curmudgeon, who is all gall and vinegar through two acts, and becomes miraculously all milk and honey just at the fall of the curtain. *Item*—his daughter, or niece, whom he keeps closely imprisoned. *Item*—a gallant young officer, in love with the lady, and attempting her rescue. *Item*—a clever rogue of a servant, aiding his master in his undertaking. Add to these, a Yorkshireman, or an Irishman, a bustling inn-keeper, with a pert chambermaid, and you have the materials of which two-thirds of our most popular farces are solely composed. Yet, the stratagem of lovers, if contrived with a slight portion of cleverness, never fail to *tell*; particularly if they are seconded, as in this piece, by a few of those patriotic sentiments, which have acquired the significant appellation of clap-traps; and a nonsensical song or two, rendered amusing by the talent of the singer. The reader will find a glorious specimen of the compositions alluded to, in the first act of the present drama. In writing *Risk's* song, the author appears to have done his utmost to produce a sarrago of utter absurdity; yet the humorous imitative powers of the performer render it impossible to hear even this stuff sung, without indulging in a hearty laugh. The whole farce, indeed, is exactly calcu-

lated to display the actor's ability to produce something from nothing: but, though we look in vain for an original plot, or witty dialogue, the incidents can scarcely fail to amuse, and the language has about it a pleasant smartness, "so like wit, it serves the turn as well." In other words, the production will occupy an hour or so delightfully, within the walls of the theatre, but has no claim upon our attention beyond them. An indifferent literary composition may be a most amusing acting drama, while a very clever farce may constitute but unprofitable reading, as they who peruse "Love Laughs at Locksmiths" will speedily discover,

P. P

## **Time of Representation.**

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The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and a half.

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## ***Stage Directions.***

By R.H. .... is meant ..... Right Hand.

L.H. .... Left Hand.

S.E. .... Second Entrance.

U.E. .... Upper Entrance.

M.D. .... Middle Door.

D.F. .... Door in flat.

R.H.D. .... Right Hand Door.

L.H.D. .... Left Hand Door.

## **Costume.**

---

### **VIGIL.**

Old gentleman's brown suit.

### **CAPTAIN BELDARE.**

Regimentals.

### **TOTTERTON.**

Old fashioned suit.

### **RISK.**

First Dress.—Smart Captain's livery.—Second—Dress of a country boy.

### **SOLOMON LOB.**

Drab countryman's coat, flowered waistcoat, leather breeches and short gaiters.

### **DUB.**

Grenadier's dress.

### **LYDIA.**

Fashionable morning dress,

## Persons Represented.

---

	<i>Original cast.</i>	<i>Hay-market, 1821</i>
<i>Vigil</i> - - - - -	Mr. Denman.	Mr Hammond
<i>Captain Beldare</i> -	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. De Camp
<i>Risk</i> - - - - -	Mr. Mathews	Mr. J Russell
<i>Totterton</i> - - - -	Mr. Grove.	Mr. Williams
<i>Solomon Lob</i> - - -	Mr. De Camp	Mr Tayleure
<i>Grenadier</i> - - - -	Mr. Hatton.	Mr. Ebsworth.
<i>Lydia</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Atkins.	Mrs. Garrick.
	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden</i>
<i>Vigil</i> - - - - -	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Captain Beldare</i> -	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Blanchard
<i>Risk</i> - - - - -	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Mathews.
<i>Totterton</i> - - - -	Mr. Butler.	Mr Simmons.
<i>Solomon Lob</i> - - -	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Grenadier</i> - - - -	Mr. Read.	Mr. Norris.
<i>Lydia</i> - - - - -	Miss Cubitt.	Miss Mathews.

SCENE—*London.*

# LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A cross-way, in London, where several streets intersect each other.—On one side, in front, at the corner of a street, is Vigil's house, B.H. all the windows of which have bars on the outside. Immediately over the door is an oval window, double grated, and two-thirds of it broken up.—Opposite to Vigil's house is an hotel, R.H.

Enter CAPTAIN BELDARE, from the hotel, during the symphony of the following.

DUET.—BELDARE and RISK.

Beld. Why, where's the rascal? Risk! why Risk!

Risk. (In the hotel.) I'm coming, captain.

Beld. Zounds! he drags!

The laziest drudge I ever saw!  
The day-light, jumpy!

Enter Risk, from the hotel, gasping.

Risk. Yes—yes—yes

Whether as fast as the greaser one?

Beld. Is there a greaser, or is there a fair one.

Greaser, I think, I think, I think;

and the fair one, I think, I think, I think!

Risk. And the fair one, I think, I think;

Greaser, I think, I think, I think!

*Risk.* But, pray, who may she lady be?

*Beld.* Apelles might be proud to draw her.

*Risk.* Is she so comely, then, to see?

*Beld.* Upon my soul, I never saw her.

*Sweet god of love, &c.*

*Risk.* Sweet god of sleep, &c.

*Risk.* Never saw her! lord, sir, are you mad?

*Beld.* Certainly, you blockhead! Don't I tell you I'm in love?

*Risk.* Why, yes; but, to be mad for love before you see the woman!—Bless us! 'tis like getting drunk at a tavern, before the waiter has brought up a bottle.

*Beld.* Risk, come here.—Look at that corner building.

*(Pointing to Vigil's house.)*

*Risk.* What, with the bars outside all the windows?

*Beld.* Aye;—what do you think of it?

*Risk.* Think?—hem!—a sheriff's officer's.

*Beld.* 'Tis a celebrated painter's.

*Risk.* And glazier's?

*Beld.* Pahaw! an historical painter.

*Risk.* And you have just discovered the history, sir, of his family?

*Beld.* Exactly so. He is guardian, or rather tyrant, to a young orphan, whom he locks up from the world, in the manner you observe.

*(Pointing to the windows.)*

*Risk.* I said 'twas a lock-up-house.

*Beld.* Listen. Although he lets nobody behold the original, many, I fancy, have seen the resemblance; for, in all his works, (and they are pretty numerous, here, in London) there is one peculiar character, one same beautiful expression of a female face, ever to be observed.

*Risk.* Then you think, sir, that he takes her face for his model.

*Beld.* Just so.—Now what is your idea of me?

*Risk.* *(Bowing.)* That you have face enough, sir, to steal off with the prettiest face a painter ever had in his cabinet.

*Beld.* I shall try how far it may serve me here;—but shall have occasion also for a countenance to assist me with a little more brass in it than I can boast.

*Risk.* *(Bowing.)* Dear sir, you are pleased to compliment

but command me.—I need not tell Captain Beldare, of the grenadiers, that all the brass of his humble servant, Risk, is no more than the captain's own. And now pray, sir, how can my brass assist you?

*Beld.* Get me into the house.

*Risk.* Knock at the door, sir, and sit for your picture.

*Beld.* Pooh! He doesn't paint portraits, I tell you;—only history.

*Risk.* Um—What's his name?

*Beld.* Vigil.

*Risk.* Vigil! oh dear! to the right about, captain. Let's be off, directly.

*Beld.* Why, do you know any thing of him?

*Risk.* Know him? He's notorious! the most suspicious, lynx-eyed, peeping, peery, old pug of a painter in Christendom.

*Beld.* (*Carelessly.*) No, is he, faith? I'm glad to hear it.

*Risk.* Glad!

*Beld.* To be sure;—it gives a double zest to the enterprise, you booby. Faint heart never won fair lady. Besides, she must hate old Vigil;—and a'n't I independent already,—with large expectations from a rich uncle? A'n't I a captain of grenadiers, with the *solat* of having lately served against the enemy?

*Risk.* Bravo, sir! I believe it will do.

*Beld.* Do! to be sure it will! But, till Mars calls me, once more, abroad, I'll serve under Cupid, at home. This is a fortress worth attacking; and here I commence my siege.

*Risk.* But are you quite sure, sir, the lady will like to be stormed?

*Beld.* I think so. Yesterday she sang an air from that grated window.—(*Pointing to the oval window.*)—I repeated the burden—she began again—her voice trembled—she recommenced, faltered, repeated, sighed—re—

*Risk.* Oh, the sweet little angel! say no more, sir! the castle is impregnable on this side;—but I'll reconnoitre on the other, and see where we can make a breach. I'll be back to-morrow.

*Beld.* Now, if I could but reconnoitre, catch her first.



tion—(*The notes of a harp are heard from Vigil's house*)  
—Hark!

AIR.—LYDIA.

*Hard is my lot, when youth is mine,  
And joy should crown each ray hour,*

*Re-enter Risk.*

*Within these gloomy walls to pine,  
Still fetter'd by a tyrant's power.  
Ye, who pity maids, like me,  
This way bend, and set me free!*

BELDARE and Risk.

*He who pities maids, like thee,  
This way bends, to set you free*

*Risk.* Bless her! she sings like a new one! and you and I weren't so much amiss, sir.

*Beld.* Now, tell me—what have you discovered?

*Risk.* A window, at the back of the house, without bars.

*Beld.* Without bars!

*Risk.* Only one story high, and that lower than usual from the ground. There's only a green curtain on the inside, to keep out the sun,

*Beld.* Vigil's painting-room, depend on't.

*Risk.* It faces a bit of waste ground, to be let on a building lease, where nobody passes; so, we may plant our battery there, without fear of observation.

*Beld.* Excellent!

*Risk.* And, now, sir, if you succeed, do you mean,—to  
(*Door opens.*)

*Beld.* Hush! the door opens.

*Enter Vigil and TORRINGTON from the house.*—*Vigil double locks the street-door.*

*Risk.* That must be the great danger.

*Beld.* Away! away! I say, with Risk, into the hotel!

*Fig.* Totterton!

*Tott.* Here am I, close at your heels.

*Fig.* Who was that officer, gliding from us, as we came out?

*Tott.* I can't tell; but he looks plaguy suspicious.

*Fig.* Ay, ay, another butterfly, I warrant; fluttering about here, till he singes his wings, like the rest of them.

*Tott.* Oh! let you alone for smelling them out. Bless my soul how you do nose them!

*Fig.* I can't be too circumspect. Since my sister died, and left Lydia, her bewitching little devil of a cousin, under my care, I think, o'my conscience, the whole world has conspired to plague me.

*Tott.* Pshaw! 'tis love plagues you. Love for a green, kicking, frisky filly of seventeen. It will kill me

*Fig.* Kill you?

*Tott.* Yes, it will. Have you not turned off all the servants, because you can trust nobody about her but myself? A'n't I, who was formerly only your colour-grinder, now your Jack-of-all-trades? A'n't I footman, porter, steward, cook, house-keeper, butler, scullion, and groom of the chambers?

*(Beldare and Risk appear listening lit a balcony of the hotel.)*

*Beld.* Be attentive!—we may pick up some information.

*Tott.* Well, I must hobble off now, after Levi Kaiserman, the Jew picture-dealer, from Germany.

*Beld.* *(Aside to Risk.)* Levi Kaiserman! Mark that.

*Fig.* That's right. He wrote me word, by the last post, that he should arrive yesternight in London.

*Tott.* Spread Eagle, Gracchurch-street.

*Fig.* Just so. Now you'll wait till he gets up, Totterton, then bring him, yourself, to my painting-room. Yourself, remember—no mistakes, now.

*Tott.* Mistakes!—pshaw—I'm deep! I haven't made a blunder these sixty years.—*(Going.)*—Levi Kaiserman—what sort of a man is he?

*Fig.* I never

*Tott.* Never

*Fig.* Oh, not very young—forty.

*Tott.* Forty!—why, that's quite a boy.—*(Going.)*—

but we shall be both gone, then, at the same time. 'That's mighty wrong—Miss Lydia say—'

*Fig.* No, no; she's in bed and fast asleep. I knew I should be obliged to go to Somerset House, early to-day, to look at the effect of my new picture, in the exhibition; which is to open to-day:—so, what do you think I did?

*Tott.* What?

*Fig.* Kept her up, quarrelling, till five o'clock this morning; so she's tired out, and won't wake till I come back. Ha, ha! wise! wasn't it?

*Tott.* Ha, ha! why, you are as cunning as—

*Fig.* I know what I am at.—*(At this moment a letter is seen descending against the wall, from the oval window of Fig's house, attached to several ribands, knotted together like the links in a chain.)*—Now, Totterton, you are a trusty old fellow; but what a pity it is, that your extreme old age disables you from serving me so much as—

*Tott.* My extreme old age!

*Fig.* Yes; you are getting hard of hearing; and your eye-sight grows weaker every day:—*(Here Totterton perceives the letter.)*—for which reason, you know, my old boy, I have sent for your nephew, from Yorkshire, to assist us. He's too great a bumpkin to fear any thing from his—

*Tott.* *(Nodded.)* And so my eye-sight gets weaker every day!

*Fig.* Well, well;—I didn't mean to affront you.

*Tott.* *(Keeping his eyes on the letter, which is gradually descending.)* Why, to hear you talk, a body would think I was deaf and blind.

*Fig.* I didn't exactly say that.

*Tott.* And you are the only person that sees every thing to be sure!

*Fig.* What do you mean?

*Tott.* Yes, you are the only person;—you, who think that your ward is fast asleep, while—

*Fig.* While what?

*Tott.* While what? why, while she is mounting, every post-tree, by the first four mail.—*(Pointing to the letter which is now three feet from the ground.)*—

*Fig.* *(Sighs.)*

*Risk.* Oh, the devil, sir! that was for us!—(*Aside to Beldare.*—*Goes with Beldare from the balcony of the hotel.*)

*Tott.* Now, who's the blindest of us two, I should like to know?

*Fig.* Hold your tongue.—Let us untie it, softly; and she will think it is come to hand, just as she intended.—(*Takes the letter.*)—For that rake belly officer, I'll lay my life. How the plague she could have managed from that window, to—but we shall see,—(*Breaking the seal.*—*Beldare steals out of the hotel, with Risk.*)

*Beld.* Let us listen.—(*They order to the opposite side, and get at a small distance, behind Vigil and Totterton.*)

*Fig.* (*Coming forward, reading.*)—"The interest you appear to take in my fate, gives me courage to convey this letter to you. I shall deliver it by a chain of ribbons, to which you may tie your answer; and I can pull it up."—(*Beldare pulls out his pocket-book, tears a leaf from it, takes his penoilt, and prepares to write.*)

*Fig.* (*Reading.*)—"Let me know your name."—(*Beldare writes.*)—"Your name—and your"—'tis scrawl'd in pencil, and in such a cursed hurry, I can hardly—

*Tott.* (*Who puts on his spectacles, and reads over Vigil's shoulder.*)—"And your designs—"

*Fig.* (*Continuing.*) Aye—"Your designs; and what I have to hope."—(*Beldare writes again.*)—"I am confined by the bolts and bars of—"

*Tott.* (*Reading.*)—"Of an old fool."—Ha! ha! come, now, that's well enough.

*Fig.* Well enough, you blockhead!—(*Going on.*)—"He is a perfect Cerberus; but I think he may be deceived."—Aye, that remains to be proved.

*Tott.* Come; go on.

*Fig.* (*Proceeding.*)—"My father died in the field of honour, I am seventeen years of age; with a fortune, and a figure which, I think, is not despicable. I have a good deal of giddiness, to which I forewarn you"—That you have, with a devil of a—*Beldare*—want flow of spirits, and above all, my dear friend; and I shall, with my hand, to him who will rescue me from my present bondage.—*Exit.*

*Beld.* Charming girl!—(*Beldare and Risk get nearer, to*

*Vigil and Totterton, and listen with the utmost attention.)*

*Vig.* Now for the postscript. Every morning these ribbands may communicate our mutual thoughts and plans. Tie your answer to them directly.—(*Beldare gives the note he has written on the leaf of his pocket-book, to Risk, who ties it to the ribbands.*)—And give me a sign by—Stay, what this? Aye—give me a sign by clapping your hands together only once, when I may draw it up, without fear of discovery.—Now there's a Jezebel!—(*Remains pondering with his eyes fixed on the letter*)

*Risk.* 'Tis impossible to give the signal, sir, without their hearing us.

*Beld.* Hush!

*Vig.* What the devil am I to do with this gipsy, Totterton?

*Tott.* Keep her close still. Straw and a dark room.

*Vig.* I cou'dn't be so cruel to such a sweet creature, Totterton.

*Tott.* I would.

*Jig.* No, you wou'dn't.

*Tott.* I would—and that's flat.—(*Striking his hands together sharply. On Totterton's clapping his hands together, Beldare's letter is instantly drawn up to the oval window, and disappears.*)

*Risk.* She has it, sir, she has it!

*Beld.* In, in, in!—(*Runs with Risk into the hotel*)

*Vig.* This must have been for that eyes dropping officer, who went into the hotel, and—(*Looks round.*)—Eh? egad, she has drawn up the ribbands! and thinks, I warrant, to find an answer at the end of them! ha! ha! od'obobs! I have bamboozled her finely! Totterton!

*Tott.* Eh?

*Vig.* Get you to Lydia's apartment, directly. Lock all the doors; especially that that leads to the balcony; and keep sentry, till I come back.

*Tott.* Then I mustn't go after my nephew. He's at the Bull and Mouth by this time;—~~pointed out~~ out of the York Flying machine.

*Vig.* Fshaw! time enough for him. Besides, you know, he has our directions.—Now, get in; and don't let a single soul enter the house.

*Tott.* If Levi Kaiserman, the picture dealer, should call—

*Vig.* Don't admit him;—it may be a trick.—Zouns! why are you so dull? not a creature, except yourself, (particularly a male creature) shall be under my roof.

*Tott.* Well, well;—any thing to please you.—I'll go and chuck the tom-cat out of the garret window.

[*Exit, into the house.*]

*Vig.* And now, my gay blade of an officer, if you choose to enter the lists with me, we'll have a trial of skill, that's all.—But 'tis getting late; I must be off to Somerset House.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

(*As Vigil goes out, Risk peeps from the door of the hotel.*)

*Enter BELDARE, dressed as a German Jew, from the hotel.*

*Risk.* There he goes in the direct road to the Strand. You may come out, sir.

*Beld.* Having this masquerade dress by me, was lucky.—Don't you tinkel now, I looksh like de Shew, dat vash bring de choicesht picturesh from Yarmány?—(*Mimicking the Jewish dialect.*)

*Risk.* And do you think, sir, you can impose yourself on him as Levi Kaiserman, the picture dealer, he expects from abroad?

*Beld.* At least, I'll attempt it. I'll be before him at the Exhibition room.—The porter, there, is an old servant of my uncle's, and will let me inso the place, where they are hanging the pictures. Vigil shall find me poring in raptures over one of his own productions.—Then I'll introduce myself as Levi Kaiserman, and—but I lose time.—Risk, be vigilant.—*Going in haste, L.H. and forgetting his disguise.*

*Risk.* But sir, sir! that sir and that dress, will never agree in the street. You'll be discovered.

*Beld.* Zouns! that's true, I had forgot, and should have spoiled all.—(*Altering his gait and manner.*)—You shay mighty true. The Shew vash shupid dog, dat vash not know how to keep up his character.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

*Risk.* And the Chatterbox is a silly dog that runs mad for a woman he never saw in his life. Am I a fool? Hum—I think not. Then, why do I aid and abet a madman? Why

to bring 'grist to my mill. When I have made up a purse.  
I'll retire, take a farm, and marry a Pomona; stick pigs, stump  
in the mud, buy bullocks, swill ale, and bully plough-boys.

### SONG.—RIEK.

*Oh! when my farm is taken,  
How delightful 'twill be o'er my acres to stump!  
Then I'll marry a dairy-maid, jolly and plump,  
But she sha'n't be as fat as my bacon.  
I'll hire a lout to wield the flail;  
Small beer shall serve the bumpkin;  
Whilst I, with guzzling home-brew'd ale,  
Grow rounder than a pumpkin.  
I'll have hogs, dogs, cows, sows,  
Turkies, ducks, and barley-mows;  
Harrow, ganders, bullocks, ploughs,  
And I'll dazzle the country gabies.  
I'll get a bull—I'll get a cart,  
I'll get the Farmers' Guide by heart,  
And I'll get a dozen babies.  
Then I'll pet my dogs,  
I'll fat my hogs,  
I'll milk my cows,  
I'll salt my sows,  
I'll run my rigs,  
I'll stick my pigs,  
I'll roast my lambs,  
I'll mend my dams,  
I'll wet my knife,  
I'll kill my sheep,  
I'll kiss my wife,  
I'll go to sleep,  
All when my farm is taken.*

*I'll drink just double each Saturday night,  
Sitting up, with my spouse, by candle light,  
For I need not rise early on Sunday  
Then I'll prate to my lads, by the ovens and barns,  
While the dear little children's stockings she darns,  
That must go to the wash, on Monday.*

*On Sunday to church ;—beef and pudding, at one ;*

*Then, the evening to spend,*

*I'll get drunk with a friend,*

*Reel to bed, and on Monday, be up with the sun.*

*But, on Monday, my bed forsaking,*

*Oh ! how my nob will be aching !*

*With my eyes, stiff and red,*

*Sunk deep in my head,*

*I shall look as old as Methusalem !*

*While the curst noises round me*

*Will so confound me,*

*I shall wish the farm at Jerusalem.*

*For, there the pigs will be squeaking,*

*The waggon-wheels creaking,*

*Ducks quacking,*

*Cart-whips cracking,*

*Turkies gobbling,*

*Carters squabbling,*

*Rooks cawing,*

*Ploughboys jawing,*

*Horses neighing,*

*Donkeys braying,*

*Cocks crowing,*

*Oxen lowing ;—*

*Dogs bark,*

*Noah's Ark !*

*Gobble, wobble—whe—caw—caw,*

*Grunt—bow, wow—quack—moo—ee—aw !*

*All when my farm is taken.*

*[Exit into hotel.]*

*Enter VIGIL, and BELDARE, as Levi Kaiserman L.H.*

*Vigil.* Our meeting, in the Exhibition room, was very fortunate, indeed, Mr. Kaiserman.

*Beld.* Yesh, it vash fall out mighty lucky.

*Vigil.* I am vastly happy to be personally known to you, at last. 'Tis to your good offices, you know, Mr. Kaiserman, that I owe the success of my pictures, in Germany.

*Beld.* No such thing, as I hope to be shaved ; but you are no modest. Ah, dat is the like de great genius to be modest. Bless my soul ! vat a sharming piece you vas shend to de Exhibition, dish morning !



*Vigil.* What, my Danaë? I thought it seemed to strike you.

*Beld.* I declare, I was ravished.—De execution vash sho capital!—de colouring sho chaste!—de—but vereabouts ish your house?

*Vigil.* (*Pointing.*) Oh, here, hard by.—Didn't you like that effect in stretching out the arms? something uncommon to our school of painting, there; ah?

*Beld.* Vash'tly uncommon;—it ish so natural.

*Vigil.* And were you pleased with my blue cloud?

*Beld.* Pleash'd! I protesht, if it had been black, I should have hoishted my umbrella. Den de shower of gold:—oh, dat ish fine!

*Vigil.* I was sure you approved of the shower of gold.—I don't know a Jew that wouldn't. *(Aside.)*

*Beld.* Come, take me in mit to your home:—we can't talk so well upon de shtreet.

*Vigil.* (*Going towards the house, then stopping.*) Well, well—by the bye, how did you contrive to get admitted so early at Somerset House?

*Beld.* I was a foreign artisht, you know.

*Vigil.* Oh, true.

*Beld.* Sho I vash curious to shoo de English school, and—but, come into your housh, and shew me your worksh.

*Vigil.* (*Aside.*) He is devilish pressing to get in;—I don't half like it.

*Beld.* (*Aside.*) He hesitates.

*Vigil.* (*Aside.*) Zouns! if this should not be Levi Karserman, after all!—I'll sound him.—(*To him.*)—You made an excellent bargain for me abroad, in the sale of my Cassandra.

*Beld.* Oh, curse Cassandra!—(*Aside.*)—Yesh, dat vash a mashter-piece.

*Vigil.* The purchaser, I think, was, was—pshaw! I can't tell his name now, for the soul of me!

*Beld.* Upon my soul, no more can I! *(Aside.)*

*Vigil.* Wasn't it the grand Duke of—of—

*Beld.* Of Bavaria.

*Vigil.* Aye—the Duke of ~~Bavaria~~.—And to whom did I sell my Proserpine?

*Beld.* Oh, Proserpine—I vash shell her to de Archbishop of Cologne.

*Vigil.* No ; come, come—not to him neither.

• *Beld.* (*Disconcerted.*) Eh ! vy not ?

*Vigil.* Why, sho was without drapery ;—and to an archbishop ! pooh ! hang it ! you're joking.

*Beld.* (*Aside.*) Oh, tho devil ?—His eminence vash scruple, at first ; but de painting vash sho entishing, he couldn't reshist.

*Vigil.* And what did he give ?

*Beld.* Ten thousand florins.

*Vigil.* Which you have brought for me.

*Beld.* No ;—payable at four months.—Oh, you need not be alarmed—'Tish as good as de Bank.

*Vigil.* Oh, I'm not uneasy.—And now, Mr.—hem—Mr. Kaiserman, let me ask your opinion of a picture I have in my head.

*Beld.* Vat ish it ?

*Vigil.* It consists of two figures. The first is an old painter ; quick and cunning ;—a sly fox of some fifty ; who is reported to secure a young beauty under lock and key, whose features serve him as a model in his works.—Here he stands.

*Beld.* (*Aside.*) What does he drive at ?

*Vigil.* The second figure is a gay stripling, with a plaguy air of intrigue. I have the model of *him* too. Now, the youngster to humbug the artist, takes the disguise of a Jew picture-dealer ; but the old boy, accustomed to make green-horns betray themselves, talks to him of a Cassandra he *never* *sketched*, and a Proserpine he *never* *painted*. How do you like the subject ?

*Beld.* (*Aside.*) I wish it were upon canvass, and you were obliged to eat it for breakfast.

*Vigil.* (*Knocks at his door.*) Well, now, upon my word you did it very well. I declare I vash ravished ! de execution vash sho capital ! (*Mimicking.*)

*Beld.* Zouns ! sir ! I—

*Vigil.* Nay, nay, don't be mortified ; for you deceived even me, at first ; and so I'll give you a piece of advice :—never appear too eager to get into the house : for that discovers you ; and pray, for the sake of *decorum*, when you have another Proserpine to dispose of, don't "shell her to the Archbishop Cologne."

*[Exit, into his house.]*

*Enter Risk, from the Hotel.*

*Risk.* Well, sir, how goes on the war?

*Beld.* Countermined, and blown to the devil!—(*Pulls off his false beard and wig.*)

*Risk.* I told you how it would be, sir. We had better raise the siege at once.

*Beld.* Hang it! I don't like beating a retreat, Lydia, I am sure, must be charming. (*They talk apart.*)

*Enter SOLOMON LOB, L.H.U.E. from the top of the stage, with a canvass travelling sack at his back; two letters in his hand, and a couple of small bundles under his arm.*

*Lob.* (*Coming down, L.H.*) I've sure this Lunnun town's a hugeous place!—aye—and a bonny place too. How the streets somehow do grow out o'yan another!

*Beld.* After her letter, and my answer, it would be paltry, unmanly, to abandon her. I'm determined to get into the house;—but how to find my way—!

*Lob.* Watna, sir, I wish you'd be so kind to put me into mine lika;—for I've lost it outright, I's sure.

*Beld.* Pshaw! go to the devil!

*Lob.* I isn't a Lunnuner, sir!—I doan't know that road.

*Risk.* (*Crosses to centre.*) What's the name of the street you want to find?

*Lob.* Neame? why my uncle's master's.

*Risk.* And who is your uncle's master?

*Lob.* He! he! I thought every fool i' Lunnun know'd he.—Mr. Vigil, the noted limner.

*Beld.* Mr. Vigil!

*Lob.* Aye; I ax'd for un, as I coom'd along, at sign o'Green Man:—I thought he might ha' painted it.

*Beld.* And what do you want with Mr. Vigil, friend?

*Lob.* What do I want? what do I want wi' my own uncle there?—who do grind all his stuff for un, to make sham men and women.

*Risk.* (*Aside.*) Here's a dilligence, sir!

*Lob.* Uncle being old, and stupid gone, and a bit fond—ah, he sent for me fra' Dacaster, to help his wits, and gi'un

condolation ; for I be counted to have more parts nor all our family tied up in a bunch.

*Beld.* Tadcaster, in Yorkshire ?

*Lob.* Aye ; neighbours of our town calls I the *Genus*.

*Risk.* (*Aside.*) And a damn'd queer *Genus* you are !

*Beld.* What's your name, friend ?

*Lob.* Solomon Lob, sir.

*Beld.* (*Affecting to start.*) Is it possible ?

*Lob.* Doan't te jump ;—but I *is* Solomon ;—I's sure I is ;—wauns ! now, wha knows but thou is Mr. Vigil, his son !

*Beld.* I am the very man.

*Lob.* Well, dang me, somehow, if I didn't think so ! I be noted, as our parson do say, for guesssing at volks, instunkingly. Well, sir, and how be uncle Totterton ? Ods flesh, I ha'n't ha' seen un sin I first went to plough.

*Risk.* Your uncle—hem—your uncle is just gone out ; but we expect him home directly.

*Lob.* Dost thee know uncle, too ?

*Risk.* Yes ;—I (like him) am Mr. Vigil's domestick.

*Lob.* A dumb stick ?

*Risk.* Aye ;—your uncle's fellow servant.

*Lob.* Be you, indeed ! Oh, sir.—(*To Beldare.*)—I ha' summut for you in this here little bit bag.—(*Taking a small bag from his pocket and giving it to Beldare.*)

*Beld.* What's in it ?

*Lob.* Golden guineas, by gum ! Parson ha' sent 'em, for the picture you painted for our church. Here be his letter to 'ee, sir,—explaining the rights on't. (*Gives the letter.*)

*Beld.* Yes, yes ; I see 'tis for me. (*Reading the address.*)

*Lob.* Parson be getting on i' th' world, I assure ye, sir.

*Beld.* I'm happy to hear it.

*Lob.* He married his sister, last week, sir, to our rich hump-back'd letter carrier ; and, considering miss were nigh fifty, and bandy, t'were reckoned a tightish match.

*Beld.* And what's that other letter in your hand ?

*Lob.* For uncle Totterton.—Look at un, sir.—(*Gives it.*)—It do come from his loving sister, Margery ; my mother, sir. Robin Rawbones, our blacksmith, wrote un fur her.—Sin father died, Robin ha' been main comfortable to mother, and ha' done most of her odd jobs.

*Beld.* His sister, Margery—Robin Rawbones.—(*Looks*

*significantly at Risk.*)—Aye, Totterton has mentioned them to me very often. I'll give this to your uncle myself. Let us get him away.—(*Aside to Risk.*)—(*Lob taking up the bundles, which, during the scene, he has put on the ground.*)

*Lob.* I do suppose I be to go in, now, sir, and bide in your house.

*Beld.* To be sure. How shall we parry that!—(*Aside, to Risk.*)

*Risk.* (*Helping Lob with the bundles*) Zouns! fellow servant, what a deal of luggage you have brought up to London.

*Lob.* Pooh! this be nowt, mun. Mother ha' sent I up well rigged. I ha' left portmantle, wi' all all my best clothes, at Bull and Mouth, where we put up, wi' the coach.

*Risk.* At the Bull and Mouth? why, you'll be plundered!

*Lob.* (*Frightened.*) Noa! why, wauns, mun, ben't 'em safe?

*Risk.* Safe! run back ready to break your neck, or you'll never see 'em again.

*Lob.* I wool. Oh lord! mother told I thus ware a tricking town, sure enow. Which way mun I—

*Beld.* When you come back,—look ye,—that is my house—(*Pointing to the hotel.*)—You'll be sure to remember it.

*Lob.* Aye, sir—which is 'tway?—Oh, my poor portmantle!

*Risk.* Down this street—then to your right—then to your left—through Pimlico, into Holborn,—turn short out of Pall Mall into Finsbury Square; then any body will direct you. Run!

*Lob.* Wauns! it be hard to find.

*Risk.* Quick! quick!

*Lob.* I wool!—first turn to the—oh dear!—Pall Mall Square, and oh, my poor portmantle!

[*Exit running, L.R.S.E. leaving his bundles.*]

*Beld.* Now, Risk, be active.

*Risk.* I know what to do, sir. Here's a suit of the bumkin's in the bundle; I'll help myself on with it, and that shall help me into Vigil's house in a minute.

*Beld.* Here—take the letters and the money—they will be your credentials;—but, can you speak the dialect?

*Risk.* Never fear. I'm Yorkshire myself, sir.

*Beld.* Indeed!

\* *Risk.* Lord, sir, you might have known that by my modesty.

*Beld.* But, despatch;—get in doors, and prepare yourself.—(*Throws off his disguise.*)—In the mean time, I'll keep watch here for honest Solomon; and when he returns, I'll take him into our hotel, as Vigil's residence.

*Risk.* And when I am really in Mr. Vigil's, sir, do you take your post at the back of the house; the weakest part of the fortress, which I have discovered; and wait for my signal for getting you into the citadel. Now for it!—In three minutes I'll be Solomon Lob. [*Exit into the hotel.*]

*Beld.* Once more, victory leans on my side. And now, master Vigil, spite of all your cunning, I'll prove that youth and love, will always get the better of age and caution.

\* SONG.—BELDARE.

*Ruddy Damon, sighing said,  
 "Let us, dearest Phillis marry;"  
 Phillis smiled, but shook her head,—  
 "Parents tell us we must tarry."  
 Still did amorous Damon press,  
 'Till to church they slipp'd away;  
 Age said "no;" but Youth said "yes;"  
 Could you, could you blame them, pray?"*

*Youth, while mantling in the cheek,  
 Only knows what nature's will is;  
 Greybeards' precepts, then, are weak;  
 Ev'ry Damon has his Phillis.  
 Nature's law we all confess,  
 And, when nature points the way,  
 Tho' Age say "no!" still Youth says "yes!"  
 Can you, can you blame us, pray?"*

Zounds! here he comes again. If the bumpkin returns before Risk is ready, we are undone.

*Enter VIGIL and TOTTERTON, from the house.*

*Fig.* Time enough;—'tis but a little after ten, now, I tell you.

*Tott.* But my nephew must have been waiting these two hours. I must make haste, and—(*Going.*)—Eh! why, there's that officer skulking about still.

*Beld.* (*Coming forward.*) Your servant, sir. I am still here, you see; but don't be alarmed.

*Fig.* Oh, no;—ha, ha!—I'm not so easily frightened.

*Beld.* I couldn't leave the field, without paying all due homage to the conqueror.

*Fig.* Ha!—Then I have no longer the honour, I suppose, of talking to Mr. Kaiserman.

*Beld.* No, sir; you are talking to Frederick Beldare, captain of grenadiers, and nephew to General Thunder.

*Fig.* Frederick Beldare.

*Beld.* Yes, sir; who will never cease to proclaim your consummate valour in forcing him to capitulate. But come, Mr. Vigil, after a stubborn engagement, the heroes on either side ought to shake hands. You have no resentment, I hope.

*Fig.* None in the world. Why, sir, you have rendered me famous and secure for ever. Nobody, now, will dare to attack the man, who has defeated the brave Frederick Beldare, captain of grenadiers, and nephew to General Thunder.

*Beld.* (*Aside.*) Oh, curse your sneering! Why, where can Risk be, all this time?—(*Risk appears.*)—Oh, yonder he goes. You say right, Mr. Vigil.

*Enter Risk from the hotel, dressed as Solomon Lob, and goes to the back of the scene.*

I'll never measure swords again with an enemy, so much my superior in knowledge;—and thus I quit the field of battle.

*Exit into the hotel.*

*Fig.* And that's the last I shall see of the bold nephew of the great General Thunder.

## FINALE.

*Risk.* (Coming forward, as Solomon Lob, and bowing to Vigil and Totterton.)

Your pardon, good gentlefolks, pray;  
I am strange-like, in Lunnun, and I should be glad,  
If you'd just be so kind to a poor country lad,  
As to larn un to find out his way.

*Beld.* (At the balcony of the hotel.)

I'll listen.

*Vig.* Friend—

*Risk.* Ees—

*Vig.* Let me know

The street to which you want to go.

*Risk.* (Giving a letter.)

This letter, sir, will sartify.

*Vig.* (Reading.)

"To Mr. Vigil."—'Sbud! 'tis I.

*Risk.* What, you!

*Vig.* Yes, I.

*Risk.* Wauns! here's a frisk!

*Tott.* Why, here's a frisk!

*Risk.* Wauns! here's a frisk!

*Beld.* (At the balcony.)

Oh, bravo, bravo, Risk!

(*Vig.* here, opens and reads the letter.)

*Tott.* Solomon Lob, or I'm mistaken.

*Risk.* That's I, as sure as bacon's bacon.

*Tott.* Why, nephew!

*Risk.* Uncle!

*Both.* Is it you!

*Risk.* Ees. •

*Tott.* Yes.

*Both.* Lord love you, how d'ye do. (They embrace.)

*Vig.* (After reading the letter.)

The parson's letter's right—but where  
Is all the money that he sends!

*Risk.* (Giving him the paper.)

Here, sir;—and, uncle, mother, there,  
Has sent you news of all our friends.

(Gives Totterton a letter.)



*Beld. and Risk. (Aside.)*

*The gudgeons bite already ;  
They swallow every lie.*

*Vig. and Tott. An honest lad, and steady ;*

*I'll { count } it by and by.  
      { read }*

*Enter SOLOMON LOB at the back of the stage, L. H.*

*Lob. I ha' got my portmanteau again,  
      By gum without any resistance.*

*Beld. Confusion ! we're ruin'd, that's plain ;  
      For the bumpkin appears at a distance.*

*This way ! this way ! (Beckoning Solomon.)*

*Lob. Ees, I'll come.*

*I knows the house ;—I'se not a dunce.*

*(Risk here observes Beldare and Solomon.)*

*Risk. Uncle, shan't us now go home ?*

*Vig & Tot. Yes, my lad, come in at once.*

*[Exit Solomon into the hotel]*

*Beld. & Risk. Huzza ! we're in safety once more !  
      Our triumph will soon be complete.*

*Vig. & Tott. Come in, my lad, this is the door ;  
      We have talk'd long enough in the 'street.*

*(To Risk.)*

*Follow us ;—we'll lead the way.*

*Risk. Ees, I'll come.*

*Beld. Huzza ! huzza !*

*[Exeunt, Vigil, Totterton, and Risk into Vigil's  
      house ;—Beldare into the hotel.]*

FND OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Vigil's Painting-room.*—*A large window in the back scene;—the bottom part of which is shaded by a green curtain. Busts and pictures in different parts of the room, some finished, some unfinished. Among the rest, a picture on an easel, in an unfinished state, representing figures as large as life. A table with large portfolios on it. A marble slab on a pedestal, to grand colours.*

*Enter VIGIL and LYDIA, R. H.*

*Lyd.* I shall not sit as a model for any of your pictures, to-day, sir.

*Vig.* Now, was over any thing so perverse! Why, Lydia,—why do you always take such a pleasure in thwarting my wishes?

*Lyd.* Only as a suitable return, sir, for your always thwarting mine.

*Vig.* You are to remember, madam, that I have taken upon myself the care of your conduct and education.

*Lyd.* That's as much as to say, you have taken upon yourself the privilege of tormenting me, from morning to night.

*Vig.* And dare you tell me to my face that—

*Lyd.* Sir, I dare tell you that the death of my father should make me free; that, in confiding me to the affectionate care of your sister, whose memory I shall always cherish, he never meant to expose me to your tyranny;—in one word, that immuring me here, as your slave, is usurping the rights of nature, and abusing one of the most sacred trusts. And now, sir, as you have often complained of my giddiness,—(*Laughing.*)—you see I have been serious, for the first time.

*Vig.* Charming, spirits you are in to-day, indeed!—and the best receipt for ~~the same~~ <sup>such</sup> spirits, I perceive, is a love-letter, dangling at the end of a ~~perfect~~ <sup>perfect</sup> ~~hands.~~

*Lyd.* What do you mean?

*Vig.* It has come to hand;—but not exactly as you intend-

ed.—(*Taking it from his pocket, and unfolding it.*)—Here it is.

*Lyd.* (*Endeavouring to take it from him.*) Dear!—I can't conceive how you—

*Fig.* How I came by it:—but nothing escapes me, you see.

*Lyd.* (*Smiling.*) Then it seems you have got my letter.

*Fig.* And pray, good madam, how will you clear up this subject to me?

*Lyd.* Very easily.—Here's the answer to it.

(*Shewing Beldare's letter.*)

*Fig.* The answer!

(*Attempting to snatch it.*)

*Lyd.* Softly, sir;—softly, if you please:—you treasure your letter, and I mine, you know.—(*Reads.*)—“*I am called Frederick Beldare;—a captain of grenadiers, nephew of a gallant general. My love for you is most ardent, and I swear to unite my destiny to yours.*”—Now, that's open and honourable; isn't it, sir?

*Fig.* (*Looking over, and reading.*) “*I cannot explain myself further, as I write this absolutely in the presence of your Argos.*”—Zouns, in my presence!—When?—where?—how?

*Lyd.* (*Reading.*) “*In the open street, behind his back, but close at his elbow.*”

*Fig.* Oh, the devil!

*Lyd.* “*And this, I trust, will not be the only time I shall make a fool of him.*”—Then you were by?—on the very spot!

*Fig.* Yes, yes—damn it, I was sure enough!

(*Goes to his painting.*)

*Lyd.* Ha, ha, ha!—I am positively in love with him for his cleverness:—and I dare say he is very handsome.

*Fig.* Lydia, I—

*Lyd.* Come, you are famous for catching a likeness; and as you have the brush in your hand, do now, paint me his picture.

*Fig.* (*Throwing the brush away.*) Confound the brush, Beldare, pen, ink, paper, and all hand-weavers.

*Enter TOTTERTON and RISK, L.H.—Risk carrying Solomon Lob's cloak-bag.*

*Tott.* Put it down there, my boy;—under that table.

*(Risk puts down the bag, and affects extreme awkwardness.)*

*Lyd.* So!—this is the precious nephew we have so long expected!

*Risk.* Aye, madam, I's Solomon Lob;—you'll find me varry handy about t' house. When I was at whoam i't' country, I always help'd mother to make her hog's puddings.

*Tott.* The lad has talents.

*Risk.* Zo, I be com'd fra Tadcaster, to look a'ter you; and to mind measter's orders.

*Fig.* That's a good lad.—Always mind my orders.

*Lyd.* Not content, then, with your own and Totterton's teasing, I am to have the additional plague of being watched by this booby.

*Risk.* Booby! wauns! madam, you'll find I another guess sort of a person from what you do think.

*Fig. (Painting.)* Totterton.

*Tott.* Sir.

*Fig.* I want some black.

*Tott.* I'll grind it directly.

*Risk.* I'll do't for ye, mun.—*(Crossing towards Lydia, who is re-perusing the letter from Beldare. He coughs and makes signs to her: she remains with her eyes fixed on the letter.)*

*Fig. (To Tott.)* Where's Sampson Thwack, the bruiser, to-day, that he doesn't come to me, as a model?

*Tott.* Sick in bed;—he was up late, last night, at the Cat and Bagpipes.

*Fig.* A drunken rascal!

*Lyd. (Taking her eyes from the letter, and observing Risk)* Why, I declare this blockhead is winking at me!

*Fig.* What! *(Starting up.)*

*Tott.* Mercy on us! Why Sampson! are you mad!

*Risk. (Rubbing his eye.)* E'en a'most, fogs!—A plaguy 'enat ha' gotten i' my left eye, and nigh blinded me,

*Tott.* Oh, was that it!

*Figl.* Ha, ha! poor fellow!—No, no, he doesn't look like one of the winking sort, not he. (*to Totterton.*) Then, I have no hopes of seeing Thwack, to-day?

*Tott.* No.

*Figl.* The scoundrel has got drunk on purpose to vex me.—Two hours sitting would be enough;—and the picture must be shipp'd for Russia this evening. You too, madam Lydia,—I'm obliged to you for it,—won't let me take advantage of your features to finish my work.—Zouns! I believe the whole world conspires to smother my efforts, and ruin me in my profession.—(*He deranges his painting apparatus, peevishly, and throws himself into an arm chair. During this, Totterton has taken Risk to the marble, on which the colours are placed, and appears teaching him to grind them*)

*Lyd.* Come,—you shan't say I have hurt you in your profession.—I *will* sit to you.

*Fig.* Will you?—Come now, that's kind.

*Lyd.* But, remember, 'tis on one condition.

*Fig.* And what's that?

*Tott.* (*To Risk, who is grinding colours, and at the same time, watching Lydia.*)—There, work away, and I'll be with you again, presently, [Exit, R.H.]

*Lyd.* Why, the condition is,—that I go to the Exhibition, to-morrow.

*Fig.* What, to meet that infernal Captain of Grenadiers!—Zouns, madam, and do you think I'll be such a dupe?

*Lyd.* Just as you please.—No Exhibition, for me, to-morrow,—no sitting, for you, to-day; that's all.

*Fig.* And have you the assurance to—

*Lyd.* Oh, if you are getting into a passion, I shall retire to my chamber. (*going*)

*Fig.* Nay, but, Lydia—

# AIR.—LYDIA.

*A guardian there was, and a ~~val~~ <sup>val</sup> was he;*

*Fal, de rul, de ral, la! la, ~~la~~*

*He kept his ward under lock and key;*

*Fal, de ral, de rul, la! la.*

*He tried to plague her all the day;  
But she danced and sang the hours away.  
Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

*She laugh'd at this crab, as long as she could;*

*Fal, de ral, de ral, lal, la.*

*For fretting never does us good;*

*Fal, de ral, de ral, lal, la.*

*But he grew mare teasing every day;*

*So she took to her heels, and ran away.*

*Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

[Exit, R.H.]

*Vigil. Nay—Lydia—Lydia!—* [Exit, following her.]

*Risk. (Coming from the marble slab.)* So!—the sly hound has lost the scent.—Now, to see if my master is watching at the back of the house.—(Goes to the window, lifts up the green curtain, and peeps out.)—No—not come yet.—How deuced pretty Vigil's ward is!—but, a little wild devil, she had near discovered me to the guardian.—That stupid dotard, Totterton, too, asks me so many questions about Tadcaster, and his family, that—Stay—he's within hearing, for he's toddling in and out every minute.—I'll bawl out a Yorkshire ditty, that shall split the old fellow's ears.—(Goes to the marble slab, and sings while he is grinding the colours.)

### SONG.—RISK.

TUNE.—“Ally Croker.”

*A captain bold in Halifax, that dwelt in country quarters,  
Seduced a maid, who hang'd herself one morning in her  
garters;*

*His wicked conscience smited him; he lost his stomach  
daily;*

*He took to drinking ratifa, and thought upon Miss Bailey.*

*Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!*

*One night betimes he went to rest, for he had caught a  
fever;*

*Says he, “I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver.”*

*His candle, just at twelve o'clock, began to burn quite  
palely;*

*A ghost stepp'd up to his bed-side, and said, "behold Miss Bailey!"*

*Oh! Miss Bailey! &c.*

*"Avaunt, Miss Bailey!" then he cried, "your face looks white and mealy!"*

*"Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied, "you've used me ungentleely.*

*The Crowner's 'quest goes hard with me, because I've acted frailly,*

*And Parson Biggs won't bury me, though I am dead Miss Bailey."*

*Oh! Miss Bailey, &c.*

*"Dear corpse," says he, "since you and I, accounts must once for all close,*

*I've got a one-pound note, in my regimental small-clothes;*

*'Twill bribe the Sexton for your grave;"—the ghost then vanish'd gaily,*

*Crying, "bless you, wicked Captain Smith! remember poor Miss Bailey."*

*Oh! Miss Bailey! &c.*

*Enter TOTTERTON, with a box of colours, R.H.*

*Tott.* Adsobbs! well sung!—I didn't think boy you had such a voice.

*Risk.* Clerk of our parish larn'd I to chaunt, wi' his pitchfork.

*Tott.* What, old Davy Drone, of Tadcaster?

*Risk.* Ees.

*Tott.* Aha!—why he's one of my oldest friends.—And how is he?

*Risk.* Oh, zouns! I must kill all his old friends, or he'll ask questions about 'em for ever.—(*Aside.*)—He be dead.

*Tott.* Davy Drone dead?—bless us!—and your mother not to write me word!—Ah!—he must have been old!—I think about—Didn't he die at eighty-four?

*Risk.* Non;—at five in the morning.

*Tott.* Umph!—And honest Mat Figgins, the grocer,—a hale and hearty?

*Risk.* He be dead too.

*Tott.* He dead too!—Poor Mat!—his lump-sugar was excellent!—he had a dog, I remember, that chuck'd a half-penny off his nose into his mouth, whenever you said nine.—Is the dog alive?

*Risk.* Noa ;—he eat a half-penny.

*Tott.* And did that kill him?

*Risk.* Ees ;—'tware such a very bad one.

*Tott.* Well, and what's become of old Gruntlepool, the undertaker?

*Risk.* He's gone, dead too ; and were buried last Christmas.

*Tott.* What the death-hunter dead, too !—Why, bless us, they do nothing but die, at Tadcaster ! what's the reason of it, Solomon ?—

*Risk.* We ha' gotten three more pottycaries.

*Tott.* Oh, then I don't wonder.—But come, 'tis almost dinner time. Make haste, and grind out the black, and then for the shoulder of mutton.—(*Going.*)—Dear, dear, fifty years ago, who'd have thought my old friepds would have dropped off so fast !

[*Goes out, R.H.*]

*Risk.* Oh, curse your questions ! my master must have waited in the street till he's out of all patience.—They seem all busy for a moment, at least ;—so I'll untie the ladder of ropes, that I have crammed into honest Solomon Lob's cloak bag.—(*Untying it.*)—Without this ladder of ropes, we could have done nothing.

*Re-enter TOTTERTON, R.H.*

*Tott.* (*Seeing him busied with the cloak-bag.*) Ah !—that cloak bag's the very thing I came for.—I had forgot to take it into the hall ; Mr. Vigil can't abide a litter.

*Risk.* (*Uneasy.*) Noa, uncle, noa ;—I'll take it into the hall.

*Tott.* Tut, boy ! 't isn't heavy.

*Risk.* Odrabbit it, there be a deal more in't than you do think for.

*Enter VIGIL, R.H.*

*Vig.* Totterton.



*Tott.* Eh?

*Vig.* Come here.—(*Totterton goes with him to the front of the stage, having put down the cloak-bag—Risk returns to the marble slab.*)—Lydia will sit for the picture, provided I take her to the Exhibition to-morrow.

*Tott.* I on't do n.

*Vig.* Hold your tongue; I've promised her.

*Tott.* She'll give you the slip there—Mind, 'twas I said so.

*Vig.* Pshaw! you're an old blockhead.—She's coming to the painting room, here, directly;—dressed for the subject I'm painting.

*Tott.* And what will you do for Sampson Thwack? who's to stand up for him?

*Vig.* Why, I told Lydia I had a great mind to try Solomon Lob;—but she won't hear of it.—Between ourselves she's right; for I must say, though he's your nephew, he's the awkwardest rascal I ever saw in my life.—(*Taking Totterton further from Risk*)—Come more this way;—a thought has struck me.—(*During the following conversation, Risk steals to the cloak-bag, which he opens, and shuts, after having taken out a ladder of ropes, which he hides under several post-folios, placed on the table.*)—There's a barrack not far off.

*Tott.* I know it.

*Vig.* Couldn't you get me a soldier off duty?—only for a couple of hours.

*Tott.* To be sure I can.

*Vig.* Tell him I'll pay him handsomely—and harkee,—pick out a strong, well-made fellow;—as like Thwack as you an.

*Tott.* I will. (*Going.*)

*Vig.* And stay;—be sure he's one of your own choosing—Bring him here yourself, else some dangerous designing dog may get into the house, and——

*Tott.* Oh, let me alone. (*Going.*)

*Risk.* (*Who is now returned to the slab.*) Dost 'e want me to gang and help you wi' ony thing, uncle?

*Tott.* No, no,—stay where you are, boy.

[*Exit with the bag, L.H.*]

*Vig.* As for you, Solomon Lob, remember to execute faithfully all that I order you.

*Risk.* I will, sir.

*Fig.* If Miss Lydia desires you to carry a letter, bring it to me directly.

*Risk.* I will, sir.

*Fig.* You are to watch her at every turn, you know.

*Risk.* Ees—that's what I be com'd here for, sir.

*Fig.* (*Taking his palette, and returning again to his work.*) At last, then, I shall finish my picture.—A charming subject!—Cressida giving her glove to Troilus, on his quitting Troy, for the Grecian camp.

*Enter LYDIA, R.H.*

*Risk.* Now, if I could but make her know me! (*Aside.*)

*Fig.* (*To Lydia.*) Well, Lydia!—why how comes it you are not dressed for the subject I'm painting?

*Lyd.* We must have a word or two of explanation yet, before we finish our treaty.

*Fig.* Pshaw!—what's the matter now?

*Lyd.* Imprimis;—you are to take me to the Exhibition.

*Fig.* Granted.

*Lyd.* But we are not to sneak in, remember after dinner, when all the company is gone. The middle of the day, and a full room; that's my stipulation.

*Fig.* Well, I—well, come, that's granted too.

*Lyd.* Very well, then;—when you have performed your promise, I'll perform mine.

*Fig.* Why, zouns! you must sit directly. Won't you take my word 'till to-morrow?

TRIO.—LYDIA, VIGIL, and RISK.

*Lydia.* No, no;—I doubt you much, I vow, sir;

*Your promises are mighty fine;—*

*Give me the Exhibition, now, sir;*

*Allons! we'll to't before we dine.*

*Vigil.* (*Sneering.*) *Your Captain, in the throng,*  
*Waits there, his love to meet.*

*Risk.* (*Aside, and pointing to the window.*)—*Upon my*  
*soul, you're wrong,*

*He's waiting in the street.*

*Lydia.* Excuse me, sir, your word I doubt.

I'll tell you how it comes about :—

Deceit has always been your plan.

*Vigil.* Zouns ! madam, do you mean to flout ?

You fret me worse than law, or gout,

Or all the plagues that pester man !

*Risk.*—( *Aside.* )—How shall I make her find me out ?

How tell her I am not the lout ?

I must inform her if I can.

*Lydia.* Well, no more words,—since words are galling.

*Risk.* ( *Singing clownishly, and grinding the colours.* )

Tol, lol, loddly, loddly, do.

*Vigil.* Why, how that awkward boobey's hawling !

*Lydia.*—( *Going away.* )—What's said, is said, and  
past recalling.

*Vigil.*—( *Peevishly.* )—Well, no more words.

*Risk.*—( *Aside.* )—She must not go.

*Vigil and Lydia.* What's said is said, and past recalling.

*Risk.* ( *Still grinding, and repeating the burden of the  
Couplets, in the first Act.* ) “ He who pities maids, like thee,  
“ Hither comes to set you free ”

*Lydia.* ( *Who stops, suddenly, on hearing Risk ; she  
looks stedfastly at him, without being perceived by Vigil,  
who has, at this moment, turned his back, and is occupied  
with his painting.* )—Hark ! heard I right ! the air I know !

*Vigil.* ( *Seeing Lydia return.* )—

Why, Lydia, will you plague me daily ?

Why will you vex your guardian so ?

*Risk.* ( *Still grinding.* )

“ Oh, Miss Bailey ! unfortunate Miss Bailey ! ”

*Lydia.* ( *Hiding her agitation, and at times looking to-  
wards Risk.* )

Come, I relent ;—I might be wrong ;

I'll sit :—good nature is my vice.

*Risk.* ( *Aside.* )

She caught the burthen of the song,

By jingo in a trice !

*Lydia.* Good humour now prevailing,

Let all our bickerings cease ;—

Adieu to spleen and railing !

Our quarrel ends in peace.

*Vigil.* Good humour, &c.

} together.

*Risk.* My lucky stars prevailing;  
 My hopes, how they increase!  
 I've now no fear of failing!  
 The prisoner I'll release.

*Lyd.* Since the man is ill, sir, who was to sit for this picture to-day,—suppose we—hem—suppose we try Totterton's nephew here.—(*Pointing to Risk.*)—He's quite a sim-pleton to be sure;—but perhaps he may answer the purpose.

*Risk.* Did you want I, madam?—(*Whispering her.*)—I am Captain Beldare's man.

*Lyd.* Yes;—now I look at him again, I think he'll answer the purpose very well.

*Vig.* Why you told me in the room, just now, he looked like a goose.

*Lyd.* Certainly, at first sight, I—but poor fellow, he seems to be of service.

*Risk.* That's what I do, madam.—Odrabbit it! Sir, Miss do see what I be good for better nor you.

*Vig.* Pshaw!—nonsense!—I've sent for a soldier.

*Lyd.* A soldier!

*Vig.* I expect him here every minute.

*Lyd.* Oh, very well;—I'll run and get on my dress;—but you have locked it up;—I can't get it without the key of the gallery.

*Vig.* Well, well, I——(*Hesitating.*)—Well, come here it is. (*Gives her the key.*)

*Lyd.* (*Aside and going.*) A soldier!—and Beldare's man here.—This means something,—and time will explain it.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

*Vig.* She has made it up so soon, that I am mistaken if she hasn't some mischief in her head.—And I too, to be such a blockhead to trust her with the key of that gallery!—I'll lay my life she's peeping out there, to give Beldare some clue to find her at the Exhibition to-morrow.—I'll be after her directly. (*Going, R.H.*)

*Enter TOTTERTON and a GRENADIER, L.H.*

*Tott.* Here, I have brought you a thumper.

*Vig. (Looking at the grenadier.)* Aye—well—I—yes.  
—Put him into the dress;—I'll be here in a minute,

[*Runs out, R.H.*]

*Tott.* Bless my soul!—he has shot off like a piece of quicksilver!—where is he going in such a hurry!—

*Gren.* Come, old one,—be alive;—I've no time to spare.

*Tott. (Taking a breast-plate from an armed chair.)*  
Well, patience, patience.—You are off duty, you know, honest friend.

*Gren.* We have a roll-call at five; I musn't be too late.

*Tott.* Time enough, time enough.—And what is your name, friend?

*Gren.* Dub.

*Tott.* Dub!—bless me! that's a very short name for a grenadier!—come, put by your cap.

*Gren. (Putting the cap on the chair.)* But I say, my hearty,—besides the half crown, you know, I'm to have a pot of porter for a compliment.

*Tott.* Aye, aye—we shan't quarrel about that.—Come you and help us.—(*To Risk.*)—Here's the breast-plate,—(*Taking it up*)—and—(*Bell rings.*)—Hark! that's my master's bell!—there's the helmet and beard, and—(*Bell rings again.*)—Coming! coming!—help the honest man, Solomon.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

*Risk.* Ees uncle, I will.

*Gren.* Is that old buck your uncle?

*Risk.* Now's my time, or never!—(*Risk quits the Grenadier, whose arms are passed half way through the arm-holes of the breast-plate, and runs to the rope-ladder, which he has hid under the port-folios.*)

*Gren.* Why what the devil do you leave me hand-cuffed so for?

*Risk. (Opening the window, and throwing out the rope-ladder, which he fixes to the balcony.)* Quick! quick!—come up!—

*Gren. (Disentangles himself from the breast-plate, and throws it on the floor.)* Zouns!—they have brought me into this house to rob me.—(*Draws his sword, and stands on his guard. Beldare, at the same time, appears at the window, and jumps into the room.*)

*Gren.* Why, 'tis my own captain!

*Beld.* Ha !—you here, my lad !—how came you into this house ? ( *To the Grenadier.* )

*Risk.* To help gallantry, and relieve beauty, sir.

*Gren.* Beauty, you ugly dog ! what do you mean ?

*Risk.* ( *Rapidly.* ) Get down that ladder as quick as you can ;—take my master's cloak, that you'll find at the bottom of it.—Wait for me at the public-house, at the corner :—I'll be with you in a quarter of an hour, and you shall drink your skin-full to the health of Captain Beldare.

*Beld.* Do so, my lad ;—and I'll reward you handsomely depend on't.

*Gren.* Quick march, then ! ( *Goes to take up his cap and sword.* )

*Risk.* No, no ; leave your cap and sword ; we shall want them.

*Gren.* Leave my accoutrements !—Captain ?

( *Hesitating.* )

*Beld.* I'll be answerable for them.

*Gren.* Well, captain, if any thing should come on't, you'll bear me harmless. Pray take care of my sword, captain ;—it stuck by me all last war, and somehow I have a love for it.

( *Getting out at the window.* )

*Beld.* I'll be careful of it. I enter into your sentiments, my brave fellow ! a British soldier always feels an affection for the weapon he has used against the enemies of old England.—( *The Grenadier goes down the ladder, and Risk shuts the window.* )

*Risk.* Now, sir, your hat if you please,—and on with this helmet and breast-plate immediately.

*Beld.* Explain all in two words, before any body comes.—( *Gives Risk his hat, who hides it behind the port-folios.* )

*Risk.* In two words, then,—you are the grenadier that is just gone out at window ;—and, over and above the money for your trouble, you'll get a pot of porter.

*Beld.* What for ?

*Risk.* For coming as a model to old Vigil, for one of his pictures.

*Beld.* I conceive.—( *During this, Risk is dressing Beldare.* )—Is Lydia handsome ?

*Risk.* As an angel !

*Beld.* As I predicted !—I won't quit the house without her.

LOVE LAUGHS

*Risk.* Softly, sir, softly!—we shall be discovered.

*Beld.* That's true;—but how am I to hide my face.

*Risk.* Here's a wig and beard, sir, which belong to the long dress;—they will disguise it, I warrant. And now, I think, we—(*Tries it on.*)—ha! here's somebody coming!

*Enter TOTTERTON, L.H.*

*Tott.* Why, there's a young man at the door, says he is my nephew, Solomon Lob.

*Risk.* (*Aside.*) Zouns! we're discovered!—Why uncle, you don't say so?

*Tott.* Sure as you are there;—but he dont bamboozle me.—What do you think?

*Risk.* What!

*Tott.* I saw him stealing from the hotel over the way,—where that officer lives.

*Risk.* Did you, by gum!

*Tott.* Yes;—a rogue the captain has hired to carry on his plots.

*Risk.* Wauns! uncle, you ha' hit on't.

*Tott.* Oh, let me alone for finding out a cheat. He wont go from the door,—so there let him stay.—Well, have you dressed the—(*Looking at Beldare.*)—Aye,—very well;—the helmet a little more up,—there,—(*Arranging the dress.*)—An impudent knave!—to think to impose upon me!

*Enter VIGIL, R.H.*

*Vig.* I've got my keys again, and she is safe.—Oh, this is the man for the model.

*Tott.* Much about the size of Thwack; isn't he?

*Vig.* (*Taking Totterton aside.*) But are you quite sure he's a soldier?

*Tott.* Pugh!—I brought him from the barracks, myself.

*Vig.* Enough.—And how much money are you to have, my lad? (*Beldare pauses.*)

*Tott.* He's to have half a crown.

*Beld.* And a pot of porter.

*Vig.* Aye, aye,—two if you like.—Totterton see if Lydia's

ready.—[*Exit Totterton, R.H.*.]—What regiment do you belong to my lad?

*Beld.* The First.

*Vig.* Indeed!—then, perhaps, you know an officer called Beldare, nephew to General Thunder?

*Beld.* He's my own captain.

*Vig.* Is he?—then you may tell him, from me, if he ever hopes to set a foot in this house, he's plaguily mistaken.

*Beld.* I will.

*Enter LYDIA, R.H. dressed for the picture, preceded by TOTTERTON.*

*Lyd.* (*Aside to Risk, as she enters.*) Who is that soldier?

*Risk.* (*Aside to Lydia.*) He's my master.

*Vig.* So, Lydia, you are ready, I see.

*Lyd.* Is this the soldier, sir, who is to be my companion?

*Vig.* Yes;—a good subject;—though it seems, madam, he knows your Captain Beldare.

*Lyd.* Indeed!

*Beld.* I was in his company, when I received my last wound, madam.

*Lyd.* And, how did you get your wound, pray?

*Beld.* In scaling a fortress, which the enemy thought impregnable. A rich treasure was locked up in it. I mounted a ladder, and got into the building, through a window;—but I had hardly been five minutes in the place, before I received a deep wound, just—just on this side, madam.

(*Placing his hand on his left side.*)

*Lyd.* On—on the side of the heart?

*Beld.* Yes, madam.

*Lyd.* But it was very slight, I suppose.

*Beld.* Oh, no;—very dangerous. I shall feel the effects of it for the rest of my life, madam.

*Lyd.* For the rest of your life!—poor man! I pity you, sincerely.

*Vig.* Come, come,—we lose time;—let's to business.—You see this picture, friend;—this is the position I want.—Now take that lady's hand; kneel, and look her full in the face.

*Beld.* (*Kneeling, and taking Lydia's hand.*) The lady, I am afraid, will think me very awkward.



*Lyd.* Oh, no! not in the least.

*Tott* (*Who has been busied in various parts of the room.*) Bless my soul!—here's a hat, with a spanking cockade, crammed under the port folios!—(*A violent tap is heard at the window.*)—Eh?—why, what's that?

*The GRENADIER opens the window, and looks in.*

*Gren.* I must attend parade, directly. Tell Captain Beldare to chuck me my sword.

*Fig.* Captain Beldare!

*Risk.* (*Throwing the sword to the Grenadier.*) Take your sword, and go to the devil!

(*The Grenadier disappears.*)

*Fig.* Why zouns!—am I betrayed!

*Beld.* (*Throwing off his disguise.*) Even so, sir.—I am that Captain Beldare, who, in spite of your bolts, bars, and locksmiths, cherished hopes of setting foot in your house; and have not been, you see, so plaguily mistaken.

*Fig.* And how the devil did you get in?

*Risk.* Oh, I let my master in, sir, at that window.

*Tott.* His master!—Oh, my poor Solomon Lob!

[*Runs out, L.H.*

*Fig.* And, now, sir, you have got into my house, do me the favour to go out of it.

*Beld.* With all my heart, when this lady accompanies me.

*Fig.* Sir, this lady shall—

*Beld.* Nay, nay;—no blustering. Look ye, Mr. Vigil, I am young and independent, and this lady intirely free.

*Fig.* Free?

*Beld.* Yes, sir;—the law, I know, gives you no power over her. Resign her quietly, or dread the consequences. Come, my old boy, listen to terms, and she shall come and sit, as a model, whenever you please.

*Lyd.* Oh, certainly.

*Enter TOTTERTON and SOLOMON LOB, L.H.*

*Tott.* Oh, my poor Solomon!—that I took for a rogue, and shut out of doors!

*Sol.* Ne'er heed it, uncle; I be in at last.—(*To Vigil.*)—  
He come, sir, to see that nobody do run away wi' miss.

*Vig.* Upon my soul, you have taken a very pretty time  
for it!—Well, well, 'tis in vain to murmur, I see. Captain,  
you have conquered—I submit.

*Beld.* Well resolved!—And, if ever you have another  
ward under your care, Mr. Vigil, recollect that it is the happy  
privilege of this country, that its women, like its men are  
always free.

### FINALE.—BELDARE.

*Cupid inflaming us,  
Old men  
Are fools, when  
They ever talk of taming us.  
Life's date is quickly past;  
Youth's bloom is fading fast;  
Know this—  
Then seize bliss,  
And pleasures while they last.*  
*Chorus.—Cupid inflaming us, &c*

### LYDIA.

*Guardians, wishing to secure us,  
Only think and act like dolts;  
Let them, as they will immure us,  
Love contrives to burst the bolts.*  
*Chorus.—Cupid inflaming us, &c.*

### VIGIL.

*Women all our senses cozen;  
Through a maze of wiles they run.  
I can paint them by the dozen,  
But I cannot conquer one.  
Cupid inflaming them,  
Old men,  
Are fools then,  
Who ever talk of taming them.*  
*Chorus.—Cupid inflaming us, &c.*

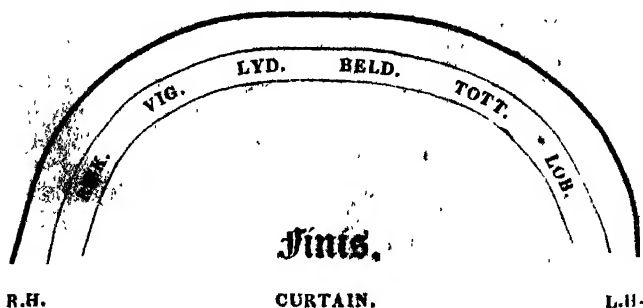
## RISK.—(TO VIGIL.)

*When you paint the pretty creatures,  
 Always place a Captain near;  
 Nothing heightens more their features,  
 Than a handsome Grenadier.*

## CHORUS.

*Cupid inflaming them,  
 Old men  
 Are fools, when  
 They ever talk of taming them.*

*Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.*



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No. VI.—PRICE ONE SHILLING,

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Monthly, called

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES;

OR,  
*FLOWERS OF LITERATURE.*

EDITED  
By WILLIAM GABERRY, Comedian.

---

—“An Olio,  
Compiled from quarto and from folio;  
From pamphlet, newspaper, and book.”

---

THE object of this Work is to collect, in a narrow compass, and at a moderate expense, the lighter and more entertaining parts of literature. Every reader, who has the experience of a few years only, must recollect how much of his time has been wasted in unprofitable toil when he only sought amusement, in wading through volumes to be at last rewarded by a solitary gem, the value of which has been diminished to nothing by the labour of the acquisition. The essence of most volumes might be contained in a nut shell, while the huge cap that covers them might make an helmet for Goliath. To a hard-headed phlegmatic reader all this is nothing; he travels you through a quarto, much as a hack horse goes over his beaten road! but to the light-hearted, volatile reader, with whom literature is a luxury, who sips up a volume as he sips up his coffee, and is obliged carefully to double down the resting leaf, that he may be sure not to read the same page twice over, all this is a most serious grievance; to him therefore, we venture to say, that this Work will prove a pleasant companion, and one whose monthly visitation will be as welcome to him as if it brought May-day along with it. He will find in it what he most desires, amusement without toil, and will travel over the world of literature, as the reader of *Cooke's Voyages* makes a girdle round the globe while sitting in his elbow chair. That our little volume is neither over wise nor learned, is precisely its greatest merit. There are hours in which even gravity is glad to relax, and our book pretends only to fill up such hours, when the brain is weary, the temper is clouded, and the head would ache at the bare idea of encountering a solid quarto. Who, however gifted

he may be, has not his hours of trifling, when a grave didactic companion, with his folios of sense and learning, is an intolerable nuisance? Who at such times would not give the world to exchange his grave friend for some light-hearted coxcomb, who is all whim and gaiety, and who if he talks nonsense, at least talks agreeable nonsense? Just such a friend is, or would be, our purposed work; a companion that may be taken up or laid down at any time without the necessity of doubling down the corners; a friend that one would wish to have when whirling along in a chaise upon a road, when nothing is new from the mile-stone to the sign-post.

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Oxberry's Edition.

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**THE REVIEW;  
OR, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.**

*A MUSICAL FARCE,*

**By George Colman, Esq.**

---

*WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.*

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED  
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

**Theatres Royal.**

**BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.**

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**London.**

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND  
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1822.



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8, White-Hart Yard.

## Remarks.

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### THE REVIEW.

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The power of a man of talent to elicit amusement from the slightest and least promising materials, is strikingly displayed by this dramatic trifle. Few pieces are more destitute of novelty in every point of view. Plot there is none. The incidents are few and trivial; and the same characters have been exhibited in the same situations, in innumerable previous instances. Suspicious guardians, intriguing wards, and blundering servants, have composed the *dramatic personæ*, of half the plays and farces produced during the last century; yet, they are here so pleasantly grouped, coloured with so happy an extravagance, and made to converse in language so pregnant with whim and drollery, that the "Review" has always been a decided favourite; and will long continue to excite the laughter of those careless mortals, who visit the theatre merely to be amused, without examining too curiously into the construction of the piece which calls forth their merriment.

The vulgar Irishman of the modern stage, is a description of character, in depicting which the author of the "Review" remarkably excels. *Looney Mactwolter* is a rich specimen of this ability; and as the author was most happy in his delineation of the part, he was equally fortunate in having it sustained by so inimitable a performer as the original representative. The stoical gravity of the mind which can remain proof against the exquisite humour of *Looney's* bulls and blunders, when played by Johnstone, is little to be coveted. The *Yorkshireman*, the *Deputy*, and the two pair of lovers, possess few shining characteristics; but the voluble *Quotem* must not be passed over in silence. This caricature (which, with many others of a similar description, seems to have owed its origin to an actor's rapidity of utter-

ance, without having any prototype in nature,) occasioned a curious dispute between Colman and a Mr. Lee, manager of some theatres in the West of England. The particulars of the affair seem to have been as follows:—In the summer of 1798, Lee produced a musical piece at the Haymarket, called “ Throw Physic to the Dogs,” which, from a combination of untoward circumstances, was coolly received, and withdrawn, though possessed of much merit. One or two traits of character it contained, were deemed worthy of preservation; and accordingly, a year or two after, Colman being required, upon an emergency, to produce a piece at a brief notice, selected the character of *Quotem* from Mr. Lee’s drama, and fitted it into his own. This freedom Lee resented, and, on the publication of the “ Review,” refused to allow *his* portions of the character to be printed with the remainder. They were accordingly omitted; but will be found in the present *complete* edition.

Colman’s conduct in this transaction was certainly somewhat reprehensible. After having seized upon another man’s property in so unceremonious a manner, he might at least have acknowledged his obligation courteously; but, we have reason to believe, that he refused to admit Mr. Lee’s claim to *Quotem*, alleging that *he* had merely copied it from another character, though the piece called “ Throw Physic to the Dogs” had been repeatedly played in the country, long before the farce from which the alleged piracy was made was ever heard of. It was this strange behaviour which induced Mr. Lee to prohibit the publication of the scene in question.

George Colman, the Younger,\* son of the able translator and dramatist, was born in 1765; acquired the rudiments of education at Westminster School; and completed his studies at Oxford and Aberdeen. He was then entered of the Mid-

\* In an advertisement prefixed to the notorious first edition of the “ Iron Chest,” Colman thus states his reason for retaining this juvenile appellation:—

“ Lest my father’s memory should be injured by ~~my~~ <sup>my father’s</sup> ~~name~~ <sup>name</sup>, and in the confusion of after-times, the translator of Terence, and the author of *the Jealous Wife*, be supposed guilty of ‘The Iron Chest,’ I ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, (continued ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> dramatic publications) to subscribe myself,

George Colman, the Younger

Temple; but, inheriting from his father a taste for the drama, law soon became distasteful to him, and he slighted Coke and Blackstone, for the more attractive pages of Congreve and Shakspeare. In 1789, Colman senior's mental alienation rendering him incapable of superintending his property at the Haymarket Theatre, it fell to the charge of his son, to whom the licence was subsequently transferred by his late Majesty. In 1805, Messrs. Morris and Winston were admitted sharers in the concern, which for some time enjoyed much prosperity under the joint managers; but, disputes at length arose, and after several years of litigation and loss, Colman disposed of all his property in the theatre. It is understood that he has long been involved in pecuniary difficulties—which, it is hoped, the recent gracious act of his Majesty, in appointing him Lieutenant of his Yeomen of the Guard, has in some degree contributed to remove.

His first dramatic production was a musical piece, called "Two to One," played at the Haymarket, in 1784, and well received. It was prefaced by a prologue, from the pen of his father, which concluded thus:—

With dulness should the son and sire be curst,  
And dunces the second follow dunces the first,  
The shallow stripling's vain attempt you'll mock,  
And damn him—for a chip of the old block.

This drew forth the following Epigram, addressed to our author, which appeared in the newspapers a day or two after:—

"Another writes, because his father writ,  
"And proves himself a bastard by his wit"  
So Young declaims: but you, by right divine,  
Can claim a just, hereditary line;  
By learning tutor'd, as by fancy nurst,  
A George the Second sprung from George the First.

*His other Dramas are:—*

Turk and no Turk, M.C. 1785.—Inkle and Yarico, O. 1787.—Wax and Means, C. 1788.—Surrender of Calais, P. 1791.—Poor Old Haymarket, Prol. 1792.—Mountaineers, P. 1795.—New Hay at the Old Market, C.D. 1795.\*—

\* The Interlude, called "Sylvester Daggerwood," is taken from this piece.

Iron Chest, *P.* 1796.—Blue Beard, *M.D.* 1798.—Feudal Times, *P.* 1799.—Poor Gentleman, *C.* 1802.—No Prelude, *Prel.* 1803.—John Bull, *C.* 1805.—Who wants a Guinea? *C.* 1805.—We Fly by Night, *F.* 1806.—Battle of Hexham, *P.* 1808.—Hein at Law, *C.* 1808.—Blue Devils, *I.* 1808.—Review, *F.* 1808.—Gay Deceivers, *F.* 1808.—Africans, *P.* 1808.—Love Laughs at Locksmiths, *F.* 1808.—X. Y. Z. *I.* 1810.—Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh, *B.D.* 1811.—Doctor Hocus Pocus, *Pant.* 1814.—Actor of All-Work, *I.* 1817.

Some other pieces have been attributed to him, but upon doubtful authority.

P. P.

### Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and thirty-five minutes.

### Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.....		Second Entrance.
U.E.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D.....		Middle Door.
D.F.....		Door in flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

## **Costume.**

---

**CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD,**

Regimentals.

**DEPUTY BULL,**

Old gentleman's brown suit.

**LOONEY MACTWOLTER,**

Brown coat, flowered waistcoat, and drab-coloured breeches.

**JOHN LUMP,**

Green plush coat, red waistcoat, and leather breeches.

**CALEB QUOTEM,**

Black coat, white waistcoat and breeches, trimmed with black.

**CHARLES WILLIAMS,**

Dress of a private soldier.

**SERJEANT HIGGINBOTHAM,**

Ditto of a sergeant.

**DUBBS,**

Brown jacket and breeches, apron, and sleeves.

**GRACE GAYLOVE,**

Neat quaker's dress.

**LUCY,**

First dress—Coloured gown, apron, red cloak, and gipsy hat. Second ditto—Plain white muslin.

**MARTHA,**

Neat coloured gown, &c.

**PHOEBE WHITEHORN,**

Same as Charles Williams.

## Persons Represented.

---

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden</i>
<i>Captain Beauguard</i> - - -	Mr. J. Smith.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Deputy Bull</i> - - - - -	Mr. Gattio.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Looney Mactwoller</i> - - -	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. Tokely.
<i>John Lump</i> - - - - -	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Caleb Quotem</i> - - - - -	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Charles Williams</i> - - -	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. King.
<i>Serjeant Higginbotham</i> -	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Dubbs</i> - - - - -	Mr. Chatterley.	Mr. Faucit.
<i>Grace Gaylove</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Lucy</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Bland.	Mrs. Liston.
<i>Martha</i> - - - - -	Miss Carr.	Mrs. Whitmore.
<i>Phæbe Whitehorn</i> - - -	Miss Kelly.	Miss Beaumont.

# THE REVIEW.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*Windsor Camp.—Sun rising.*

SERGEANT and SOLDIERS discovered, picturesquely grouped,  
*before the tents.*

#### A MEDLEY.

*When the lark, in ether singing,  
Tunes his matins to the skies,  
Briskly, from a straw-bed springing,  
Jolly soldiers rise.*

*While here, in camp, we lie,  
Dull sorrow we defy ;  
No care can damp our joys ;  
We're merry English boys !*

*Oh, when the gay Reveille sounds,  
From earth's fresh lap the soldier bounds :  
Then, rub a dub a dub the drummer goes :  
And toota toota too the fifer blows.*

*We are soldiers of Britain; we revel and sing;  
We are staunch in the cause of our country and king.*

*Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, R.H.*

*Beau. Serjeant !*

*Serj. Here, noble captain !*



*Beau.* Well said, Serjeant Iligginbottom!—now send the young volunteer to me, who entered last night.

*Serj.* Harry Bloomly, captain?

*Beau.* Tho same.—And hearkye, serjeant,—should the pretty little gipsy girl, that came to my tent, yesterday, wait to speak with me, be sure to see her safe, and quietly through the lines.

*Serj.* Ahem!—Let me alone, your honour! (*Archly.*)

*Beau.* Nay, nay, no soldier's jokes, now, master serjeant—I have particular reasons that this girl, whatever she may seem, may pass unmolested by our men.

*Serj.* Never fear, captain!—though a petticoat may be a little patched, a soldier loves it too well to insult the wearer of it. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Beau.* This gipsy disguise of Lucy's, to make her avoid notice, in the camp, I fear renders her more conspicuous. She had better, I believe, come with her despatches, from my fair little quaker, of Windsor, in her real character of chambermaid.—Oh! here she is.

*Enter LUCY, L.H.U.E. disguised as a gipsy.*

*Lucy.* Captain Beauguard!

*Beau.* Ah!—my little Lucy!

*"Disguised, among the Greeks, from tent to tent,  
In tatters, thus the Paphian goddess went."*

*Lucy.* You soldier fellows are devils. They gave me no less than eight kisses, as I came along;—for I counted them.

*Beau.* Keep a fair reckoning, Lucy. (*Kisses her.*)

*Lucy.* That makes nine.—There's luck in odd numbers, they say.—Let me look at your palm, captain, and I'll tell your fortune.

*Beau.* I must cross your hand first, Lucy.

(*Gives her money.*)

*Lucy.* Gold!—thank you, captain!—I wish you were a general.—Here's a line,—(*Looking at his hand*)—that tell me you will change your quarters, in half an hour.

*Beau.* That's a lying line, I believe, Lucy.

*Lucy.* Never trust the stars, then;—for your fate decrees—

—but, I must give it you in high-sounding language ;—for the futes are pompous.

*‘ Captain, you must to Windsor town repair;  
Where I, for you, this summer day, have hired  
A neat first floor, at one pound one, per week.*

*Beau.* For the better carrying on our plans, I suppose :—but explain.

*Lucy.* Mr. Deputy Bull, my master, grows very suspicious of his ward ;—the merry young quaker, my mistress.

*Beau.* My mistress, you mean Lucy.

*Lucy.* My coming here, day after day, will be discovered ; so I have hired lodgings for you, in the town of Windsor, here,—where we may have easier communication.

*Beau.* Who is my landlord ?

*Lucy.* The parish clerk ;—Caleb Quotem.

*Beau.* Dainn that fellow !—he is the laugh of all Windsor. He has more trades than hairs in his wig ;—and more tongue than trades.—He’ll talk me to death.

*Lucy.* But the parish clerk, captain, is the readiest road for you to the parson.

*Beau.* Well,—I know his house.

*Lucy.* Go there, then, immediately.—We are in a strange state, at Mr. Deputy Bull’s.—Every hour may bring something new ;—and I may have occasion to give you intelligence in the course of the day.

*Beau.* I’ll prepare, directly.—How shall I get you through the lines ?

*Lucy.* Leave that to me ;—I’ll cant my way, in the true gipsy style :—only hear me.

#### SONG.—LUCY.

*A poor little gipsy, I wander forlorn ;  
My fortune was told long before I was born ;—  
So fortunes I tell, as forsaken I stray,  
And, in search of my lover, I’m lost on my way ;—  
Spare a halfpenny,  
Spare a poor little gipsy a halfpenny !*

*I fear from this line, you have been a sad man,  
And, to harm us poor girls, have form'd many a plan.  
But beware lest repentance, too late, cause you pain,  
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain,—  
Spare a halfpenny, &c* [Exit, I H E R

*Beau.* I must now prepare for my new lodgings—Oh here comes Harry Bloomly

*Enter PHOEBE WHITEHORN, L.H. dressed as a soldier.*

So, my young fellow!—you are equipped, I see, a smart stripling enough, in your regimentals

*Phoe* The men say I don't look amiss in them, captain

*Beau.* As you applied to me last night, when you came to the camp, I had a curiosity to see you this morning. How came you to enlist?

*Phoe* To serve his majesty, captain, and help to give his enemies a drubbing

*Beau.* Bravely spoken!—but you begin early, youngster—before you have any symptoms of beard upon your chin

*Phoe* Oh, captain, I found it would be a very tedious time if I waited for that. Pray, captain, if I may make bold, isn't one Charles Williams in your regiment?

*Beau.* He attends on me

*Phoe* (*Eagerly.*) Does he, indeed?

*Beau.* And is one of the handiest fellows in the ranks

*Phoe* And one of the handsomest, I'm sure, captain

*Beau.* Do you know any thing of him?

*Phoe* Yes—no—I—that is—I know he is a Shropshire lad, and born in the same parish with me.

*Beau.* Then you are acquainted, it seems.

*Phoe* Oh, no,—not at all acquainted,—only, we were very intimate, to be sure;—and——

*Beau.* Not acquainted, but very intimate!—There is something very suspicious in this account, youngster. I trust Williams is honest,—but, I shall examine him myself.

*Phoe.* O, dear, your honour!—I wouldn't have him come to harm, on my account, for the world. He is one of the truest-hearted, constant——

*Beau.* Constant!

*Phœ.* (*Confused.*) Lud ! what have I said !

*Beau.* Do let me look at you again. A woman, by this light !—(*Aside.*)—I tell you what, child ;—there is a particular something about you, that convinces me you are as tight a little Shropshire lass as ever danced round the Wrekin.

*Phœ.* Pray, pray, your honour, don't betray me ! But you are the very deuce at finding out a particular something about a woman, that's the truth on't.

*Beau.* What's your name ?

*Phœ.* Phoebe Whitehorn, sir.

*Beau.* So—love for Williams, I see, has made a soldier of you, my pretty Phoebe.

*Phœ.* Sure enough, and so it has. If ever a witch wore a red coat, your honour is one, I'll be sworn.

*Beau.* But, why do you follow a man, my poor girl, who has deserted you ?

*Phœ.* He's no deserter, your honour. He's as true to his love, as to his king :—but, when his father died, last Christmas, without a penny, and I was poor too, what could be done, your honour !—If we had married, twenty to one, we should have had a family ; and then, how could we support them, you know ?

*Beau.* Very naturally reasoned, indeed !

*Phœ.* And, so, your honour, poor Charles enlisted ; and bid me good bye, till he could make a fortune, and come back to me ;—but, when he was gone, I thought it would be long before my Charles would be made a general, and grow rich ; so I determined to follow him ;—and having a little good news to tell him, he little dreams of, I came, and—here I am, your honour.

*Beau.* Well, well, child, keep quiet for a short time. It is not usual to enlist women, indeed ;—but, one way or other, I will undertake your fortunes. Go to your post, and be cautious.

*Phœ.* Oh, never fear, captain !—You have given me such spirits, that I shall pass for a merry little soldier.—They shan't discover me, I warrant you, captain.

## SONG.—PHŒBE.

*A tight little soldier, I'll swagger away,  
And threaten the foes of Old England to drub  
I'll rise for parade, by the break of the day,  
When roused by the sound of a rub a dub, dub.*

*In camp, I'll be merry; and, each afternoon,  
When duty is over, and nothing to do,  
I'll cry, little fifer, come strike up a tune,  
And jig it away to his toot a toot, too.*

*To be clean, on the march, will be always my pride;  
My spatterdash neat, and my hair in a club;—  
And if my dear lover should march by my side,  
My heart will beat quick to the rub a dub, dub.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the house of Mr. Deputy Bull, at Windsor.*

*Enter DEPUTY BULL and GRACE GAYLOVE, L.H.*

*Bull.* Suppose I did sell a few figs, upon Ludgate Hill, why must you be quizzing my origin?

*Grace.* I quiz thee not, friend Bull; though thou didst deal in grocery.

*Bull.* Grocery be damn'd!—An't I, now, Mr. Deputy Bull, of Portsoken Ward—with my carriage—and country house, here, at Windsor—all in taste!—I retire here for fresh air, and you slap tea, and treacle, in my chops. Didn't Obadiah Gaylove, your father, on his death-bed, make you my ward?

*Grace.* Yea;—being then exceeding weak, he appointed thee my guardian.

*Bull.* Then you should mind what I say;—and I say, Grace Gaylove, you don't go to the Review, to-morrow.

*Grace.* Verily, Bull, the truth is not in thee;—for I will

behold the men of war perform their exercise;—and, at night, when the youths and maidens do assemble, to the sound of minstrelsy,—

*Bull.* Well, what then?

*Grace.* Then reels, and jigs, will I dance.

*Bull.* A pretty quaker you are, to be dancing reels, and jigs, at a ball!—This mad Captain Beauguard has bewitched you.

*Grace.* That same Beauguard saved my life, friend Bull. When the pleasure-barge did overset, at Datchet, he sprang from the shore, and plucked me from the waters.

*Bull.* And left me sticking in a mud-hole, and be damn'd to him,—with my legs jammed into an eel-basket. If I hadn't caught hold of Neptune's pitch-fork, at the end of the boat, I should have gone to the bottom, like a lump of sugar, in a tea-cup.

*Grace.* Ha, ha!—when I behold thee, dripping, without thy perwig, thou didst remind me of an old weasel, on its hinder legs.

*Bull.* Upon my soul, I am very much obliged to you, madam Grace!—This captain, and your tumble in the Thames, have plaguily unstarched your manners.

*Grace.* Yea;—after my fall in the waters, I became a wet quaker.

*Bull.* Well,—wet or dry, get you up to your chamber.

*Grace.* Yea;—hum.

*Bull.* And you'll promise me never to think of this Beauguard again.

*Grace.* Nay;—hum.

*Bull.* Damn me, if you shall hum me. I wish I had never heard of such a thing as a soldier.

*Grace.* Then, friend Bull, thou hadst never made thy fortune by figs!—for, a soldier is the protector of commerce, and claimeth the tradesman's respect and gratitude.—He, also, protecteth the fair, and a soldier findeth favour in my eye.—Thou understandest me;—hum!—(*Archly.*)

[*Exit, R.H.*

*Bull.* Oh yes, I do understand you. That's as much as to say, I have twenty thousand pounds, when I come of age, and I'll follow my own inclinations.

*Enter MARTHA, L.H.*

*Mar.* Here's a man, sir, come after the footman's place.

*Bull.* I hope he is civiller than the last fellow.—Does he look modest ?

*Mar.* Oh, yes, sir ;—he's an Irishman.

*Bull.* Well, we are used to them in the Bull family.—Let me see him.—[*Exit Martha, L.H.*].—I hope I shall be able to keep a servant, at last. They are all so confounded saucy to me, because I have been a grocer.

*Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L.H. with a hay-fork on his shoulder.*

*Bull.* So you want a place.

*Looney.* You may say that, with your own ugly mouth

*Bull.* My ugly mouth !—you have been in service before ?

*Looney.* Does a duck swim ?

*Bull.* Who have you lived with ?

*Looney.* I lived with the Mactwolters', nineteen years ;—and, then, they turned me off.

*Bull.* The Mactwolters' !—Why did they turn you off ?

*Looney.* They went dead.

*Bull.* That's an awkward way of discharging a servant.—Who were they ?

*Looney.* My own beautiful father, and most beautiful mother. They died of a whiskey fever ;—and left myself, Looney Mactwolter, heir to their estate.

*Bull.* They had then an estate, it seems.

*Looney.* Yes ; they had a pig.

*Bull.* Umph !—But they died, you say, when you were nineteen. What have you been doing ever since ?

*Looney.* I'm a physicianer.

*Bull.* The devil you are !

*Looney.* Yes ;—I'm a cow-doctor.

*Bull.* And what brought you here ?

*Looney.* Hay-making.—Look,—this is a fork.

*Bull.* Well, I see that.

*Looney.* Hire me;—then I'll have a knife to it;—and prettily I'll toss about your beef, Mr. Bull.

*Bull.* I don't doubt you. This fellow would ram a cart load of chuck-steaks down his throat, with a paving-rod.—What can you do, as a footman?—Can you clean plate?

*Looney.* Clean a plate? Botheration, man, would you hire me for your kitchen-maid! I can dirty one, with any body in the parish.

*Bull.* Do you think, now, Looney, you could contrive to beat a coat?

*Looney.* Faith can I,—in the Connaught fashion.

*Bull.* How's that?

*Looney.* With a man in it.—Och, let me alone for dusting your ould jacket, Mr. Bull!

*Bull.* The devil dust you, I say!

*Looney.* Be aisy, and I'll warrant, we'll agree.—Give me what I ax, and we'll never tumble out about the wages.

*Enter MARTHA, L.H.*

*Mar.* Here's another man—come after the place, I believe, sir.

*Bull.* Another man?—(*Crosses to centre.*)—let me see him.  
[*Exit Martha, L.H.*]

*Looney.* Faith, now, you'll bother yourself betwixt us.—You'll be like a cat in a tripe-shop, and not know where to choose.

*Enter LUMP, L.H.*

*Lump.* Be you Mr. Bull, zur.

*Bull.* Yes;—I am the Deputy.

*Lump.* Oh! if you are na' but the deputy, I'll bide here, till I see Mr. Bull himsen.

*Bull.* Blockhead!—I am himself;—Mr. Deputy Bull.

*Looney.* Arrah, can't you see man, that this ugly ould gentleman is himself?

*Bull.* Hold your tongue.—What's your name?

*Lump.* John Lump.

*Bull.* And what do you want, John Lump?

*Lump.* Why, I'se comed here, zur,—but as we be upon a bit o' business, I'll let you hear the long and the short on't.



(*Draws a chair and sits down.*)—I'se comed here, zur, to hire mysen for your sarvant.

**Bull.** Ha,—but you don't expect, I perceive, to have any standing wages.

**Looney.** (*Drawing a chair, and sitting down on the other side of Bull.*) Aren't you a pretty spalpeen, now, to squat yourself down there, in the presence of Mr. Deputy Bull?

**Bull.** Now, here's a couple of scoundrels!

**Looney.** Don't be in a passion with him!—Mind how I'll larn him politeness.

**Bull.** Get up, directly, you villain, or——

**Looney.** (*Complimenting.*) Not before Mr. Lump. See how I'll give him the polish.

**Bull.** If you don't get up, directly, I'll squeeze your heads together, like two figs in a jar.

**Lump.** (*Rising.*) Oh, then it be unmannerly for a footman to rest himsen, I suppose.

**Looney.** (*Rising.*) To be sure it is.—No servant has the bad manners to sit before his master, but the coachman.

**Lump.** I ax your pardon, zur.—I'se na' but a poor Yorkshire lad, travelled up from Doncaster races. I'se simple, zur, but I'se willing to larn.

**Bull.** Simple, and willing to learn?—two qualities, master Lump, which will answer my purpose.

(*Lump retires up the stage.*)

**Looney.** Mind what you're after going to do, Mr. Deputy Bull. If you hire this fellow, from the Donkey races, when Looney Mactwolter is at your elbow, I'll make free to say you're making a complete Judy of yourself.

**Bull.** You do make free with a vengeance! Now, I'll make free to say, get you out of my house, you damp'd impudent cow-doctor!

**Looney.** You're no scholar, or you'd larn how to bemean yourself, to a physicianer.—Arrah, isn't a cow-doctor as good as you, you ould figman?

**Bull.** Old figman?—This rascal, too, quizzing my origin! —Get down stairs, or——

**Looney.** Don't come over me with the pride of your staircase; for hadn't my father a comfortable ladder to go up and down stairs with?—To the devil I pitch you, Mr. Deputy Bull.—Take Mr. Lump into your dirty service; and,

' next time I'm after meeting him, I'll thump Mr. Lump, or Mr. Lump shall thump Mr. Looney Mactwolter. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Bull.* That Irish bog-trotter has no more shame——

*Lump.* (R.H.) Noa, zur—he hen't sheamful at all;—but, zur, you'll find I a very sheamful sarvant.

' *Bull.* Then, look ye, John Lump. You shall have the same wages as my last footman: and, if you are a very faithful lad, I'll give you a French half-crown, for a Christmas-box.

*Lump.* Thank ye, zur;—thank ye, if it was but five shillings.

*Bull.* Now, you must know, John, I have a ward. You never saw my ward?

*Lump.* Noa, zur.—I seed one, once, in York hospital.

*Bull.* 'Pshaw! you blockhead! this is a young lady. I must employ you to watch her, day and night. She is now in her chamber.

*Lump.* Then she and I be to sleep in the same room, I suppose, zur.

*Bull.* Nonsense!—but come to my apartment in a quarter of an hour; and I'll explain all. (*Going.*)

*Lump.* Zur!

*Bull.* Well?

*Lump.* Good bye, till I zec ye again, zur.

*Bull.* 'Pshaw! [*Exit, R.H.*]

*Enter GRACE GAYLOVE, R.H.U.E.*

*Grace.* If this man be hired, him will I suborn, to circumvent my guardian.—Friend! (*Tapping him on the shoulder.*)

*Lump.* Eh?

*Grace.* Art thou the new serving man?

*Lump.* Yees.

*Grace.* Dost thou love mammon?

*Lump.* Noa—I loves Dolly Duggins.—She and I kept company.

*Grace.* He is simple, and understandeth not parables. I will commune with him in a language all ranks comprehend.—Friend, here is a guinea for thee.

*Lump.* Is there, by gum!—

*Grace.* Take it.

*Lump.* I wool.

*Grace.* Cheat thy master, and serve me.

*Lump.* I wool.

*Grace.* Dost think thou canst trick him well?

*Lump.* Yees.—I'se Yorkshire.

*Grace.* Follow me.—Thou comest north, and needest few tricking instructions. [*Exit*, R.H.]

*Lump.* Well, I'll be shot if that bee'nt a pratty woman for a quaker, as ever I seed !—Ecod, it is a guinea, sure enough. Well, come, that's not so much amiss for a beginning like. Ha! ha ha! ecod, I've a comical thought com'd into my head.—Damme, if I don't think 'at that woman's fall'd in love wi' me—Well, I shouldn't wonder, for I know I'm pratty,—O, yes! I am quite satisfied about that He! he! he! dang me, if I don't think she wants to be call'd Mrs. Lump:—but I'll go after her, and ax her about it; for far more unlikelier ships have com'd into harbour than this, and so I'll—— [*Exit*, R.H. *chuckling*]

SCENE III.—*A Street in Windsor, with a view of Windsor Castle.—Quotem's House, L.H.U.E.*

(*Over the door of Quotem's house, is a board, inscribed—“Caleb Quotem, Auctioneer, Plumber, Glazier, Engraver, Apothecary, Schoolmaster, Watch-maker, Sign-painter, &c. &c.”*)

“*N.B.—This is the Parish Clerk's.—I cure Agues, and teach the Use of the Globes.*”

*Enter* CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, R.H.

*Beau.* This is the house. Now then, for the lodgings Lucy has provided for me.—I dread the tongue of my landlord. The very board against his wall, says more than any of his neighbours. (*Going to the door*)

*Enter* LOONEY MACTWOLTER, R.H.

*Looney.* That Deputy Bull is the biggest beast in this parish, whatever's the next. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

*Beau.* Bull ! zounds, my little quaker's guardian !—What do you know of Deputy Bull, pray ?

*Looney.* I know a donkey driver is his wallet-de-sham, because he can't see I'm the dandy.

*Beau.* You are a servant he has discharged, I suppose.

*Looney.* Indeed, and he did that thing ; he turned off Looney Mactwolter before he hired him. It wasn't genteel ; —and now he has got a Lump.

*Beau.* A Lump !—what's that ?

*Looney.* Why, sure, and isn't it a footman ?—I'll be even with ould Bull, before he can say dumplings.

*Beau.* As I must probably carry off my mistress from the Deputy's, a stout fellow or two about me, may be necessary. This Irishman—(*Aside.*)—Friend, what say you to serving me ?—I give good pay, and good eating.

*Looney.* By my soul, then, you have a good character, and I'll hire you for my master.

*Beau.* Come to me in this house :—I'll give you employment.

[*Exit, into Quotem's house, L.H.S.E.*]

*Looney.* Och, then, good luck to me !—I'm a captain's footman :—so now I've got rank in the army. Ould Bull, the treacle-man, may be choaked with a big fig.—I shall eat shoulder of mutton, like an ostrich. [*Exit into house, L.H.S.E.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*A room in Quotem's house.*

*Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, L.H.*

*Beau.* Considering I can only come here, from the camp, occasionally, I shall have a tolerable house-full of attendants.—Let me see.—Charles Williams I have ordered here, to wait on me ;—and little Phoebe Whitehorn, that I may bring the lovers together.—Then there's the Irishman, and——

*Quo.* (*Without, L.H.*) Oh ! very well—very well ;—I'll wait on the captain, directly.

*Beau.* Who have we here ?—Oh, my bore of a landlord, I suppose.

*Enter QUOTEM, L.H.*

*Quo.* Captain, your most obedient.

*Beau.* Yours, sir.

*Quo.* My name, sir, is Caleb Quotem, at your service. My father was well known in this parish, and the country round, as the poet says—sexton and crier here, thirty years and upwards. By trade a plumber and glazier, to which I have added many others, as auctioneer, school-master, engraver, watch-maker, sign-painter, &c. &c. Talking of signs, puts me in mind of the Zodiac.—You must know, I am allowed to possess some knowledge of the sciences, globes, terrestrial and celestial, telescopes, and household furniture;—understand all sorts of fixtures, magnets, marble slabs, polar stars, and corner cupboards.

*Beau.* Damn the fellow!—he has travelled over both hemispheres, and now fixed himself in a corner cupboard! But pray, what may your business be with me, sir?

*Quo.* My business is that of my father's, as Shakspeare says; but my reason for attending you is—talking of reason, puts me in mind of the man in Bedlam, who swore all mankind were mad; for they had locked him up, and he could not divine the cause; now this man, as the poet says, had “cool reason on his side.” Talking of side, puts me in mind of myself—I am beside myself—that is, I threw myself beside you, to express how much I am “your humble servant,” as Dryden says.

*Beau.* A mighty expressive sentence truly, Mr Quotem.

*Quo.* Captain, I shall be happy to serve you on all occasions. —I can make or mend pumps, or windows, paint cupboards, or carriages, repair watches or weather-glasses—in short, (as a great author says) “I'm up to every thing.” Talking of every thing, I write ballads and epitaphs, cut tomb-stones, and sell coffin furniture—shall be glad to serve you with any of the last articles at the lowest price, as the poet says.

*Beau.* I hope I sha'n't trouble you for any of the latter articles soon, Mr. Quotem;—your town of Windsor is very wholesome.

*Quo.* The air is salubrious, and the fields look green, as Pope says. Yet, somehow or other, people drop away very speedily.

*Beau.* Why you seem the very picture of health.

*Quo.* That is chiefly owing to a part of my profession—  
or rather my father's profession, at which I always assist.

*Beau.* What's that?

*Quo.* Grave making, turning up the fresh earth you know is healthy employ.—I should like to dig your grave. Talking of grave-making, puts me in mind of physic;—do you know I dabble a little in that way?

*Beau.* Indeed!

*Quo.* When none of the faculty are on the spot, neighbours call me in, being very near several patients—my house—church-yard.

*Beau.* Church-yard! Oh! very near your patients, I dare say.

*Quo.* Ha! ha! come, that's a good one—as man and boy, concerned in every thing, flimsy affairs, and weighty matters. How do you think I employ my hours? A day now, a summer's day, as Milton says.

*Beau.* I can't guess, indeed.

*Quo.* Morning, rise at five—father not up—run to church—ring bell—back to school—look over big boy's accounts—teach children catechism—breakfast at eight—swallow muffins—play tune—German flute, or fiddle—fright jack-daws from chickens—church-yard—dig graves till ten—run to penfold—advertize strayed cattle—make out registers, marriage banns and certificates, till eleven—home—scold wife—put on fire—away I go—round for prayers—help curate on with surplice—run to school—whip boy's bottoms—back time enough to cry *Amen*.—Thus passes my forenoon, as Congreve says.

*Beau.* Forenoon! Zounds man, you've done a day's work already.

*Quo.* Talking of work—dine at one—go into shop—pound rosin or rhubarb—same mortar—mix up balls of putty—box of pills—pint of paint—dose of jallup—mend sash or side-board—repair sun—change moon—blot out seven stars—squint at time-piece—put new wheel to watch, and weight to kitchen clock—sand to hour-glass—main spring to watch, or sucker to pump. Thus passes my time till four—burying, perhaps—never out of the way—boys toll bells—at hand to chime in—assist in the service—anthem from Job, “Dust to dust”—go home and play at blindman's buff with boys till six.

*Beau.* What a devil of a fellow is this!

*Quo.* Don't interrupt me, captain.

*Beau.* Well then at six !

*Quo.* At six, as the poet says, attend at the great room—  
 auctioneer—knock down household goods—going, going,  
 gone !—to my shop—cut tomb-stones—write epitaphs, to  
 amuse myself—not 'em to music—feed hogs—coop hens—  
 drive ducks from the pond—sunset—night comes on—shut  
 up shop, school, and vestry—night curfew—go home—  
 chimney corner—call my wife—stir fire—draw cork—smoke  
 pipe—quaff—crack joke—laugh—lie down—or, to make  
 out time, “Wind up the clock,” as Yorick says. Thus  
 ends the history of a day.

*Beau.* Thank heaven his day is done, as the poet says—  
 and here comes one to prevent his beginning another.

*Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L U.*

*Looney* Pray, now, is my new master's name Captain  
 Blackguard ?

*Beau.* Beauguard, you blockhead !

*Looney.* Then there's a little hop-o'-my-thumb soldier,  
 been axing after you in the passage.

*Beau.* That's Phoebe, I suppose.—(*Aside.*)—What have  
 you done with him ?

*Looney.* I took him under my arm, and pitched him down  
 in the landing place, to be ready for you.—Here he comes,  
 faith, he's a tasty cock-sparrow.

*Enter PHOEBE, L H*

*Beau.* Well, my young volunteer.

*Phoe.* I came according to your honour's order.

*Beau.* True ; you must remain here for a time ;—I'll an-  
 swer for your being from camp ;—I have something to settle  
 for you here, where your presence will be necessary.

*Phoe.* Mustn't I attend the Review to-morrow, captain ?

*Beau.* You shall know that in the morning.

[*Exit Phoebe, L H.*]

*Quo.* The Review ! why all the world will be there. Great  
 celebrations to-night, on the occasion, at our club.—All the

singers practising below in my parlour.—I teach 'em to troll ;  
 —that's another of my trades.—Do have 'em up, captain !  
*Beau.* There's no getting rid of this fellow, I perceive.—  
 Any thing you please, Mr. Quotem.

*Quo.* (*Calling off, L.H.*) Here, neighbours ! neighbours !—  
 • Here they come ; merry rogues all, captain.

*Enter VILLAGERS, L.H.*

Now, fire away ! as the poet says.

## FINALE.

### GLEE.—(OLD WORDS.)

*Life's a bumper, fill'd by fate .  
 Let us, guests, enjoy the treat ;  
 Nor, like silly mortals, pass  
 Life, as 'twere but half a glass.  
 Let this scene with joy be crown'd,  
 Let the glee and catch go round,  
 All the sweets of life combine,  
 Mirth, and music, love and wine.*

(*Front drop closes them in.*)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment in Quotem's House.*

*Enter LOONEY MACFWOLTER, L.H.*

*Looney.* I wish my new mastor would make a small parcel of haste, with this letter I'm to carry to the quaking lady, at ould Bull's. Faith, now, he's no green-horn to employ myself, Looney Mactwolter. I'm at home in a love affair, like a flea in a blanket. Love!—O, Judy O'Flan-



nikin! you are at Balruddery; but, to be sure, I didn't  
bother your alabaster heart. (*Kneels.*)

Cupid, thou sand-blind god, pray look at me,  
I ain your humble sarvant to command,  
Looney Mactwolter!

SONG.—LOONEY.

*Oh, whack! Cupid's a mannikin;  
Smack on my heart, he hit me a polter,  
Good lack! Judy O' Flannikin!  
Dear'y she loves neat Looney Mactwolter  
Judy's a darling; my kisses she suffers;  
She's an heiress, that's clear,  
For her father sells heer;  
He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers.  
She's so smart,  
From my heart  
I cannot bolt her.  
Oh, whack! Judy O' Flannikin!  
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.  
Oh, whack, &c.*

*Oh, hone! good news! need a bit!  
We'd correspond, but larning would choak her.  
Mavrone!—I cannot read a bit;  
Judy can't tell a pen from a poker,  
Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her;  
She's as true as the moon;—  
Only one afternoon,  
I caught her asleep with a hump-back shoemaker;  
Oh, she's smart!  
From my heart  
I cannot bolt her.  
Oh, whack! Judy O' Flannikin!  
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter  
Oh, whack, &c.*

*Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, R.H.*

*Beau. Looney!*  
*Looney. That's myself.*

*Beau.* I ordered a carriage—is it come?

*Looney.* There's a chariot yonder, sure enough; only it has never a box, and the coachman rides one of the horses.

*Beau.* A post-chaise, you blockhead!—Order the post-boy to drive to the back gate of Mr. Bull's garden;—and here,—here's a letter;—'tis for Miss Grace Gaylove;—it must be delivered with secrecy, now, Looney;—and—

*Looney.* Be aisy;—I'm as dumb as the parish-clerk of Killarney.

*Beau.* Is he dumb, then?

*Looney.* You may say that. They've hanged him for stealing the church buckets.

*Beau.* This fellow, I fear, will make some blunder:—but, Lucy will be upon the watch, as we have agreed. Now, mind, Looney:—you will find a person waiting for you, on the outside of the garden gate;—to that person give this letter;—then loiter about, till you are joined by Miss Gaylove, and her maid. Conduct them to the post-chaise; then come with them to the advanced guard of the camp, where you will find me.

*Looney.* I'll do that:—but will that bit of a machine, think you, hold three of us?

*Beau.* Why, you booby, you must go on the outside.

*Looney.* Och, with all my heart and soul, if it makes no odds to the ladies. The post-driver rides but one horse, you know, so I can sit, cheek by jowl, with him, on the other.

*Beau.* Zounds! get along; and come with the chaise as you will.

*Looney.* Let me alone for that.—(*Going.*)—Who knows, now, but I'll be after meeting Mr. Lump, at ould Bull's—If I do—Lump's head, and Looney Mactwolter's fist, may see which is the softest. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Beau.* My little quaker was to have sent me a line, this morning, to further our operations. Some prevention, I suppose, at the Deputy's. My letter, by Looney, and the post-chaise, will, I trust, make every thing proceed glibly.

*Enter CHARLES WILLIAMS, L.H.*

*Beau.* Now, Williams, what news from the camp?

*Will.* His majesty will be upon the ground at one, your honour.

*Beau.* I shall be there in time for my duty; and you must follow me, you know. You must be upon the watch, when all is done, to assist in the business I mentioned.

*Will.* I shall take care, your honour. Is the young lady to be there, then?

*Beau.* All is arranged. I have just sent a messenger to conduct her to the spot;—and, when the review is over, we must move quietly off, through the crowd, to the next village, without beat of drum, and steal a march upon matrimony.

*Will.* I wish you joy, from the bottom of my soul, your honour. Ah! captain, 'tis a happy lot to gain the woman we love.

*Beau.* Why, you have a devilish melancholy way of wishing a man joy, Williams. You have lost the woman you love, perhaps.

*Will.* I, your honour!—Oh, 'tisn't for a poor fellow, like me, to think about marriage.

*Beau.* Should you think of it, then, if you were richer?

*Will.* Should I!—Ah, your honour!

*Beau.* O, ho;—I perceive. So, you only want to make up a purse, that you may quit the army, for the lass of your fancy.

*Will.* No, your honour; I love the army:—and, if I should chance to make a little money in it, I wouldn't be so ungrateful to leave it, as long as my king and country wanted my service. But, should accident put a few guineas in my pocket, I would petition your honour to get me a short leave of absence.

*Beau.* For what reason, Williams?

*Will.* Why, then I would take a journey, on foot, into Shropshire, your honour; that I might pour my little fortune into the lap of a poor girl, who was to have married me, in my better days,—and whose heart is constant, now my prospects are changed.

*Beau.* Poor fellow!—But don't be down-hearted, Williams. A soldier, my lad, should never despair. Who knows what may happen?—Who knows, now, Williams, but little Phebe Whitehorn may be yours at last?

*Will.* Phoebe!—why—what, then, does your honour know that—why, could—

*Beau.* Nay, nay, don't be surprised that an officer knows more of his men than they are aware of. But, follow me soon to the camp—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—Wait here, however, a few minutes. I have a person to send to you, on a little business, that you must bring with you to me. And, remember; Williams, hope and success, should be the English soldier's motto. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Will.* What does his honour mean? How can he have heard of Phoebe? And he went away smiling;—to see me so uneasy, about what he may call a trifle. He doesn't know how many a night I have lain awake, in my tent, with a breaking heart, to think my poor Phoebe may be without a friend to shelter her. Heigho!—perhaps, I shall never hear her voice again.

*Enter PHOEBE WHITEHORN, L.H.*

*Phoe.* Charles!

*Will.* Eh!—no—yes—why, sure, it can't be!

*Phoe.* Have you forgot me, Charles!

*Will.* Is it possible!—Phoebe!—(*Embracing.*)—Forgot you!—Oh, no!—but—how—why—why have you come here, Phoebe?

*Phoe.* Why, because *you* have come here, Charles.—I couldn't, for my life, bear to stay away any longer.

*Will.* My dear Phoebe!—But in this dress, too!—

*Phoe.* This dress?—Oh, that's because I'm enlisted.

*Will.* Enlisted!

*Phoe.* Yes;—I'm a volunteer. But the captain found me out, yesterday. It made me so ashamed at first!—for, I thought nobody should be able to tell if I was a woman, but you, Charles.

*Will.* Phoebe, you frighten me!—To see you in such a place as a camp!—disguised too;—exposed to the rudeness of our men;—and what have we to hope for, Phoebe?—So poor as we are, you know, it isn't possible that—

*Phoe.* Oh, never you frighten yourself about that, Charles. I have some news, from our village, that will make your dear heart jump again.

*Will.* Indeed! What is it, Phoebe?

*Phoe.* Why, last week, as I was crying before Farmer Sourby's gate,—for he had just turned me out, because, he said, I was mopish, and could do no work—

*Will.* Damn him!

*Phoe.* Dear! if you hav'n't learnt to swear, since you have been a soldier, Charles!

*Will.* Well, Phoebe?

*Phoe.* Why, there came lawyer Goodwill, all in a hurry;—and he told me that I had got a fortune.

*Will.* A fortune!

*Phoe.* As sure as you are there, Charles:—and he said, my old uncle Whitehorn, who went a sea-faring, just as I was born, died in a foreign land; and had left me a good fifty pounds a year, as long as ever I lived, out of the great bank of London. Here's all the papers, Charles;—(*Taking them out of her bosom.*)—I've kept 'em very safe for you;—and 'tis all your's, if it was twenty and twenty times as much.

*Will.* My dear Phoebe, I——(*Wiping his eyes.*)—I'll speak to you presently.

*Phoe.* Dear!—what's the matter?

*Will.* Bless you, Phoebe!—'tis a comfort to my heart to know you have got this money:—and I would sooner be shot for a deserter than take a penny of it.—(*Phoebe bursts into tears.*)—Why, Phoebe!

*Phoe.* Ah, Charles!—I didn't change with your fortune;—why should you change with mine?

*Will.* I'd sooner die than change. I only think of your good:—but I mustn't live in idleness, to consume the money you want yourself, Phoebe.

*Phoe.* I could never have thought you would prove false-hearted at last, Charles!

*Will.* By all that's true, then, if I could get but a decent competence, by my own industry—

*Phoe.* You can soon have that, Charles, while you have such a master as his honour, the captain.

*Will.* His honour is very good to me;—very good to me, to be sure;—but—

*Phoe.* Lord, I know he's a good soul, because he likes you so much, you know:—and he told me, just as he sent

me into this room, that he'd set you up in the world.  
Charles

*Will.* Indeed!

*Phœ.* Yes;—he said he was going to be married, to-day;  
—and that he'd enable you, if you pleased, to be married  
to-morrow. So you know, of course, I told him I was very  
much obliged to him.

*Will.* Did his honour say that? Then, Phœbe, if that's  
the case, though I would serve my king, as long as I am  
able, we'll never be half a day's march asunder, if I should  
fight fifty campaigns.

*Phœ.* Ah, my dear Charles!—I'm so happy!

*Will.* And so am I, too, Phœbe!

DUET.—WILLIAMS and PHŒBE.

*Will.* *And will my love contented be  
To dwell awhile in camp with me?*

*Phœ.* *With you around the world I'd roam,  
Nor ever waste a thought on home.*

*Both.* *Then, merry round the world we'll go,  
While gaily singing nonino.*

*Will.* *But, if retiring from the wars,  
Grown old, and cover'd with my scars?—*

*Phœ.* *Then, sitting by the cottage door,  
We'll tell old stories o'er and o'er.*

*Will.* *Then I will quaff,*

*Phœ.* *And I will sing.*

*Both.* *Happy the evening of our life!  
The ancient soldier and his wife,  
As happy as a queen and king!*

*Then, merry round, &c.*

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

*Enter CALEB QUOTEM, L.H.*

*Quo.* I'm for the Review!—a joyous day!—Majesty will  
be there;—so will Caleb Quotem, the Wag of Windsor.  
Business must cease till to-morrow. Sun and moon must stand  
still;—strayed cattle must find their own way home—as

many as they can out of the pound, like a bankrupt's shilling. This is holiday!—broken windows, rosin, hens, ducks, rhubarb, kitchen clock, and boys' bottoms, may all go any, I be damned, as the poet says. Bless me, I'm in spirits!—Dubbs!

*Enter DUBBS, L.H.*

*Dubbs.* Sir!

*Quo.* Dubbs, my boy, you know I've made you my man.

*Dubbs.* Yes, sir.

*Quo.* There's a Review. Every body should make holiday; therefore, my boy Dubbs, you shall do as much work for me to-day as you can.

*Dubbs.* Thank you, sir.

*Quo.* I tolled the parish bell this morning. You must ring it again at three. You can pull the rope, Dubbs?

*Dubbs.* Oh, yes, sir;—you brought me up to it, you know

*Quo.* So I did, Dubbs;—you were brought up to a rope, sure enough. I'm a kind master to you. Run with my compliments to the widow Thumpkin;—her husband is dead of a dropsy, and can't keep;—but tell her to-day is a holiday, and I hope it will be agreeable to pop the deceased Mr. Thumpkin into the ground to-morrow.

*Dubbs.* Won't she be angry, sir?

*Quo.* Not at all. Dubbs, you're a blockhead! Why, I've every thing here my own way. I rule the roast, as Milton says.

*Dubbs.* What's to be done with the school-boys, sir?

*Quo.* Let them do as much mischief as they like. I whipped them all round before breakfast; so, if they get into a scrape, we're quits.

*Dubbs.* This is a bonfire night; and, I warrant, they'll break half the windows in Windsor.

*Quo.* So much the better;—I'm a glazier. I deal in putty, as Plutarch says. Look to the house, Dubbs; and the business. If any body asks if I'm coming, say I'm gone;—if any body grumbles at my being gone, say I'm

coming. That's the way great men settle with their creditors. Go, Dubbs.—[*Exit Dubbs, L.H.*]—I shall leave every thing at sixes and sevens. Muggs, the publican, will go mad. I've rubbed out two legs of his Red Lion. He must wait till I can paint fresh ones. No matter; his lion wont run away without legs. Trade must stand still till to-morrow. I must rehearse my song for our club to-night.

## SONG.—QUOTEM.

*I'm parish clerk and sexton here,  
 My name is Caleb Quotem:—  
 I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer;  
 In short, I am factotem.  
 I make a watch—I mend the pumps;  
 For plumber's work my knack is:  
 I physic sell—I cure the mumps;  
 I tomb-stones cut—I cut the rumps  
 Of little school-boy Jackies.  
 Geography is my delight;  
 Ballads—Epitaphs I write;  
 Almanacks I can indite;  
 Graves I dig, compact and tight.—  
 At night, by the fire, like a jolly old cock,  
 When my day's work is done, and all over,—  
 I tiddle, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,  
 With my sweet Mrs. Quotem, in clover.  
 With my amen, gaymen,  
 Rum Quotem,  
 Factotum;  
 Putty and lead;  
 Stumps, mumps,  
 Bumps, rumps,  
 Mortar he thumps;  
 Joggany, floggany,—  
 Signy-post daubery,  
 Split-crow, or strawberry,  
 Chimery, rhimery,  
 Liquorish, stickerish,*



*Chizzle tomb,*  
*Frizzle tomb,*  
*Going, a-going !*  
*Squills,*  
*Pills,*  
*Song inditing,*  
*Epitaph writing,*  
*Steeple sound,*  
*Corpsæ to the ground ,*  
*Windsor soap,*  
*Physic the Pope ;*  
*Home hop,*  
*Shut up shop ;*  
*Punch-bowl crockery,*  
*Wind up clockery.*

*Many small articles make up a sum ,*  
*I dabble in all—I'm merry and rum ;*  
*And 'tis heigho !—for Caleb Quotem, O !*

[*Exit, L U*

SCENE II.—*The outer wall of Mr. Deputy Bull's garden*  
*A garden gate.*

*Enter LUCY and JOHN LUMP, through the garden gateway*

*Lucy.* Now, be sure you make no mistakes.

*Lump.* Noa—I won't.

*Lucy.* My young lady will never forgive you, if you do.  
 —Here's the letter—" To Captain Beauguard, at Mr.  
 Quotem's."—You know the way. Look at the direction,  
 and—but can you read?

*Lump.* Yees, zure ;—I can read any thing but writing-  
 hand, and print. I say, Mrs. Lucy, ben't all this about  
 love

*J.* Psha ! what should you know about love?

*np.* It comes so nat'ral to a body.—Mrs. Lucy—hum  
 —doan't you think I am prettyish?

*Lucy.* Oh, you are a Doncaster angel.

*Lump.* An angel!—I'll be shot, now, if I ha'n't been

thinking the same of you. You'd make a sweet sign for a public-house.—(*Aside.*)—I'll give her a kiss.

*Lucy.* Well, now, go on your errand, and—what does the fool stand sniggering there for?

*Lump.* I won't go till you give I a smack.

*Lucy.* Take it then.

[*Gives him a box on the ear, and Exit at garden gate.*]

*Lump.* 'Tware a right good bat of the chops, by gum!

*Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L.H.*

*Looney.* I wonder who it is I'm to find waiting for this letter, and—by the powers, 'tis Mr. Lump!—Faith, now, I'll give him a neat salutation.

*Lump.* (*Rubbing his cheek.*) I wouldn't take such a knock on t'other side, for two-pence.

*Looney.* (*Comes behind Lump, and hits him a box on the ear, then bows.*) How do you do, Mr. Lump?

*Lump.* Dom thee! what's that for?

(*Going to strike him.*)

*Looney.* Then would you strike a harmless man, on the king's highway, you house-breaker?—Och, for shame!

*Lump.* For sheame!—wauns, I'll—

*Looney.* Take the letter, and hold your gab.

(*Showing a letter, which Lump does not take.*)

*Lump.* Letter!

*Looney.* Arrah, and isn't it a letter?—Look at the back. See, 'tis all waxy, like a mealy potatoe. You have been waiting for it, you know. 'Tis for Miss Disgrace Gaylove, from Captain Beauguard, my new master.

*Lump.* From the captain?—then it saves I a walk. Here be the answer. (*Gives a letter.*)

*Looney.* Lump, my honey, none of your blarney!—Don't I know the quaking lady wouldn't hurry herself to answer a letter before she received it;—excepting she wrote express.

*Lump.* Why, mun, thus donna come by the post!

*Looney.* Faith, that's true; that makes a big difference. But, let's be sure all's right and tight;—and that this is for my honour's master, the captain.

*Lump.* Then do you read subscription.

*Looney.* After you, if you please. I was larned to read by deputy. (*Offering the letter.*)

*Lump.* That's the way I was larned too.

*Looney.* Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself, man, to be so ignorant?—Fie upon you!—not to know a B, from a bull's foot.—Here, take back the—eh?—by my soul, I've mixed the two billy ducks!—(*Looking at the two letters in his hand.*)—I don't know which is itself.—Then, sure, the father of letters always had twins;—for his four-cornered children are plaguily alike. Mr. Lump!

*Lump.* Anan?

*Looney.* Did you ever see a gentleman, in his waistcoat, that rides before the outside of a post-chaise?

*Lump.* Yees.

*Looney.* There's one at the corner of this wall;—ax him to misinterpret for us.

*Lump.* Mayhap, he mayn't be able.

*Looney.* Thunder and turf, man!—haven't the tickets, at the turnpikes larned him his alphabet. Stop—a thought strikes me on the head.

*Lump.* Do it?—Dom, I hope it hurts. I have been struck on the head, pretty tightish.

*Looney.* Never mind;—I'll charge you nothing for that. We are both employed, I take it, to frustificate the schemes of ould Bull.

*Lump.* Yees; I be a cheating old master. Miss Grease gived I a guinea for it. I loves to be honest to my employer.

*Looney.* If we trust young leather-brogues there, at the corner of the wall, won't he be after telling of us?

*Lump.* Zure enough, there's no trusting one as deals in horses. I larned that in Yorkshire.

*Looney.* Take me into the house, my honey. We'll ax the lady,—or ould Bull,—or any one else,—the meaning of this scribble scrabble.

*Lump.* Done.

*Looney.* Done. Jacky Lump,—sha'n't we be friends?

*Lump.* Why, I hates malice.

*Looney.* That's right. Come, Jacky Lump! we'll make

friends over a sup, my jewel. Steal a mug of your master's beer, and damn the expense.

[*Exeunt, at the garden gate.*]

-SCENE III.—*An apartment in Mr. Deputy Bull's house.*

*Enter GRACE GAYLOVE and LUCY, R.H.*

*Grace.* Hast thou sent the man Lump, with the letter I gave thee?

*Lucy.* Oh, yes, ma'am.

*Grace.* Think'st thou he will not blunder?

*Lucy.* Oh, no, ma'am, he is cunning enough.

*Grace.* True;—knavery has set his hand-mark in that Yorkshireman's face.

*Lucy.* Yes, ma'am;—but I tried to rub it out, just now, at the garden gate.

*Grace.* How, Lucy?

*Lucy.* With my own hand-mark, ma'am; I slapped his face, a saucy devil!

*Grace.* I wonder Beaupard has not sent. I wrote him that same letter, to prevent mistakes;—but he promised intelligence this morning.

*Lucy.* 'Tis early yet, ma'am; he'll send, depend upon it.

*Grace.* Moreover, he talked of a leathern convenience, to take me to the Review;—after which, we were to cheat my guardian, that fusty deputy, and be joined in wedlock.

*Bull.* (*Without, R.H.*) Lump! John Lump!

*Lucy.* That's your guardian's voice, ma'am.

*Grace.* I know it;—for there is none resembling it, in this house, excepting the coachman's raven.

*Enter DEPUTY BULL, R.H.*

*Bull.* Damn my new footman, Lump!—I had rather put up with my old one. He was saucy, and stayed at home: his fellow is civil, but he's never to be found. Do you know where he is, Madam Grace?

*Grace.* Yea.

*Bull.* Yea!—then, where?

*Grace.* Tell him, Lucy.—I am a quaker;—but thou art a chambermaid, and may'st lie for me. (*Aside.*)

*Lucy.* Yes, ma'am.—(*Aside.*)—He's gone to—to—to—feed the ducks, sir.

*Bull.* Damn the ducks!—I want him to feed me. Why does he waddle off to the pond, when I want my breakfast? This is the Review day; and you've got the fellow out of the house, that you may go a scampering.

*Lucy.* My mistress doesn't like scampering, I can assure you, sir.

*Bull.* Doesn't she?—then that's more than I can say of her maid. You broke down my gooseberry-bush, dancing the hay, in the kitchen-garden, with the tall apothecary.

*Enter LUMP, and LOONEY following, L.H.*

*Bull.* Oh, you're come at last!—you are plaguy fond of ducks, I should think.

*Lump.* Yees, zur;—I loves 'em, stuffed with sage and onion, hugely.

*Looney.* I like 'em with a good potatoe pudding in their belly! (*Retiring up the stage.*)

*Bull.* I'll teach you to go to my pond, you blockhead!—

*Lump.* Doan't ye trouble yourself, zur;—I knows the way.

*Lucy.* (*Apart to Lump.*) Have you carried the letter?

*Lump.* Noa.

*Grace.* Hast thou been treacherous, then, friend?

*Lump.* Noa;—I ha'n't been at all.

*Bull.* What the devil are you all whispering about?—let me know what's the—

*Looney.* Your servant, Mr. Deputy Bull.

(*Advancing on Bull's R.H. and bowing.*)

*Bull.* Here's that infernal cow-doctor come again!

*Looney.* What, and hav'n't I took leave of the cows for the army?

*Bull.* You in the army!

*Looney.* Yes;—I brush spatterdash for a cap'tain.

*Bull.* Then brush out of my house, as fast as you can.

**Looney.** I'd scorn to soil your dirty carpet, if I hadn't been bother'd about a bit of a paper;—baca'se I can't read at this present writing:—but you have made out cheating bill for your shop, you know, and can spell figs.

**Bull.** Figs!—there again!—Every body quizzes my origin.

**Looney.** Shut your ugly mouth, and read me the outside kiver of this billy duck. (*Gives him the letter.*)

**Bull.** Why, what is all this?—(*Reads.*)—"To Miss Grace Gaylove."—(*Opens it.*)—"Beauguard."—So, so!

**Looney.** Faith, then, I've got the wrong.—Give yours back to the quaking lady, Mr. Lump.

**Lump.** Yees, (*Offering it to Grace.*)

**Bull.** (*Snatching it.*) Mr. Lump shall give it to me, if he pleases.

**Looney.** Why, Mr. ~~Deputy Bull~~, would you be after robbing the mail?

**Bull.** (*Reads.*) "To Captain Beauguard."—And in her own hand. Oh, you she-devil of a quaker!

**Grace.** (*Apart.*) We are betrayed, Lucy!

**Lucy.** (*Apart.*) Undone, ma'am!—These stupid block-heads!

**Bull.** Now for it.—(*Reading Beauguard's letter.*)—"Dearest Grace."—Oh, you abominable!—but let me see—Aye—"Grace."—

**Looney.** Well, you've said Grace. Now fall to, Mr. Deputy Bull.

**Bull.** (*Reading.*) "I tremble lest the bearer of this should commit a blunder."—

**Looney.** Faith, now, that's foolish of him, enough!

**Bull.** (*Reading.*) "You will find a post-chaise waiting for you and Lucy, at the garden wall."

**Grace.** (*Apart.*) That intelligence sufficeth.

**Bull.** (*Reading.*) "Lose no time in getting into it."—

**Grace.** We will follow thy counsel.

[*Beckons Lucy, and they steal out, L.H.*]

**Bull.** (*Reading.*) "For should old honey and treacle take the alarm!"—Honey and treacle!

**Looney.** There's a sweet line!

**Lump.** He, he!—Why, zur, the captain ha' found out your old trade, sure enough.

*Bull.* Hold your tongue, you scoundrel.—(*Reads.*)—  
 “Take the alarm,—all our plans will miscarry.”—Damn  
 me, but they shall miscarry!—Stay where you are, madam,  
 till I read the other.—Aye—(*Opening the other letter.*)—  
 “Friend Beaupard,—I am prepared to meet thee at the  
 camp,—and afterwards to attend thee to the church. I wait  
 for news from thee, to elude my foolish guardian!”—Foolish  
 guardian!—Not so foolish as you imagine;—but if you  
 escape now, I’ll be bound to be called fool as long as I live.  
 I’ll teach you to—(*Turning round.*)—Eh!—why, zounds,  
 she’s gone!

*Looney.* Faith she is!—and you must be called fool, as  
 long as you live, Mr. Deputy Bull.

*Bull.* (*Calling.*) Here—run—fly—order the coach.

*Looney.* A mad bull!—a mad bull!

*Bull.* The camp!—Damn’ me, I’ll be first among the  
 ranks;—get the coach, directly, you scoundrel;—and you to  
 be in a plot too!—when I promised to reward you at Christ-  
 mas, you dog.

*Lump.* Yees, zo you did, zur.—I hope you’ll be as good  
 as your word wi’ me.

*Bull.* Get out, you rascal, and order the coach, directly.

(*Drives Lump out, L.H.*)

*Looney.* If you’ve a seat for me, Mr. Deputy Bull, I’m  
 after going your road.

*Bull.* Get out of my house, you cursed hay-making jack-  
 et-brushing, cow-physicing, son of a —— (*Driving him  
 out.*) [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Open country, &c.—View of the camp.—  
 Shouts at a distance.*

*Enter QUOTEM, L.H.*

*Quo.* Bless me! there’s a monstrous throng!—I’ve slipped  
 through a crowd of my customers;—damn ’em, I’m even  
 with ’em, for they are always slipping away from me.—  
 There’s a camp!—the general camp—pioneers and all, as  
 the poet says—I like soldiers; they help grave-makers—  
 by thus letting off a gun makes me jump. I must get

good place. If I could find my lodger, now, the captain, he'd——

*Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, L.H.*

Ha!—talk of the devil——Captain, your humble, as I say.

*Beau.* (*Looking out, and crossing to R.H.*) I see nothing of Looney yet, nor the chaise.

*Quo.* He doesn't hear me. Captain, your servant.

*Beau.* That Irishman is as stupid as a post.

*Quo.* And, I think, you are as deaf as a post. Captain Beauguard, I——

*Beau.* (*Turning round.*) Oh, Mr. Quotem.—This fellow, at such a moment!—Mr. Quotem, I—I am very busy, here, and you must excuse me. (*Turns from him.*)

*Quo.* Cuts me, as *Chancer* says.—I hope he'll mind me a little more every Saturday, when I come for a week's lodging.—How shall I get a good place without him?—But I'll press and persevere; that's the only way men get places, at present.

*Enter CHARLES WILLIAMS and PHŒBE, L.H.*

*Beau.* What intelligence, Williams?

*Will.* None yet, your honour:—but 'tis full early. All will go well, I warrant.

*Beau.* It goes well with you, I see. You have brought your companion with you.

*Quo.* Oh, that's the little cocksparrow soldier I saw at my house.

*Phæ.* We are so obliged to your honour.

*Beau.* Nay, no thanks, now, my little Phœbe.

*Quo.* Phœbe!

*Will.* Heaven bless you, captain! You have made me happy with the woman of my heart; and I hope to serve his majesty, and your honour, as long as I live.

*Quo.* A woman!—zounds! the cock sparrow is a hen, as the poet says.—If you could put me into a good place to see the Review, captain— (*Going up to him.*)

*Beau.* (*Pushing him away.*) Damn it, stand aside!—York, she is in the post-chaise, and Lucy with her.

(*Looking out, L.H.*)



*Enter GRACE GAYLOVE and LUCY, L.H.*

*Grace.* (*Running to Beaupard*) Oh, friend Beaupard!—

*Beau.* What's the matter! you are flurried, my love!

*Grace.* We are pursued.—My guardian——

*Beau.* Discovered!—confound him.

*Grace.* I wish we could;—but will not he confound us!

*Lucy.* Oh, captain, there's the deuce to pay;—the deputy has found out all;—he's close at our heels, followed by the Irish booby that made the mischief.—Here he comes, as I'm alive!

*Beau.* Courage!—We can't retreat—so face the enemy, boldly.

*Enter DEPUTY BULL, L.H.*

*Bull.* Oh, you stealer of quakers!

*Beau.* What's the matter, sir!

*Bull.* Matter, sir! Carries off an heiress, and then asks what's the matter! If there's law to be had—but, come you home directly. (*To Grace*)

*Grace.* Nay, friend Bull, I will not. Being in camp, I throw myself under military protection.

*Bull.* You do?

*Lucy.* Yes, sir, my mistress and I are, both, under military protection.

*Bull.* Here's impudence!—but I'll try the power of a guardian. I will, captain; in spite of you, and your myrmidons;—your six-foot grenadiers, and damn'd Irish cow-doctors.

*Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L.H.*

*Looney.* Be aisy, Mr. Bull, among the gentlemen soldiers. or you'll see a fig-man tossed in a blanket.

*Beau.* Look ye, sir, storming will have little effect.—The parties are agreed;—agree quietly with them, or we proceed, in spite of you, and a short time puts us out of your power.

*Bull.* Why, there's some truth in that. Well, then, ~~consent~~ consent.

*Grace.* And now, friend Bull, thou wilt be no more troubled with a scampering quaker. (*Drums beat without.*)

*Beau.* Haik! the drums beat?—the Review is commencing

*Quo.* If you could procure me a place, captain—

*Beau.* Well, well, I will procure you one.

*Quo.* There!—perseverance!—It always answers.

*Enter VILLAGERS, R.H. and L.H.U.E.*

### FINALE.

*By male and female Villagers, Soldiers, Drummers, and Fifers.*

*Briskly beat the hollow drum!*

*Merry see the soldier come!*

*Pikes and halberts gleaming;*

*Colours, gaily streaming.*

*Troll the martial measure;*

*'Tis the soldier's pleasure;—*

*Briskly beat the drum!*

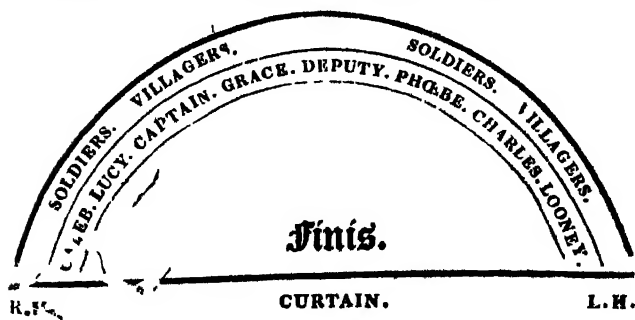
*Soldiers know no sorrow,*

*We're merry men, on English ground, a ground;*

*Careless of to-morrow,*

*We gaily march the country round, a round*

*Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.*



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From the Press of W. Oxberry,  
5, White-Hart Yard.





MR DE CAMILLE

AS FIGARO.

*Reproduced by G. & P. from an original painting*

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Oxberry's Edition.

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# THE FOLLIES OF A DAY.

A COMEDY.

By Thomas Holcroft.

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WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MADE  
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

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From the Press of W. Oxberry,  
8, White-Hart Yard.

## Remarks.

### FOLLIES OF A DAY.

THEY who peruse this flimsy composition in the present day, when the fashionable caprice, which once procured for it an ephemeral popularity, has forsaken its idol, and left it to be estimated according to its actual value, will be somewhat puzzled to discover upon what grounds it could ever lay claim to a much higher species of praise than is bestowed upon a clever pantomime. The incidents, it is true, though highly farcical, are amusing; but the dialogue, spite of an occasional sprightliness, is a mere incumbrance, and sadly retards the progress of the action, upon which alone the interest depends. So strongly, indeed, has this been felt, that what was at first a monstrous farce of five acts, is now compressed into its natural limits, and never finds its way to the stage, but in the form of an afterpiece.

A certain class of writers among us, who contrive to find beauties in every thing that emanates from the French authors of a particular school, have often dwelt in rapturous terms upon what they are pleased to style the brilliant wit and pungent satire of this play; yet, few things, we think, can less resemble true wit, than the quaint snip-snap language in which the characters converse: never saying what they think, but always thinking what they shall say. At the first blush, indeed, an air of gaiety is apparent, which pleases, for a moment; but, the everlasting attempt at being *smart*, and keeping up the ball of repartee, quickly becomes tiresome and absurd.—“A little salt is very well, but a mouthful’s the devil,” says an old proverb,—the truth of which is never so clearly evident to us, as while perusing this composition. The author’s satire is little more to be commended. They who can see any thing admirable in common-place hits at the intrigues of politicians, the knavery of lawyers, and the insincerity of courtiers, may be amused by the caustics of M. Beaumarchais; but, with respect to the general



opinion will be, that the utter want of originality which the display, is not atoned for by any peculiar keenness or brilliancy.

These remarks must be understood as applying to the work in its original form, viz. a play of five acts. In its present state, it deserves much more favourable mention; since what was tiresome as a comedy, is highly amusing as a farce. Few pieces contain situations better calculated to produce stage-effect; for, the author had no superiors as the contriver of a bustling, exciting pantomime. The scene in the Countess's dressing-room, and that in the garden, are admirable specimens of this talent,—particularly the latter, always supporting the audience inclined to favour the deceiver, and to admit the possibility of those convenient mistakes which have been of excellent service on the stage, from the time of Thespis.—“ ’Tis the stale refuge of miserable poets by change of a hat or a cloak, to alter the whole state of comedy; so that the father must not know his own child, forsooth, nor the wife her husband.”\* So wrote Chapman; and it will be allowed that his ridicule of such expedients is not wholly inapplicable to the piece before us.

There is one palpable defect in the construction of the drama, which by a little care might easily have been avoided. It does not constitute of itself a complete play, but is merely a sequel to something that has gone before, with which it is taken for granted the audience are acquainted. Hence, those who have never perused “*The Barber of Seville*,” cannot well comprehend the allusions to the previous history of *Almaviva*, *Rosina*, *Bartolo*, *Figaro*, &c., and are quite at loss to account for the extreme familiarity with which the latter personage is allowed to treat his master. These things, it is true, are intelligible enough to those who have seen the first part of the drama; but, they certainly are blots, by which the piece, instead of forming of itself a perfect whole, is rendered a broken portion, a mere fragment of a story.†

\* *May-Day*, Act II.

† There is a translation of the first part, by the elder Colman, called “*The Spanish Barber*,” which was once performed at the Hay-market on the same evening with “*The Follies of a Day*,” but the experiment was not successful. New versions of both the parts, aided by Mozart’s music, have recently acquired some popularity.

The most natural and interesting character, is that of the *Page*, which is really drawn with much truth and delicacy. The others are neither true to nature nor to any thing else, except some fanciful models which the author met with among the writings of his brother dramatists. The *Count*, who is intended to be a very attractive, polished man of gallantry, is in reality a repulsive, heartless libertine, destitute of a single redeeming quality. *Figaro* has been described, in glowing terms, as the prince of intriguing valets, and *Susannah* as the most captivating of coquettes; but correct judgment, we are sure, will not confirm these ridiculous eulogies, the offspring of folly or prejudice. They are both very respectable proficient in the pantomimic department of their calling, giving and receiving slaps on the face with commendable dexterity; but, in the higher qualities of wit and liveliness, they have no pretensions to vie for an instant with those masterpieces of the kind, which many of our English comedies present. The *Countess* is vastly insipid. A neglected wife, who attracts not the slightest portion of interest or regard; and seems to remain chaste, solely for want of solicitation and opportunity to become otherwise. The remaining characters have nothing about them demanding notice, except the *stuttering* of *Guzman*, which is certainly a very fair subject for ridicule, and excites unbounded amusement—in the galleries. We hear much of the deficiencies of the present race of dramatists; but, the dullest stuff, produced by the dullest of them, has nothing that equals the gross folly and indecency of the trial-scene, in which this stuttering personage acts a prominent part.\* A tinge of obscenity, indeed, pervades the play throughout; and, though the most licentious passages have been omitted, it was impossible to reform the general tone of the piece, which is decidedly pernicious. The whole gist and business turns upon adulterous intrigue; fidelity to the marriage-bed is treated as a matter of indifference; and moral obligations are alluded to, only to be ridiculed. We have no wish to affect a strait-laced morality, which is too often the cover of an odious hypocrisy; but we put it to the candid judgment of the reader, whether the tendency of this production is not

\* The character of *Guzman*, and the scene alluded to, are now wholly rejected.

precisely such as we have described. In speaking thus harshly of its general merits, we have only expressed our honest sentiments;—with some degree of diffidence, we confess, when we reflect upon the numerous writers who have held a contrary opinion; but, the cuckoo note of imitation is little to our taste; and though our judgment may be defective, we shall prefer trusting to its dictates, erroneous as they may be, to treating our readers with a servile repetition of what has been put forth by others.

Holcroft's drama, it seems, is not precisely a *translation*, being only *taken from* the French:—a distinction without a difference, many persons will think. The fact is, that as the original was remarkably popular when first played at Paris, the Covent Garden managers were desirous of bringing it forward in England as speedily as possible, and dispatched Holcroft to the Continent, to procure a copy. This, however, proved to be impracticable, the French Managers guarding their property with jealous care; and, accordingly, as the only resource, Holcroft, attended by a companion, visited the Theatre eight or ten times, noted down the principal incidents, with as much of the dialogue as the memory could retain, and from these materials formed the English version. The prize was scarcely worth the trouble taken to obtain it.

P. P.

### Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and forty minutes.

### Stage Directions.

By R.H. ....	is meant ....	Right Hand.
L.H. ....		Left Hand.
S.E. ....		Second Entrance.
U.E. ....		Upper Entrance.
M.D. ....		Middle Door.
D.F. ....		Door in flat.
R.H.D. ....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. ....		Left Hand Door.

## **Costume.**

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### **COUNT ALMAVIVA.**

Spanish dress of white kerseymere, trimmed with silver.

### **FIGARO.**

Light blue do. do. trimmed with pink bordering.

### **ANTONIO.**

Brown jacket and breeches trimmed with green, and green apron.

### **BASIL.**

Common do. do. trimmed with yellow.

### **PEDRO.**

Green and orange Spanish livery.

### **EIGHT ATTENDANTS.**

Light blue dresses, trimmed with silver.

### **COUNTESS.**

Blue satin dress, trimmed with silver.

### **SUSAN.**

White muslin dress, trimmed white, satin points, hanging sleeves the same.

### **AGNES.**

Pink calico petticoat, brown body, and apron trimmed with pink points.

## Persons Represented.

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	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Count Almaviva,</i> -	Mr. Rae.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Basil</i> - - - - -	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Pedro,</i> - - - - -	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Trueman.
<i>Page,</i> - - - - -	Miss Kelly.	Miss S. Booth.
<i>Figaro,</i> - - - - -	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Antonio,</i> - - - - -	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Countess,</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Egerton.
<i>Susan,</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Davison.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Agnes,</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Hughes.	Miss E. Bolton.

THE  
FOLLIES OF A DAY.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in the castle.*

FIGARO and SUSAN discovered. (*Susan seated in an arm-chair, and Figaro measuring the chamber with a wand.*)  
*The only entrance to this room, is L.H.S.E.*

*Fig.* Eighteen feet by twenty-six,—good.

*Sus.* What art thou so busy about?

*Fig.* Measuring, to try if the bed our noble lord intends to give us will stand well here.

*Sus.* In this chamber!

*Fig.* Yes.

*Sus.* I wont lie in this chamber.

*Fig.* Why so?

*Sus.* I don't like it.

*Fig.* Your reason.

*Sus.* What if I have no reason?—What if I don't choose to give my reason?—Thou knowest how our generous count, when he by thy help obtained Rosina's hand, and made her Countess of Almaviva, during the first transports of love, abolished a certain gothic right——

*Fig.* Of sleeping the first night with every bride.

*Sus.* Which, as Lord of the Manor, he could claim.

*Fig.* Know it?—To be sure I do; or I would not have married even my charming Susan in his domain.

*Sus.* Tired of prowling among the rustic beauties of the neighbourhood, he returned to the castle,—

*Fig.* And his wife.

*Sus.* And *thy* wife.—(*Figaro stares.*)—Dost thou understand me?

*Fig.* Perfectly!

*Sus.* And endeavours secretly, to re-purchase from her a right, which he now most sincerely repents he ever parted with.

*Fig.* Most gracious penitent!

*Sus.* This is what he hints to me every instant; and this the faithful Basil, the honest agent of his pleasures, and our most noble music master, every day repeats with my lesson.

*Fig.* Basil!

*Sus.* Basil.

*Fig.* Indeed?—Well, if tough ashen plant, or supple-jack twine not round thy lazy sides, rascal,—

*Sus.* Ha, ha, ha! Why, wert thou ever wise enough to imagine that the portion the count intends to give us, was meant as a reward for thy services?

*Fig.* I think I had some reason to hope as much.

*Sus.* Lord, lord! What great fools are you men of wit!

*Fig.* I believe so.

*Sus.* I'm sure so.

*Fig.* Oh, that it were possible to deceive this arch deceiver, this lord of mine! A thousand blundering boobies have had art enough to filch a wife from the side of her sleeping, simple, unsuspecting spouse; and if he complained, to redress his injuries with a cudgel;—but, to turn the tables on this poacher, make him pay for a delicious morsel he shall never taste, infect him with fears for his own honour, and—

*Sus.* (*A bell rings.*) Hark! My lady rings;—I must run; for she has several times strictly charged me to be the first person at her breakfast the morning of my marriage.

*Fig.* Why the first?

*Sus.* The old saying tells us, that it's lucky to a neglected wife, to meet a young bride on the morning of her wedding-day. [*Exit, L.H.S.E.*]

*Fig.* Ah, my sweet girl!—She's an angel! Such wit! Such grace! and so much prudence and modesty too!—I'm a happy fellow;—so, Mr. Basil! Is it me, rascal, you mean

to practise the tricks of your trade upon ?—I'll teach you to put your spoon in my milk.—But hold !—A moment's reflection, friend Figaro, on the events of the day :—first, thou must promote the sports and feastings already projected, that appearances may not cool, but that thy marriage may proceed with greater certainty ; next, thou must—Ha ! here again ?

*Enter SUSAN, L.H.S.E. with the Countess's, gown, cap, and riband in her hand.*

*Sus.* It wasn't my lady's bell : she has left her room.—Methinks, Figaro, you seem very indifferent about our wedding. Why aren't you gone, to summon the bride-men and maids ?—And what's become of your fine plot to be revenged on my lord ?

*Fig.* I'll away this moment, and prepare every thing. 'Pr'ythee, my Susan, give me one kiss, before I go ; 'twill quicken my wits, and lend imagination a new impulse.

*Sus.* O, to be sure !—But, if I kiss my lover to-day, what will my husband say to me to-morrow ?—(*Seems to refuse, as Figaro kisses her.*)—Pshaw, Figaro !—when wilt thou cease to trifle thus from morning till night ?

*Fig.* When I may trifle from night till morning, sweet Susan. [*Exit, L.H.*]

*Sus.* Ah, Figaro, Figaro ! if thou provest but as loving a husband as thou art a fond lover, thou'lt never need fear the proudest lord of them all,—I declare, I forget what I came for.—(*Susan puts the gown on the arm-chair ; but keeps the cap and riband in her hand.*)

*Page.* (*Without, L.H.*) Thank you, thank you, Figaro :—I shall find her.

*Enter PAGE, L.H.S.E. running.*

*Sus.* So, master Hannibal !—What do you want here ?

*Page.* O, my dear, dear, pretty Susan !—I have been looking for you these two hours.

*Sus.* Well, what have you to say to me, now you have found me ?



*Page.* (*Childishly amorous.*) How does your beauteous lady do, Susan?

*Sus.* Very well.

*Page.* (*Poutingly.*) Do you know, Susan, my lord is going to send me back to my papa and mamma?

*Sus.* Poor child!

*Page.* Child indeed!—Umph!—And, if my charming god-mother, your dear lady, cannot obtain my pardon, I shall soon be deprived of the pleasure of your company, Susan.

*Sus.* Upon my word!—You are toying all day long with Agnes, and fancy yourself, moreover, in love with my lady, and then come to tell me, you shall be deprived of my company.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Page.* Agnes is good-natured enough to listen to me; and that is more than you are, Susan; for all I love you so.

*Sus.* Love me!—Why, you amorous little villain, you are in love with every woman you meet.

*Page.* So I am, Susan, and I can't help it.—If nobody is by, I swear it to the trees, the waters, and the winds; nay, to myself. O, how sweet are the words woman, maiden, and love, in my ears!

*Sus.* Ha, ha, ha!—He's bewitched.—And what is the count going to send you from the castle for?

*Page.* Last night, you must know, he caught me with Agnes; in her room:—begone, said he, thou little—

*Sus.* Little what?

*Page.* Lord!—he called me such a name, I can't for shame repeat it before a woman,—I dare never meet his face again.

*Sus.* And pray what were you doing in Agnes's room?

*Page.* Teaching her her part.

*Sus.* Her part?

*Page.* Yes; the love scene, you know, she is to act in the comedy this evening.

*Sus.* (*Aside.*) Which my lord would choose to teach her himself.

*Page.* Agnes is very kind, Susan.

*Sus.* Well, well, I'll tell the Countess what you say:—But you are a little more circumspect in her presence.

*Page.* Ah, Susan, she is a divinity! How noble is her manner! Her very smiles are awful!

*Sus.* That is to say, you can take what liberties you please with such people as me.

*Page.* O, how do I envy thy happiness, Susan! Always near her! Dressing her every morning! Undressing her every evening! Putting her to bed! Touching her! Looking at her! Speaking to——What is it thou hast got there, Susan?

*Sus.* (*Counterfeiting the extravagant tone of the Page.*) It is the fortunate riband of the happy cap, which at night enfolds the auburn ringlets of the beauteous Countess.

*Page.* Give it me :—nay, give it me :—I will have it.

*Sus.* But, I say, you sha'n't,—(*The Page snatches it; and runs round the arm-chair, dodging Susan.*)—O my riband!

*Page.* Be as angry as thou wilt, but thou shalt *never* have it again; thou shouldst have one of my eyes rather.

*Sus.* I can venture to predict, young gentleman, that three or four years hence, thou wilt be one of the most deceitful veriest knaves—

*Page.* If thou dost not hold thy tongue, Susan, I'll kiss thee into the bargain.

*Sus.* Kiss me!—Don't come near me, if thou lovest thy ears.—I say, beg my lord to forgive you, indeed! No, I assure you.

*Alm.* (*Without.*) Jaques.—

*Page.* Ah! I'm undone!—'Tis the count himself, and there's no way out of this room.—Lord, lord! what will become of me?—(*The Page crouches down, and hides himself behind Susan and the arm-chair.*)

*Enter COUNT ALMAVIVA, L.H.S.E.*—(*Page remains behind the arm-chair.*)

*Alm.* So, my charming Susan, have I found thee at last? But, thou seemest frightened, my little beauty.

*Sus.* Consider, my lord, if any body should come and find you here—

*Alm.* That would be rather mal-a-propos; but there's no great danger. (*The Count offers to kiss Susan.*)

*Sus.* Fie, my lord!—(*The Count seats himself in the arm-chair, and endeavours to pull Susan on his knee.*)

*Alm.* Thou knowest, my charming Susan, the king has done me the honour to appoint me ambassador to the court of Paris. I shall take Figaro with me, and give him a very—*excellent* post; and, as it is the duty of a wife to follow her husband, I may then be as happy as I could wish.

*Sus.* I really don't understand you, my lord. I thought your affection for my lady, whom you took so much pains to steal from her old guardian, and for love of whom you generously abolished a certain vile privilege,—

*Alm.* For which all the young girls are very sorry,—are they not?

*Sus.* No, indeed, my lord:—I thought, my lord, I say,—

*Alm.* 'Pr'ythee, say no more, my sweet Susan; but promise thou wilt meet me to-night in the garden; and be certain, if thou wilt but grant me this small favour, nothing thou canst ask shall ever—

*Bas.* (*Without.*) He is not in his own apartment.

*Alm.* Heavens! Here's somebody coming, and this infernal room has but one door. Where can I hide? Is there no place here?—(*The Count runs behind the arm-chair. Susan keeps between him and the Page, who steals away as the Count advances, leaps into the arm-chair, and is covered over with the Countess's gown by Susan.*)

*Enter BASIL, L.H.S.E.*

*Bas.* Ah, Susan, good-morrow!—Is my lord the Count here?

*Sus.* Here? what should he be here for?

*Bas.* Nay, there would be no miracle in it, if he were:—would there? hey, gentle Susan?

(*Smiles and leers at her.*)

*Sus.* It would be a greater miracle, to see you honest.

*Bas.* Figaro is in search of him.

*Sus.* Then, he is in search of the man who wishes most to injure him,—yourself excepted.

*Bas.* It is strange, that a man should injure the husband by obliging the wife.

(*The Count peeps from behind the arm-chair.*)

*Alm.* I shall hear now how well he pleads my cause.

*Bas.* For my part, marriage being of all serious things, the greatest farce, I imagined—

*Sus.* All manner of wickedness.

*Bas.* That though you are obliged to fast to-day, you might be glad to feed to-morrow, grace being first duly said.

*Sus.* Be gone, and don't shock my ears with your vile principles.

*Bas.* Yes, my pretty Susan; but you must not suppose I am the dupe of these fine appearances:—I know it isn't Figaro who is the great obstacle to my lord's happiness; but a certain beardless Page, whom I surprised here yesterday looking for you, as I entered.

*Sus.* I wish you'd be gone, you wicked—devil.

*Bas.* Wicked devil! Ah, one is a wicked devil for not shutting one's eyes.

*Sus.* I wish you'd be gone, I tell you.

*Bas.* Wasn't it for you that he wrote the song, which he goes chaunting up and down the house at every instant?

*Sus.* O yes, for me,—to be sure!

*Bas.* I'm sure it was either for you or your lady.

*Sus.* What next?

*Bas.* Why, really, when he sits at table, he does cast certain very significant glances towards a beautiful Countess, who shall be nameless.—But let him beware! If my lord catches him at his tricks, he'll make him dance without music.

*Sus.* Nobody but such a wicked creature as you, could ever invent such scandalous tales to the ruin of a poor youth, who has unhappily fallen into his lordship's displeasure.

*Bas.* I invent? Why, it's in every body's mouth.—(*The count discovers himself, and comes forward.*)

*Alm.* How? in every body's mouth!

*Bas.* Zounds!—

*Alm.* Run, Basil:—let him have fifty pistoles and a horse given him, and be sent back to his friends instantly.

*Bas.* I'm very sorry, my lord, that I happened to speak of—

*Sus.* O, O,—I'm quite suffocated.—(*Susan seems ready to faint, the count runs and supports her.*)

*Alm.* Let us seat her in this great chair, Basil:—quick, quick,—

*Sus.* (*Is frightened and exclaims.*) This wicked fellow has ruined the poor boy. No, no!—I won't sit down:—I always faint best standing.

*Bas.* I assure you, my lord, what I said was only meant to sound Susan.

*Alm.* No matter; he shall depart: a little wanton, impudent rascal, that I meet at every turning! No longer ago than yesterday, I surprised him with the gardener's daughter.

*Bas.* Agnes?

*Alm.* In her very bed-chamber.

*Sus.* Where my lord happened to have business himself.

*Alm.* Hem!—I was going there to seek her father Antonio, my drunken gardener: I knocked at the door, and waited some time; at last Agnes came, with confusion in her countenance:—I entered, cast a look round; and, perceiving a kind of long cloak, or curtain, or some such thing, approached; and without seeming to take the least notice, drew it gently aside, thus—Hey!

*Bas.* Zounds, Susan!—(*The count, during his speech, approaches the arm-chair, and acting his description, draws aside the gown that hides the Page. They all stand motionless with surprise, for some time.*)

*Alm.* Why, this is a better trick than t'other!

*Bas.* Worth ten of it—No!—I won't sit down: I faint best standing. Ha, ha, ha!

*Alm.* And so, it was to receive this pretty youth, that you were so desirous of being alone.—And you, you little villain, —what, you don't intend to mend your manners then? But, forgetting all respect for your friend Figaro, and for the Countess your god-mother likewise, you are endeavouring here to seduce her favourite woman! I, however,—(*Turning towards Basil.*)—shall not suffer Figaro, a man—whom—I esteem—sincerely—to fall the victim of such deceit. Did this imp enter with you, Basil?

*Bas.* No, my lord.

*Sus.* There's neither victim nor deceit in the case, my lord;—he was here when you entered.

*Alm.* I hope that's false; his greatest enemy couldn't wish him so much mischief.

*Sus.* Knowing that you were angry with him, the poor boy came running to me, begging me to solicit my lady in his favour, in hopes she might engage you to forgive him; but

was so terrified, when he heard you coming, that he hid himself in the great chair.

*Alm.* A likely story !—I sat down in it, as soon as I came in.

*Page.* Yes, my lord ; but I was then trembling behind it.

*Alm.* That's false again ; for I hid myself behind it, when Basil entered.

*Page.* (*Timidly.*) Pardon me, my lord ; but,—as you approached,—I retired, and crouched down, as you now see me.

*Alm.* (*Angrily.*) It's a little serpent that glides into every cranny.—And he has been listening too to our discourse !

*Page.* Indeed, my lord, I did all I could,—not to hear a word.

*Alm.* (*To Susan.*) There is no Figaro, no husband for you, however.

*Bas.* (*To Page.*) Somebody's coming ;—Get down.

*Enter the COUNTESS, FIGARO, AGNES, PEDRO, and SERVANTS, male and female, Figaro carrying the nuptial cap.—The Count runs and plucks the Page from the arm-chair, as they enter.*

*Alm.* What, would you continue crouching there before the whole world ? (*The Count and Countess salute.*)

*Fig.* We are come, my lord, to beg a favour, which we hope, for your lady's sake, you will grant.—(*Aside to Susan.*)—Be sure to second what I say.

*Sus.* (*Aside to Fig.*) It will end in nothing.

*Fig.* (*Aside to Sus.*) No matter ; let's try, at least.

*Countess.* You see, my lord, I am supposed to have a much greater degree of influence with you than I really possess.

*Alm.* O no, madam ; not an atom, I assure you.

*Fig.* (*Presenting the cap to the Count.*) Our petition is, that the bride may have the honour of receiving from our worthy lord's hand this nuptial cap, ornamented with half-blown roses and white ribands, symbols of the purity of his intentions.

*Alm.* (*Aside.*) Do they mean to laugh at me ?

*Countess.* Let me beg, my lord, you will not deny their request ; in the name of that love you once had for me.

*Alm.* And have still, madam.

*Fig.* Join with me, my friends.

*Omnes.* My lord!—my lord?

*Alm.* Well, well,—I consent.—(*Gives Susan the cap.*)—Remember the garden. (*Aside.*)

*Fig.* Look at her, my lord: never could a more beauteous bride better prove the greatness of the sacrifice you have made.

*Sus.* O, don't speak of my beauty, but his lordship's virtues.

*Alm.* (*Aside.*) My virtues!—Yes, yes,—I see, they understand each other.

*Agn.* (*Pointing to the Page.*) Have you forgiven what happened yesterday, my lord?

*Alm.* (*Afraid lest the Countess should hear, and chucking Agnes under the chin.*) Hush!

*Fig.* (*To the Page.*) What's the matter, young Hannibal the brave? What makes you so silent?

*Sus.* He's sorrowful, because my lord is going to send him from the castle.

*Omnes.* O, my lord!—

*Countess.* Let me beg you will forgive him.

*Alm.* He does not deserve to be forgiven.

*Countess.* Consider, he is so young,—

*Alm.* (*Half aside.*) Not so young, perhaps, as you suppose.

*Page.* My lord certainly has not ceded away the right to pardon.

*Sus.* And, if he had, that would certainly be the first he would *secretly* endeavour to reclaim.—(*Looking significantly at the Count and Figaro.*)

*Alm.* (*Understanding her.*) No doubt: no doubt.

*Page.* My conduct, my lord, may have been indiscreet; but I can assure your lordship, that the least word shall never pass my lips—

*Alm.* (*Interrupting him.*) Enough, enough:—since every body begs for him, I must grant:—I shall moreover give him a company in my regiment.

*Omnes.* O, my lord!—

*Alm.* But on condition, that he depart to-day, for Catalonia, to join the corps.

*Omnes.* O, my lord!—

*Fig.* To-morrow, my lord—?

*Alm.* To-day.—It shall be so.—(*To the Page.*)—Take leave of your god-mother, and beg her protection.—(*The Page kneels to the Countess with a sorrowful air. As he approaches to kneel, he goes very slowly, and Figaro gently pushes him forward.*)

*Fig.* Go, go, child; go.

*Countess.* (*With great emotion.*) Since—it is not possible—to obtain leave—for you to remain here to day, depart, young man, and follow the noble career which lies before you.—Go, where fortune and glory call.—Be obedient, polite, and brave, and be certain we shall take part in your prosperity. \* (*Raises him.*)

*Alm.* You seem agitated, madam.

*Countess.* How can I help it, recollecting the perils to which his youth must be exposed? He has been bred in the same house with me, is of the same kindred, and is likewise my god-son.

*Alm.* (*Aside.*) Basil, I see, was in the right.—(*Turns to the Page.*)—Go; kiss Susan for the last time.—(*Figaro intercepts the Page.*)

*Fig.* No, there's no occasion for kissing, my lord; he'll return in the winter; and, in the mean time, he may kiss me.—The scene must now be changed, my delicate youth: you must not run up stairs and down into the women's chambers, play at hunt-the-slipper, steal cream, suck oranges, and live upon sweetmeats.—Instead of that, Zounds! you must look bluff; tan your face; handle your musket; turn to the right; wheel to the left; and march to glory:—that is, if you're not stopped short by a bullet.

*Sus.* Fie, Figaro.

*Countess.* (*Terrified.*) What a prophecy!

*Fig.* Were I a soldier, I'd make some of them scamper. But come, come, my friends; let us prepare our feast against the evening.

*Alm.* Well, much diversion to you all, my friends.—

(*Going.*)

*Countess.* You will not leave us, my lord.

*Alm.* I am undressed, you see.

*Countess.* We shall see nobody but our own people.



*Alm.* I must do what you please.—Wait for me in the study, Basil. I shall make out his commission immediately.

[*Exeunt all but Figaro and Page.*

*Fig. (Retains the Page.)* Come, come; let us study our parts well for the play in the evening; I dare say, you know no more of your's, than Agnes does of her's.

*Page.* You forget, Figaro, that I am going.

*Fig.* And you wish to stay!—(*In the same sorrowful tone.*)

*Page. (Sighs.)* Ah, yes!

*Fig.* Follow my advice, and so thou shalt.

*Page.* How, how?

*Fig.* Make no murmuring, but clap on your boots, and seem to depart; gallop as far as the farm, return to the castle on foot; enter by the back way; and hide yourself till I can come to you, in the lodge at the bottom of the garden; you will find pretty Agnes thereabouts.

*Page.* Ay, and then I may teach her her part, you know.

*Fig.* Yes, you have no objection to that, I suppose.

[*Exeunt, L.H.S.E. jesting with each other.*

## END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Countess's bed-chamber.—The bed in the back ground;—chairs and table;—a door of entrance into the chamber;—another into Susan's room; and a third into the Countess's dressing-room.—A window that looks into the garden.*

*The COUNTESS seated, R.H. of toilet, and SUSAN, L.H. waiting, discovered.*

*Countess.* Shut the door,—And so, the Page was hid behind the great chair?

*Sus.* Yes, madam.

*Countess.* But how did he happen to be in your room, Susan?

*Sus.* The poor boy came to beg I would prevail on you to obtain his pardon of my lord the count.

*Countess.* But why did not he come to me himself? I should not have refused him a favour of that kind.

*Sus.* Bashfulness, madam.—Ah, Susan! said he, she is a divinity! How noble is her manner! Her very smiles are awful.

*Countess.* (*Smiling.*) Is that true, Susan?

*Sus.* Can you doubt it, madam?

*Countess.* I have always afforded him my protection.

*Sus.* Had you, madam, but seen him snatch the riband from me!

*Countess.* (*Rising.*) Pshaw! Enough of this nonsense.—And so, my lord the count endeavours to seduce you, Susan?

*Sus.* Oh, no indeed, madam, he does not give himself the trouble to seduce; he endeavours to purchase me: and, because I refuse him, will certainly prevent my marriage with Figaro.

*Countess.* Fear nothing.—We shall have need, however, of a little artifice, perhaps; in the execution of which, Figaro's assistance may not be amiss.

*Sus.* He'll be here, madam, as soon as my lord is gone a coursing.

*Countess.* Your lord is an ungrateful man, Susan;—an ungrateful man;—(*The Countess walks up and down the room with some emotion.*)—Open the window: I am stifled for want of air.—(*Susan opens the window.*)—Vows, protestations, and tenderness, are all forgotten:—my love offends, my caresses disgust:—he thinks his own infidelities must all be overlooked; yet my conduct must be irreproachable.

*Sus.* (*Looking out of the window.*) Yonder goes my lord with all his grooms and greyhounds.

*Countess.* To divert himself with hunting a poor, timid, harmless hare to death.—This, however, will give us time to—(*A knocking at the chamber door.*)—Somebody is at the door, Susan.—(*Susan goes singing and opens the door.*)

*Enter FIGARO at the chamber, R.H.D.—He kisses Susan's hand ; she makes signs to him to be more prudent, and points to the Countess.*

*Countess.* Well, Figaro, you've heard of my lord the count's designs on your fair bride.

*Fig.* O, yes, my lady.—There was nothing very surprising in the news. My lord sees a sweet, young, lovely angel—*(Susan curtsies.)*—And wishes to have her for himself. Can any thing be more natural ? I wish the very same.

*Countess.* I don't find it so very pleasant, Figaro.

*Fig.* He endeavours to overturn the schemes of those who oppose his wishes ; and in this he only follows the example of the rest of the world :—I will endeavour to do the very same by him :—and first, my scheme requires that you dress up the Page in your clothes, my dear Susan ;—he is to be your representative in the design I have plotted.

*Countess.* The Page !

*Sus.* He is gone.

*Fig.* Is he ?—Perhaps so ;—but a whistle from me will bring him back. *(The Countess seems pleased.)*

*Sus.* So,—now Figaro's happy ; plots and contrivances—

*Fig.* Two, three, four at a time ! Embarrassed, involved, perplexed !—Leave me to unravel 'em. I was born to thrive in courts.

*Sus.* I've heard the trade of a courtier is not so difficult as some pretend.

*Fig.* Ask for every thing that falls, seize every thing in your power, and accept every thing that's offered ;—there's the whole art and mystery in three words.

*Countess.* But, should my lord discover the disguised Page—

*Sus.* He'll only give him a smart lecture ; and that will do his boyish vanity no harm.

*Countess.* And in truth, it deserves a little mortification.—Well, next for the count, Figaro.

*Fig.* Permit me, madam, to manage him.—And first, the better to secure *my* property, I shall begin by making him dread the loss of *his own*.—To which end, an anonymous letter must be sent, informing him, that a gallant, meaning

to profit by his neglect and absence, is at present with his beauteous Countess;—and, to confess the truth, the thing is already done, madam.

*Countess.* How?—Have you dared to trifle thus with a woman of honour?

*Fig.* O, madam, it is only with a woman of honour I should presume to take a liberty like this; lest my joke should happen to prove a reality.

*Countess.* (*Smiles.*) You don't want an agreeable excuse for your plot, Figaro.—(*To herself.*)—Though I hardly know how to give into it.

*Fig.* If you please, madam, I'll go and send the Page hither to be dressed.—We must not lose a moment.

[*Exit at the chamber door, R.H.*]

*Countess.* (*Examining her head dress in the looking-glass.*) What a hideous cap this is, Susan! it's quite awry!—This youth who is coming—

*Sus.* Ah, madam, your beauty needs not the addition of art in his eyes.

*Countess.* I assure you, Susan, I shall be very severe with him.—I shall tell him of all the complaints I hear against him.

*Sus.* Oh yes, madam; I can see you will scold him heartily.

*Countess.* (*Seriously.*) What do you say, Susan?

*Sus.* (*Goes to the chamber door.*) Come, come in, Mister Soldier.

*Enter PAGE at the chamber, R.H.D.—Susan pretends to threaten him by signs.*

*Page.* Um— (*Pouts, aside.*)

*Countess.* (*With a serious air.*) Well, young gentleman.—(*Aside to Susan.*)—How innocent he looks, Susan!

*Sus.* And how bashful, madam!

*Countess.* (*Resuming her serious air.*) Have you reflected on the duties of your new profession?—(*The Page imagines the Countess is angry, and timidly draws back.*)

*Sus.* (*Aside to the Page.*) Ay, ay, young rake, I'll tell all I know.—(*Returns to the Countess.*)—Observe his downcast eyes, madam, and long eye-lashes.—(*Aside to the Page.*)—Yes, hypocrite, I'll tell.

*Countess.* (*Seeing the Page more and more fearful.*) Nay, Hannibal,—don't—be terrified;—I—Come nearer.

*Sus.* (*Pushing him towards the Countess.*) Advance, modesty.

*Countess.* Poor youth, he's quite affected.—I'm not angry with you, I was only going to speak to you on the duties of a soldier.—Why do you seem so sorrowful?

*Page.* Alas, madam, I may well be sorrowful, being, as I am, obliged to leave a lady, so gentle, and so kind,—

*Sus.* And so beautiful.

(*In the same tone, and half aside.*)

*Page.* Ah, yes! (*Sighs.*)

*Sus.* (*Mimicking.*) Ah, yes!—Come, come, let me try on one of my gowns upon you:—come here, let's measure—I declare the little villain is not so tall as I am.

*Page.* Um— (*Pouts.*)

*Sus.* Turn about;—let me untie your cloak.

(*Takes off the Page's cloak.*)

*Countess.* But, suppose any body should come?

*Sus.* Dear, my lady, we are not doing any harm;—I'll lock the door, however, for fear.—(*The Page casts a glance or two at the Countess; Susan returns.*)—Well!—have you nothing to say to my beautiful lady, and your charming god-mother?

*Page.* (*Sighs.*) O, yes; that I am sure I shall love her as long as I live.

*Countess.* Esteem you mean, Hannibal.

*Page.* Ye—ye—yes;—es—teem, I should have said.

*Sus.* (*Laughs.*) Yes, yes,—esteem!—The poor youth overflows with es—teem and aff—action,—and—

*Page.* Um! (*Aside to Susan.*)

*Sus.* Now, let us try whether one of my caps—

*Countess.* There's a close cap of mine lies on my dressing-table.—[*Exit Susan into the dressing-room of the Countess. L.H.*—Is your commission made out?

*Page.* O, yes, madam;—and given me:—here it is.—

(*Presents his commission to the Countess.*)

*Countess.* Already!—They have made haste, I see;—they are not willing to lose a moment;—their hurry has made them even forget to affix the seal to it.

*Re-enter SUSAN, with a cap in her hand.*

*Sus.* The seal?—to what, madam?

*Countess.* His commission.

*Sus.* So soon!

*Countess.* I was observing, there has been no time lost.—  
(*Returns the Page his commission, he puts it in his girdle.*)

*Sus.* Come.—(*Makes the Page kneel down, and puts the cap on him.*)—What a pretty little villain it is! I declare I am jealous. See, if he is not handsomer than I am! Turn about,—there.—What's here? The riband?—So, so, so! Now all's out. I'm glad of it.—I told my young gentleman I would let you know his thievish tricks, madam.

*Countess.* Fetch me some black patches, Susan.

*Sus.* There are none in your room, madam; I'll fetch some out of mine.—[*Exit, into her own room.*]—(*The Countess and the Page remain mute for a considerable time, during which the Page looks at the Countess with bashful glances;—the Countess pretends not to observe him, and yet makes several efforts to suppress her feelings of compassion for his situation.*)

*Countess.* And—and—so—you—you are sorry—to leave us?

*Page.* Ye—yes,—madam,

*Countess.* (*Observing the Page's heart so full, that he is ready to burst into tears.*) 'Tis that good-for-nothing Figaro, who has frightened the child with his prognostics.

*Page.* (*Unable to contain himself any longer.*) N-o-o-o indee-ec-eed, madam; I-I-am o-on-only grieved to part from so dear a la-a-ady.

*Countess.* Nay, but don't weep, don't weep.—Come, come, be comforted.—(*A knocking at the chamber door.*)—Who's there?

*Alm.* (*Without.*) Open the door, my lady.

*Countess.* Heavens! it is the count!—I am ruined; if he finds the Page here, after receiving Figaro's anonymous letter, I shall be for ever lost!—What imprudence!

*Alm.* Why don't you open the door?

*Page.* O, ma'am!

*Countess.* Because—I'm alone.

*Alm.* Alone!—Whom are you talking to, then?

*Countess.* To you, to be sure.—How could I be so thoughtless?—This villainous Figaro!—

*Page.* After the scene of the great chair this morning, he will certainly murder me if he finds me here.

*Countess.* Run into my dressing-room;—and, Hannibal, —lock the door on the inside.—[*Exit Page into the dressing-room, L.H.S.E.*].—(*The Countess opens the chamber-door.*).

*Enter the COUNT, R.H.D.*

*Alm.* You did not use to lock yourself in, when you were alone, madam.—Whom were you speaking to?

*Countess.* (*Endeavouring to conceal her agitation.*) To —to Susan, who is rumaging in her own room.

*Alm.* You seem agitated, madam.

*Countess.* That is not impossible.—(*Affecting to take a serious air.*)—We were speaking of you.

*Alm.* Of me?

*Countess.* Your jealousy, your indifference, my lord.—(*Noise of a table overturned by the Page in the dressing-room.—Aside.*)—What will become of me?

*Alm.* What noise is that?

*Countess.* I heard no noise.

*Alm.* No? You must be most confoundedly absent, then.

*Countess.* (*Affecting to return his irony.*) O, to be sure.

*Alm.* There's somebody in your dressing-room, madam.

*Countess.* Who should be there?

*Alm.* That's what I want to know.

*Countess.* It's Susan, I suppose, putting the chairs and tables in their places.

*Alm.* What? Your favourite woman turned house-maid! You told me just now she was in her *own* room.

*Countess.* In *her* room, or *my* room,—it's the same thing

*Alm.* Really, my lady, this Susan of yours is a very nimble, convenient kind of person.

*Countess.* Really, my lord, this Susan of mine disturbs your quiet very much.

*Alm.* Very true, madam; so much, that I'm determined to see her.—(*He goes to the dressing-room door and calls.*) —Susan, Susan!—If Susan you are, come forth!

*Countess.* Very well, my lord, very well!—Would you have the girl come out half undressed? She's trying on one of my left off dresses.—To disturb female privacy in this manner, my lord, is not to be endured.—(*During this altercation, Susan comes out of her own room, perceives what is passing, and, after listening long enough to know how to act, slips, unseen by both, behind the curtains of the bed.*)

*Alm.* Well,—if she can't come out,—she can answer, at least.—(*Calls.*)—Susan!—Answer me, Susan.

*Countess.* I say, do not answer, Susan; I forbid you to speak a word.—We shall see whom she'll obey.

*Alm.* But if it is nobody but Susan, what is the reason, madam, of that emotion and perplexity so very evident in your countenance?

*Countess.* (*Affecting to laugh.*) Emotion and perplexity? Ha! ha, ha,—Ridiculous!

*Alm.* Be it as ridiculous as it may, I am determined to be satisfied; and I think present appearances gives me a sufficient plea.—(*Goes to the chamber door, and calls.*)—Hollo! Who waits there?

*Countess.* Do, do, my lord;—expose your jealousy to your very servants! Make yourself and me the jest of the whole world!

*Alm.* Why do you oblige me to it?—However, since you will not suffer that door to be quietly opened, will you be pleased to accompany me while I procure an instrument to force it.

*Countess.* To be sure, my lord, to be sure; if you please.

*Alm.* I shall lock the chamber-door after me; and, that you may be fully justified, I'll make this other door fast.—(*Goes to Susan's room door; locks it, and takes the key.*)—Now,—(*Showing the key to the Countess.*)—I am sure nobody can get in or out of this room;—and the Susan of the dressing-room must submit to be confined here till my return.

*Countess.* This behaviour is greatly to your honour, my lord!—[*Exeunt, disputing at the chamber, R.H.D. which the Count is heard to lock.*]



*Enter SUSAN from behind the bed, as they go off; she runs to the dressing-room door and calls.*

*Sus.* Hannibal!—Hannibal!—Open the door; quick, quick,—it's I, Susan.

*Enter PAGE, frightened.*

*Page.* O, Susan.

*Sus.* O, my poor mistress.

*Page.* What will become of her?

*Sus.* What will become of my marriage?

*Page.* What will become of me?

*Sus.* Don't stand babbling here; but fly.

*Page.* The doors are all fast, how can I fly?

*Sus.* Don't ask me.—Fly!

*Page.* Here's a window open.—(*Runs to the window.*)—Below is a bed of flowers; I'll leap out.

*Sus.* (*Screams.*) You'll break your neck.

*Page.* Better that, than ruin my dear lady.—(*Gets upon a table at the window.*)—Give me one kiss before I go, Susan.

*Sus.* Was there ever such a young—(*Page kisses her, and leaps out of the window; Susan shrieks at seeing him jump down.*)—Ah!—(*Susan sinks into a chair, overcome with fear;—at last, she takes courage, rises, goes with dread towards the window, and, after looking out, turns round with her hand upon her heart, a sigh of relief, and a smile expressive of sudden ease and pleasure.*)—He is safe;—yonder he runs,—as light and as swift as the winds.—If that boy does not make some woman's heart ache, one of these days, I'm mistaken.—(*Susan goes in at the dressing-room door, but peeps back as she is going to shut it.*)—And now, my good jealous Count, perhaps I may teach you to break open doors another time. (*Locks herself in.*)

*Enter the COUNT, at the chamber R.H.D. with a wrenching-iron in one hand, and leading in the Countess with the other. Goes and examines Susan's room door.*

*Alm.* Yes, every thing is as I left it. We now shall come at the truth.—Do you still persist in forcing me to

break open this door?—I am determined to see who's within.

*Countess.* Let me beg, my lord, you'll have a moment's patience;—hear me only, and you shall satisfy your utmost curiosity.—Let me intreat you to be assured, that however appearances may condemn me, no injury was intended to your honour.

*Alm.* Then there is a man?

*Countess.* No,—it is only—only—

*Alm.* Only,—only who?

*Countess.* A child.

*Alm.* Let's see this child.—What child?

*Countess.* Hannibal.

*Alm.* The Page!—(*Turns away.*)—This damnable Page again!—The whole's unravelled!—Come forth, viper!

*Countess.* (*Terrified and trembling.*) Do not let the disorder in which you will see him—

*Alm.* The disorder!—The disorder!

*Countess.* We were going to dress him in women's clothes for our evening's diversion;—

*Alm.* I'll rack him!—I'll—I'll make him a terrible example of an injured husband's wrath.

*Countess.* (*Falling on her knees between the Count and the door.*) Hold, my lord, hold!—Have pity on his youth, his infancy,—

*Alm.* What? Intercede for him to me?—(*Runs to the dressing-room door.*)—Come forth, I say, once more.—I'll rack him, I'll stab him, I'll—(*While the Count is speaking, Susan unlocks the dressing-room door, and bolts out upon him.*)

*Sus.* I'll rack him!—I'll stab him! I'll—Ha, ha, ha!—(*The Countess hearing Susan's voice, recovers sufficiently to look round,—is astonished,—endeavours to collect herself,—and turns back into her former position, to conceal her surprise.*)

*Alm.* (*After looking first at Susan, and then at the Countess.*) And can you act astonishment too, madam!—(*Observing the Countess, who cannot totally hide her surprise.*)

*Countess.* I?—My lord,—

*Alm.* (*Recollecting himself.*) But, perhaps she wasn't

alone.—(*Enters the dressing-room;—the Countess is again alarmed;—Susan runs to her.*)

*Sus.* Fear nothing;—he's not there.—He has jumped out of the window.

*Countess.* And broke his neck! (*Her terror returns.*)

*Sus.* Hush!—(*Susan stands before the Countess to hide her new agitation from the Count.*)—Hem! hem!

*Re-enter the COUNT, greatly agitated.*

*Alm.* No, there's nobody there.—I've been confoundedly in the wrong.—(*Approaching the Countess.*)—confusion, madam:—Madam.—(*With great submission, as if going to beg her pardon; but the confusion still visible in her countenance, calls up the recollection of all that has just passed, and he bursts out into an exclamation.*)—Upon my soul, madam, you are a most excellent actress!

*Sus.* And am not I too my lord?

*Alm.* (*Kneels to the Countess.*) You see my contrition.—(*Kisses her hand.*)—Be generous,—

*Sus.* As you have been.

*Alm.* Hush!—(*Kisses Susan's hand.*)—Remember the garden to-night.—(*Turns to the Countess.*)—My dear Rosina!—

*Countess.* No, no, my lord; I am no longer that Rosina, whom you formerly loved with such affection:—I am now, nothing but the poor Countess of Almaviva,—a neglected wife, not a beloved mistress.

*Alm.* Nay, do not make my humiliation too severe.—But, wherefore have you been thus mysterious on this occasion?

*Countess.* That I might not betray that headlong thoughtless Figaro.

*Alm.* What, he wrote the anonymous billet, then?

*Countess.* But it was done, my lord, before I knew of it.—(*The Countess stands in the middle of the stage; the Count a little in the back ground, as if expressive of his timidity, but his countenance shows he is confident of obtaining his pardon;—Susan stands forwarder than either, and her looks are significantly applicable to the circumstances of both parties.*)

*Sus.* To suspect a man in my lady's dressing-room!—

*Alm.* And to be thus severely punished for my suspicion!—

*Sus.* Not to believe my lady, when she assured you it was her woman!—

*Alm.* But what's the reason, you malicious little hussy, you did not come out when I called?

*Sus.* What, undressed, my lord?

*Alm.* But, why didn't you answer then?

*Sus.* My lady forbid me:—(*Aside*)—and good reason she had so to do.

*Alm.* How could you, Rosina, be so cruel, as to—

*Enter FIGARO, R.H. in a hurry,—he stops on seeing the Count, who puts on a very serious air.*

*Fig.* They told me, my lady was indisposed: I ran to inquire, and am very happy to find there was nothing in it.

*Alm.* You are very attentive.

*Fig.* It is my duty to be so, my lord.—(*Turns to Susan.*)—Come, come, my charmer: prepare for the ceremony: go to your bridesmaids.

*Alm.* But who is to take care of the Countess in the mean time?

*Fig.* (*Surprised*) Take care of her, my lord! My lady seems very well.

*Alm.* Who is to guard her from the gallant, who was to profit by my absence?—(*Susan and the Countess make signs to Figaro.*)

*Countess.* Nay, nay, Figaro; the Count knows all.

*Sus.* Yes, yes; we've told my lord every thing. The jest is ended,—it's all over.

*Fig.* The jest is ended!—And it's all over!

*Alm.* Yes,—ended, ended, ended!—And all over!—What have you to say to that?

*Fig.* Say, my lord?—(*The confusion of Figaro arises from not supposing it possible the Countess and Susan should have betrayed him; and, when he understands something by their signs, from not knowing how much they have told.*)

*Alm.* Ay, say.

*Fig.* I—I—I wish I could say as much of my marriage.

*Alm.* And who wrote the pretty letter ?

*Fig.* Not I, my lord.

*Alm.* If I did not know thou liest, I could read it in thy face.

*Fig.* Indeed, my lord ?—Then it's my face that lies,—not I.

*Countess.* Pshaw ! Figaro ! Why should you endeavour to conceal any thing, when I tell you, we have confessed all.

*Sus.* (*Making signs to Figaro.*) We've told my lord o the letter, which made him suspect that Hannibal, the Page who is far enough off by this, was hid in my lady's dressing-room, where I myself was locked in.

*Fig.* Well, well ; since my lord will have it so, and my lady will have it so, and you all will have it so,—why then so let it be.

*Alm.* Still at his wiles.

*Countess.* Why, my lord, would you oblige him to speak truth, so much against his inclination ?

(*Count and Countess walk familiarly up the stage.*)

*Sus.* Hast thou seen the Page ?

*Fig.* Yes, yes ; you have shook his young joints for him among you.

*Enter ANTONIO, the gardener, R.H.D. half drunk, with a broken flower-pot under his arm.*

*Ant.* My lord,—my good lord,—if so be as your lordship will not have the goodness to have these windows nailed up, I shall never have a nosegay fit to give to my lady.—They break all my pots, and spoil my flowers ; for they not only throw other rubbish out of the windows, as they used to do, but they have just now tossed out a man.

*Alm.* A man ! (*The Count's suspicions all revive.*)

*Ant.* In white stockings.—(*Countess and Susan discover their fears, and make signs to Figaro to assist them, possible.*)

*Alm.* (*Eagerly.*) Where is the man ?

*Ant.* That's what I want to know, my lord.—I wish could find him.—I'm your lordship's gardener ; and though I say it, a better gardener is not to be found in all Spain.—But if chamber-maids are permitted to toss men out of th

window, to save their own reputation,—what is to become of mine ?

*Fig.* Oh, fie ! What, sotting so soon in a morning !

*Ant.* No,—this is only the remains of last night.

*Alm.* On with your story, sir—What of the man ?—What followed ?

*Ant.* I followed him myself, my lord, as fast as I could ; but somehow I unluckily happened to make a false step, and came with such a confounded whirl against the garden gate,—that I—I quite for—forgot my errand.

*Alm.* And should you know this man again ?

*Ant.* To be sure I should, my lord ;—if I had seen his face, that is.

*Alm.* Either speak more clearly, rascal, or I'll send you packing—

*Ant.* Send me packing, my lord ?—O, no ; if your lordship has not enough—enough—(*Points to his forehead.*)—to know when you have a good gardener ; I warrant I know when I have a good place.

*Fig.* There is no occasion, my lord, for all this mystery.—It was I who jumped out of the window into the garden.

*Alm.* You ?

*Fig.* My own self, my lord.

*Alm.* Jump out of a one pair of stairs window, and run the risk of breaking your neck ?

*Fig.* The ground was soft, my lord.

*Ant.* And his neck is in no danger of being broken that way.

*Fig.* To be sure, I hurt my right leg a little in the fall ; just here at the ankle.—I feel it still.

*Alm.* But what reason had you to jump out of the window ?

*Fig.* You had received my letter, my lord,—since I must own it,—and were come, somewhat sooner than I expected, in a dreadful passion, in search of a man—

*Ant.* If it was you, you have grown plaguy fast within this half hour, to my thinking. The man that I saw, did not seem so tall as you, by the head and shoulders.

*Fig.* Phaw ! Does not one always double one's self up when one takes a leap ?

*Ant.* It seemed a great deal more like the Page.

*Alm.* The Page !

*Fig.* O yes, to be sure ! the Page has galloped back from Seville, horse and all, to leap out of the window !

*Ant.* No, no, my lord ; I saw no such thing.—I'll take my oath, I saw no horse leap out of the window.

*Alm.* Drunkard ! Booby !—(*The Count seizes Antonio, and flings him on the bed ;—he rolls over it, and crawls out from underneath, in front of it.*)

*Fig.* Come, come, let us go, and prepare for our sports.  
(*They are all going.*)

*Ant.* Well, since it was you, as I am an honest man, ! ought to return you this paper which dropped out of your pocket, as you fell.

*Alm.* (*Snatches the paper ;—the Countess, Figaro, and Susan are all surprised and embarrassed. Figaro shakes himself, and endeavours to recover his fortitude.*) Now, if it was you, you doubtless can tell what this paper contains,—(*Keeps the paper behind his back, as he faces Figaro.*)—and how it happened to come into your pocket ?

*Fig.* O, my lord, I've such quantities of papers.—(*Searches his pockets, and pulls out a great many.*)—No, it is not this.—Hem !—This is a double love-letter from Marcelina, in seven pages.—Hem !—Hem !—It would do a man's heart good to read it.—Hem !—And this is a petition from the poor poacher in prison. I never presented it to your lordship, because I know you have affairs much more serious on your hands, than the complaints of such half-starved rascals.—Ah !—Hem !—This—this—no, this is an inventory of your lordship's sword-knots, ruffs, ruffles, and roses.—Must take care of this—(*Endeavours to gain time, and keeps glancing and hemming to Susan and the Countess, to look at the paper and give him a hint.*)

*Alm.* It is neither this, nor this, nor that, nor t'other, that you have in your hand, but what I hold here in mine, that I want to know the contents of.—(*Holds out the paper in action as he speaks ; the Countess, who stands next him, catches a sight of it.*)

*Countess.* (*Aside to Susan.*) 'Tis the Commission.

*Sus.* (*Aside to Figaro.*) The Page's commission.

*Alm.* Well, sir ;—so you know nothing of the matter.

*Ant.* There, my lord says you know nothing of the matter.

*Fig.* Keep off, and don't come to whisper me.—(*He pushes Antonio out at the chamber-door*)—O, lord ! lord !

—(*Pretending to recollect himself.*)—What a stupid fool I am!—I declare it's the commission of that poor youth, Hannibal,—which I, like a blockhead, forgot to return him;—he'll be quite unhappy about it, poor boy.

*Alm.* And how came you by it?

*Fig.* By it, my lord?

*Alm.* Why did he give it you?

*Fig.* To—to—to—

*Alm.* To what?

*Fig.* To get—

*Alm.* To get what? It wants nothing.

*Countess.* (*Aside to Susan.*) It wants the seal.

*Sus.* (*Aside to Figaro.*) It wants the seal.

*Fig.* O, my lord, what it wants, to be sure, is a mere trifle.

*Alm.* What trifle?

*Fig.* You know, my lord, when you make out a commission, it's customary to—

*Alm.* To what?

*Fig.* To affix your lordship's seal.

*Alm.* (*Looks at the commission, finds the seal is wanting, and exclaims with vexation and disappointment.*)  
The devil and all hisimps! [*Exit, at the chamber door.*]

*Fig.* Are you going, my lord, without giving orders for our wedding? [*Exit, following the Count.*]

*Sus.* What shall we do now, madam? The Page is too much frightened ever to be employed in a second plot.

*Countess.* No more plots of Figaro's inventing! You see into what danger I've been brought by his fine concerted letter.—Still, however, I wish I could convict my false husband of his infidelity to his face.—Ha! a happy thought strikes me. I'll meet him in the garden, instead of you; and then nobody will be exposed but himself.—But you must not mention one word of this, Susan, to any body.

*Sus.* Except Figaro?

*Countess.* No, not even to Figaro;—he'll spoil my design by mixing some plot of his own with it.

*Sus.* Your project's a charming one, madam; and I shall yet have my Figaro. [*Exeunt at the chamber-door.*]

END OF ACT II.



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The garden of the Castle.—Two Pavilions, one on each side of the stage.*

*Enter AGNES, R.H.U.E. from the bottom of the garden, with a little basket of refreshments in her hand.*

*Agn.* Now for that good-natured, merry little Hannibal;—he hasn't half learnt me my part yet.—Poor thing, he has had nothing to eat since he came; and the cross good-for-nothing cook would not give me a morsel for him; so I was obliged to ask the butler for some cakes and oranges.—It cost me a good kiss on the cheek; but I know who'll repay it.—Hannibal,—Hannibal!—He's not there, sure.—O, dear, and here's somebody coming!—[*Exit into the Pavilion, L.H.S.E.*

*FIGARO advances, R.H.U.E. disguised in a roquelaure, with BASIL and PEDRO.—Figaro, at first, believes Agnes to be Susan; and, as it is too dark to see, endeavours to follow the sound of her voice, having entered while she was speaking.*

*Fig.* I was mistaken; 'tis Agnes.—What o'clock is it?

*Ped.* Almost near the moon's rising.

*Bas.* What a gloomy night!—We look like so many conspirators.

*Fig.* You understand, gentlemen, why you come hither; it is to be witnesses of the conduct of the virtuous bride I am soon to espouse, and of the honourable lord who has graciously bestowed her on me. You'll see my suspicions are not without cause.

*Bas.* Ay; and I shall be up with my lord now, for not employing me in this assignation.

(*Basil and Pedro retire, L.H.U.E.*)

*Fig.* No, my worthy lord and master, you have not got her yet.—What, because you're a great man, you fancy yourself a great genius!—But, as little a man as I may, perhaps, be revenged on you.—O, Susan! Susan!—(*Hearing a noise, he wraps himself up in his roquelaure, and retires a little.*)

*Enter softly, from the bottom of the garden, R.H.U.E. the COUNTESS and SUSAN, both veiled.*

*Sus. (Aside to the Countess.)* So, so,—in spite of all our secrecy, Figaro has somehow or other discovered our intention, and will be here. But I'll teach him how to suspect me, I warrant.—Now, let us begin.—(*Speaks louder.*)—If you don't want me, madam, I'll walk and enjoy the fresh air.

*Fig. (Aside.)* O, the cokatrice!

*Countess.* It may give thee cold.

*Sus.* O no, my lady.

*Fig. (Aside.)* O no; she'll not take cold to-night.—(*Susan retires a little towards the Pavilion on the left.*)

*Enter the PAGE, R.H.U.E. from the bottom of the garden.*

*Page. (Seeing the Countess.)* Is that Agnes, yonder?—(*He approaches her.*)—No.—Surely, it's Susan:—it must be Susan.—(*Comes up and takes hold of the Countess's hand.*)—Ah, my dear Susan!

*Countess.* Let me go. (*In a feigned voice.*)

*Page.* Come, Susan, Susan, don't be so coy.—I know it isn't Figaro you're waiting for, it is my lord the Count.—What! Did't I hear this morning, when I was behind the great chair?

*Sus. (Aside.)* The babbling little villain!

*Enter the COUNT, R.H.U.E. from the bottom of the garden.*

*Alm.* Is not that somebody with Susan?—(*Advances close up to them, and draws back in a fury.*)—'Tis that infernal Page again.—(*Susan keeps out of the way, silently laughing.*)

*Page.* 'Tis in vain to say no.—Since thou art going to be the representative of the Countess, I am determined to give thee one kiss for thyself, and a hundred for thy beauteous lady.—(*The Countess draws back, to avoid being kissed by the Page; the Count advances into her place; the Page, taking the Count's hand, perceives he is discovered, and suddenly retreats, crying in an under voice.*)

*Page.* O, the Devil!—The Count again!—[*Exit Page into the pavilion on the left. While this passes, Figaro has advanced to drive the Page from Susan, as he supposes.*)]

*Alm.* (*Thinking he speaks to the Page.*) Since you are so fond of kissing, take that.

(*Gives Figaro a box on the ear.*)

*Fig.* I've paid for listening.—(*Susan cannot contain herself, but bursts out a laughing.*)

*Alm.* (*Hears her laugh.*) What, do such salutations make the impudent rascal laugh?

*Fig.* (*Aside.*) It would be strange, if he should cry this time. (*Count and Countess approach each other.*)

*Alm.* But let us not lose the precious moments, my charming Susan!—Let these kisses speak my passion!

(*Kisses the Countess.*)

*Fig.* (*Aside, and beating his forehead*) Oh! oh! oh!

*Alm.* Why dost thou tremble?

*Countess.* (*Continuing her feigned voice.*) Because I am afraid—

*Alm.* Thou seemest to have a cold.—(*Takes the Countess's hand between his own, and kisses it.*)—What a sweet, delicate, angel's hand!—How smooth and soft!—How long and small the fingers!—What pleasure in the touch!—Ah! How different is this from the Countess's hand!

*Countess.* (*Sighing.*) And yet you loved her once.

*Alm.* Yes,—yes,—I did so;—but three years of better acquaintance, have made the marriage-state so respectable—Besides, wives think to ensure our fidelity by being always wives;—whereas, they should sometimes become—

*Countess.* What?

*Alm.* Our mistresses.—I hope, thou'lt not forget this lesson.

*Countess.* O, no, indeed; not I.

*Sus.* (*Aloud.*) Nor I.

*Fig.* (*Aloud.*) Nor I.

*Alm.* (*Astonished.*) Are there echoes here?

*Countess.* O, yes.

*Alm.* And now, my sweet Susan, receive the portion I promised thee;—(*Gives her a purse, and puts a ring upon*

*her finger.*)—And continue likewise to wear this ring for my sake.

*Countess.* Susan accepts your favors.

*Fig. (Aside.)* Was there ever so faithless a hussy !

*Sus. (Aside.)* These riches are all for us !—(*Still keeps chuckling very heartily at what is going forward.*)

*Countess.* I perceive torches.

*Alm.* They are preparatory to thy nuptials.—(*The Countess pretends to be afraid.*)—Come, come, let us retire for a moment into the pavilion.

*Countess.* What ! in the dark ?

*Alm.* Why not ? There are no spirits.

*Fig. (Aside.)* Yes, but they're are ; and evil ones too.—(*Countess follows the Count.*)—She is going !—Hem !—(*Figaro hems in a great passion.*)

*Alm. (Raising his voice majestically.)* Who goes there ?

*Fig.* A man.

*Alm. (Aside to the Countess.)* It's Figaro.—(*The Countess enters the pavilion on the right hand, and the Count retires.*)

*Fig. (Desperate.)* They're gone in.—(*Walks.*)—Let her go,—let her go !

*Sus. (Aside.)* Thou shalt pay presently for these fine suspicions.—(*Susan advances and mimicks the voice of the Countess.*)—Who is that ?

*Fig. (Aside.)* 'Tis the Countess.—What lucky chance conducted you hither, madam ?—You know not what scenes are this moment transacting.

*Sus.* O yes, but I do, Figaro.

*Fig.* What, that the Count and my very virtuous bride are this moment in yonder pavilion, madam ?

*Sus. (Aside.)* Very well, my gentleman !—I know more than thou dost.

*Fig.* And will you not be revenged ?

*Sus.* O yes ; we always have our revenge in our own power.

*Fig. (Aside.)* What does she mean ? Perhaps, what I suspect.—That would be a glorious retaliation.—(*To Susan.*)—There is no means but one, madam, of revenging such wrongs ; and that now presents itself.

*Sus. (Aside)* What does the good-for-nothing fellow mean?—(*Speaks in a tone of compliance to Figaro.*)—Does it, Figaro?

*Fig.* Pardon my presumption, madam: on any other occasion, the respect I bear your ladyship would keep me silent; but, on the present, I dare encounter all.—(*Falls on his knees.*)—O, excuse, forgive me, madam:—Let not the precious moments slip! Grant me your hand.

*Sus. (Unable any longer to contain herself, gives him a slap on the face.)* Take it!

*Fig.* I have it, I think.—The devil! This is the day of stripes.

*Sus.* Susan gives it thee!—(*As soon as Figaro hears it is Susan, his satisfaction is so extreme, that he laughs very heartily all the while she beats him.*)—And that, and that, and that, and that for thy insolence;—and that for thy jealousy:—and that for thy infidelity.—(*Susan out of breath, Figaro still laughing.*)

*Fig.* O happy Figaro!—Take thy revenge, my dear, kind, good angel; never did man or martyr suffer with such ecstasy.

*Sus.* Don't tell me of your ecstasy! How durst you, you good for nothing, base, false-hearted man, make love to me, supposing me the Countess. But I'll be revenged.

*Fig.* Talk not of revenge, my love; but, tell me, what blest angel sent thee hither; and how—

*Sus.* Know, to thy confusion, that I and my lady, coming here to catch one fox, have entrapped two.

*Fig.* But who has entrapped the other poor fox?

*Sus.* Why, his own wife.

*Fig.* His wife!—Go, hang thyself, Figaro, for wanting the wit to divine this plot!—And has all this intriguing been only about his own wife, after all?

COUNT *advances from behind.*

*Alm.* 'St—'st! Susan!—Susan!

*Fig. (Aside to Susan.)* There's my lord.—A thought strikes me.—'Pr'ythee second me, Susan.—(*Speaks in a feigned voice, falls on his knees, and kisses Susan's hand.*)

—Ah, madam, let us not longer converse of love, but enjoy its treasures.

*Alm. (Aside.)* What's here? A man on his knees to the Countess!—(*Feels for his sword: Figaro and Susan silently laughing.*)—And I unarmed!

*Fig.* Quickly then, madam, let us repair the wrong which love this morning suffered by the impertinent intrusion of your lord.

*Alm.* This is not to be borne.—(*Darts between them, seizes Figaro by the collar, while Susan escapes into the Pavilion on the left.*)—Villain!

*Fig. (Pretends amazement.)*—My lord!

*Alm.* How, rascal! And, is it you?—Holloa—Holloa—Who hears me?—Where are my people? Lights, lights!—

*Enter four Servants with Flambeaux—PEDRO and BASIL advance.*

*Alm. (To the Servants.)* Guard all the passages, and seize this fellow.

*Fig.* You command with absolute authority over all present, my lord; except yourself.

*Alm.* Now sir,—be pleased to declare before this company, who the—the—woman is, that just now ran into that pavilion.

*Fig.* Into that—(*Going towards the Pavilion on the right.*)

*Alm. (Stopping him.)* No, prevaricating fiend; into that. (*Pointing to the other.*)

*Fig.* Ah, that alters the case.

*Alm.* Answer, or—

*Fig.* The lady,—is a young lady, to whom my lord once paid his addresses; but who, happening to love me better than my betters, has this day given me the preference.

*Alm.* The preference?—The preference?—'Tis too true.—Yes, gentlemen, what he confesses, I give you my honour, I just now heard from the very mouth of his accomplice.

*Bas.* His accomplice!

*Alm.* Come forth, madam!—(*Enters the Pavilion on the left.*)—Come forth, I say, show yourself.

*Enter, dragging out the PAGE, still speaking, and not looking at him till he gets on a line with the rest of the company.*

*Omnes.* The Page !

*Alm.* Again, and again, and everlastingly, this damned diabolical Page !—(*Page flies to the other side of the stage.*)—You shall find, however, he was not alone.

*Page.* Ah, no ! My lot would have been hard indeed, then.

*Alm.* Enter, Pedro, and drag the guilty wretch before her judge.—(*Pedro goes into the Pavilion on the left.*)

*Ped.* Come, madam, you must come out ; I must not let you go, since my lord knows you are here.

*Enter PEDRO, bringing out AGNES.*

*Omnes.* Agnes ! Ha, ha, ha !

*Alm.* I'll find her, I warrant. Where is this daughter of infamy, who thus evades my just fury ?

*Enter SUSAN, with her fan before her face from the Pavilion on the left.*

Here she comes, at last ; proving her own shame and my dishonour.—(*Susan kneels to him, still hiding her face.*)

*Omnes.* Pardon, pardon, gracious lord !

*Alm.* No ! no ! no !—(*They all fall on their knees.*)—No ! no ! Were the whole world to kneel, I would be deaf.

*Enter the COUNTESS, from the Pavilion on the right, and kneels to the Count, whose back is turned to her.*

*Countess.* Let me, my lord, make one of the number.—(*Susan drops her fan ;—the Count hears the voice of the Countess, looks round, and suddenly conceives the whole trick they have been playing him. All the company burst into a laugh ; the Count's shame, confusion, &c.*)

*Alm.* (*With great humility.*) And—is it you, madam ?

*Countess.* (*Inclines herself, in token of affirmation.*)

*Alm.* (*Returning her bow with great confusion.*) Ah!  
—Yes!—Yes! A generous pardon—though unmerited.—

*Countess.* Were you in my place, you would exclaim  
No! no! no!—but I grant it, without a single stipulation.

*Sus.* And I.

*Fig.* And I.—There are echoes here.

*Alm.* (*Surprised.*) I perceive,—I perceive :—I have  
been rightly served.

*Countess.* Here, Susan, here is the purse and ring, which  
my lord gave thee. He will remember thy sweet delicate  
fingers, so long and so small.

*Sus.* Thank your lordship.—Here Figaro.—(*Gives him  
the purse.*)

*Fig.* It was devilish hard to get at.

*Alm.* 'Pray, how did your valour like the box on the ear  
I gave you just now?

*Page.* (*With his hand to his sword.*) Me, my colonel?

*Fig.* Which I kindly received.

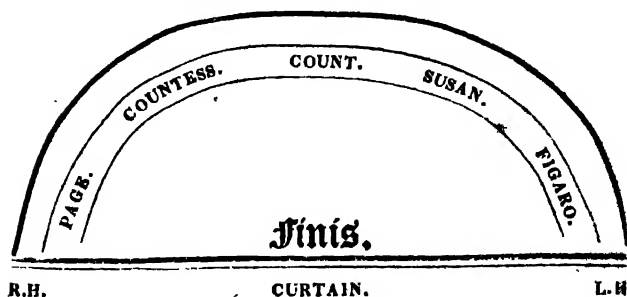
*Alm.* Thou?

*Fig.* I :—and thus do the great distribute justice.—

*Sus.* Our errors past, and all our follies done,  
Oh, that 'twere possible you might be won  
To pardon faults, and misdemeanours smother,  
With the same ease we pardon one-another!

---

*Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.*





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